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THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

IV.

KELSEY trudged on with his slide and his oxen, elated by his moral triumph. He glorified himself for his meekness. He joyed, with all the turbulent impulses of victory, in the blacksmith's discomfiture.

Yet he was cognizant of his own deeper, subtler springs of action. There was that within him which forbade him to take the life of an unarmed man, but he piqued himself that he forbore. He had withheld even the return of the blow. But he knew that in refraining he had struck deeper still. He dwelt upon the scene with the satisfaction of an inventor. He, too, could foresee the consequences: the blood-curdling eloquence; the port and pose of a martyr; the far-spread doubt of the truth of the blacksmith's professions of piety, under which that doughty religionist already quaked.

And as he reflected he replied, tartly, to the monitor within, "Be angry and sin not."

And the monitor had no text.

Because of the night drifting down, perhaps, — drifting down with a chilling change; because of the darkened solemnity of the dreary woods; because of the stars shining with a splendid aloofness from all that is human; because of the weird suggestions of a will-o'-the-wisp glowing in a marshy tangle, the exultation of his mood began to wane.

"Thar it is!" he cried, suddenly, pointing at the mocking illusion, — "that 's my religion: looks like fire, an' it 's fog!"

His mind had reverted to his wild supplications in the solitudes of the "bald," — his unanswered prayers. The oxen had paused of their own accord to rest, and he stood looking at the spectral gleam.

"I 'd never hev thunk o' takin' up with religion," he said, in a shrill, upbraiding tone, "ef I hed been let ter live along like other men be, or ef me an' mine could die like other folks be let ter die! But it 'peared ter me ez religion war 'bout all ez war lef', arter I hed gin the baby the stuff the valley doctor hed lef' fur Em'ly, — bein' ez I could n't read right the old critter's cu-r'ous scrapin's with his pencil, — an' gin Em'ly the stuff fur the baby. An' it died. An' then Em'ly got onsettled an' crazy, an' tuk ter vagrantin' 'roun', an' fell off'n the bluff. An' some say she flunged herself off'n it. An' I knows she flunged herself off'n it through bein' out'n her mind with grief."

He paused, leaning on the yoke, his dreary eyes still on the *ignis fatuus* of the woods. "An' then Brother Jake Tobin 'lowed ez religion war fur sech ez me. I hed no mind ter religion. But

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the worl' hed in an' about petered out for me. An' I tuk up with religion. I hev sarved it five year faithful. An' now" — he cast his angry eyes upward — "ye let me believe that thar is no God!"

So it was that Satan hunted him like a partridge on the mountains. So it was that he went out into the desert places to upbraid the God in whom he believed because he believed that there was no God. There was a tragedy in his faith and his unfaith. That this untrained, untutored mind should grope among the irreconcilable things, — the problems of a merciful God and his afflicted people, foreordained from the beginning of the world and free agents! That to the ignorant mountaineer should come those distraught questions that vex polemics, and try the strength of theologies, and give the wise men an illimitable field for the display of their agile and ingenious solutions and substitutions! He knew naught of this; the wild Alleghanies intervened between his yearning, empty despair and their plenished fame, the splendid superstructure on the ruins of their faith. He thought himself the only unbeliever in a Christian world, the only inherent infidel; a mysteriously accursed creature, charged with the discovery of the monstrous fallacy of that beneficent comfort, assuaging the grief of a stricken world, and called an overruling Providence. Again his flickering faith would flare up, and he would reproach God who had suffered its lapse. This was his secret and his shame, and he guarded it. And so when he preached his wild sermons with a certain natural eloquence; and prayed his frantic prayers, instinct with all the sincerities of despair; and sang with the people the mournful old hymns in the little meeting-house on the notch, or on the banks of the Scolacutta River, where they went down to be baptized, his keen introspection, his moral dissent, which he might not forbear, yet would not avow, were an intolerable burden, and his spiritual life was the throe of a spiritual anguish.

Often there was no intimation in those sermons of his of the quaint doctrines which delight the simple men of his calling in that region, who are fain to feel learned. His Christ, to judge from this mood, was a Paramount Emotion: not the Christ who confuted the wise men in the temple, and read in the synagogues, and said dark allegories; but he who stilled the storm, and healed the sick, and raised the dead, and wept, most humanly, for the friend whom he loved. Kelsey's trusting heart contended with his doubting mind, and sometimes the simple humanities of these sermons comforted him. Sometimes he sought consolation otherwise; he would remember that he had never been like his fellows. This was only another manifestation of the dissimilarity that dated from his earliest recollections. He had from his infancy peculiar gifts. He was learned in the signs of the weather, and predicted the mountain storms; he knew the haunts and habits of every beast and bird in the Great Smoky, every leaf that burgeons, every flower that blows. So deep and incisive a knowledge of human nature had he that this faculty was deemed supernatural, and akin to the gift of prophecy. He himself understood, although perhaps he could not have accurately limited and defined it, that he exercised unconsciously a vigilant attention and an acute discrimination; his forecast was based upon observation so close and unsparing, and a power of deduction so just, that in a wider sphere it might have been called judgment, and, reinforced by education, have attained all the functions of a ripened sagacity.

Crude as it was, it did not fail of recognition. In many ways his "word" was sought and heeded. His influence yielded its richest effect when his *confrère* of the pulpit would call on him to

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foretell the fate of the sinner and the wrath of God to the Big Smoky. And then Brother Jake Tobin would accompany the glowing picture by a slow rhythmic clapping of hands and a fragmentary chant, "That dreadful Day air a-comin' along!" — bearing all the time a smiling and beatific countenance, as if he were fireproof himself, and brimstone and flame were only for his friends.

Rousing himself from his reverie with a sigh, Hiram Kelsey urged the oxen along the sandy road, which had here and there an interval of bowlders, threatening the slide with dissolution at every jolt. They began presently to quicken their pace of their own accord. The encompassing woods and the laurel were so dense that no gleam of light was visible till they brought up suddenly beside a rail fence, and the fitful glimmer of firelight from an open door close at hand revealed the presence of a double log cabin. There was an uninclosed passage between the two rooms, and in this a tall, gaunt woman was standing.

"Thar be Hi now, with the steers," she said, detecting the dim bovine shadows in the flickering gleams.

"Tell Hiram ter kem in right now," cried a chirping voice, like a superannuated cricket. "I hev a word ter ax him."

"Tell Hiram ter feed them thar steers fust," cried out another ancient voice, keyed several tones lower, and also with the ring of authority.

"Tell Hiram," shrilly piped the other, "ter hustle his bones, ef he knows what air good fur 'em."

"Tell Hiram," said the deeper voice, sustaining the antiphonal effect, "I want them thar steers feded foreshortly."

Then ensued a muttered wrangle within, and finally the shriller voice was again uplifted: "Tell Hiram what my word air."

"An' ye tell Hiram what *my* word air."

The woman, who was tall as a grenadier, and had a voice like velvet, looked meekly back into the room, upon each mandate, with a nod of mild obedience.

"Ye hearn 'em," she said softly to Kelsey. Evidently she could not undertake the hazard of discriminating between these coequal authorities.

"I hearn 'em," he replied.

She sat down near the door, and resumed her occupation of monotonously peeling June apples for "sass." Her brown calico sunbonnet, which she habitually wore, in doors and out, obscured her visage, except her chin and absorbed mouth, that now and then moved in unconscious sympathy with her work. There was a piggin on one side of her to receive the quartered fruit, and on the other a white oak splint basket, already half full of the spiral parings. Behind her, in the doorway, there sat on the step her husband, a shaggy-headed, full-bearded, unkempt fellow, in brown jeans trousers reaching almost to his collar-bone in front, and supported by the single capable suspender so much affected in the mountains. His unbleached cotton shirt was open at the throat, for there was fire enough in the huge chimney-place to make the room unpleasantly warm, despite the change of temperature without. Now and then he stretched out his hand for an apple already pared, which his wife gave him with an adroit back-handed movement, and which he ate in a mouthful or two. He made way for Kelsey to enter, and asked him a question, almost inarticulate because of the apples, but apparently of hospitable intent, for Kelsey said he had had a bite and a sup at Jonas Trice's, and did not want the supper which had been providently saved for him.

Kelsey did not betray which command he had thought best to obey.

"I hed ter put my rifle on the rack in the t'other room, gran'dad," he observed meekly, addressing one of two very old men who sat on either side of

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the huge fireplace. There were cushions in their rude arm-chairs, and awkward little three-legged footstools were placed in front of them. Their shoes and clothing, although coarse to the last degree, were clean and carefully tended. They had each long ago lived out the allotted threescore years and ten, but they had evidently not worn out their welcome. One had suffered a paralytic attack, and every word and motion was accompanied with a convulsive gasp and jerk. The other old man was saturnine and lymphatic, and seemed a trifle younger than his venerable associate.

"What war ye a-doin' of with yer rifle?" mumbled "gran'dad," in wild, toothless haste.

"I tuk it along ter see, when I war a-comin' home, ef I mought shoot suthin' tasty for supper."

"What did ye git?" demanded gran'dad, with retrospective greed; for supper was over, and he had done full justice to his share.

"I never got nuthin'," said Kelsey, a trifle shamefacedly.

"Waal, waal, waal! These hyar latter times gits cur'ouser ez they goes along. The stren'th an' the seasonin' hev all gone out'n the lan'. Whenst I war young, folks ez kerried rifles ter git suthin' fur supper did n't kem home a-suckin' the bar'l. Folks ez kerried rifles in them days did n't tote 'em fur — fur — a ornamint. Folks in them days lef' preachin' an' prophecy an' sech ter thar elders, an' hunted the beastis an' the Injun', — though sinners is plentier than the t'other kind o' game on the Big Smoky these times. No man, in them days, jest turned thirty sot hisself down ter idlin', an' preachin', an' convictin' his elders o' sin."

Kelsey bore himself with the deferential humility characteristic of the mountaineers toward the aged among them.

"What war the word ez ye war a-layin' off ter say ter me, gran'dad?" he asked, striving to effect a diversion.

"Waal, waal, look a hyar, Hiram!" exclaimed the old man, remembering his question in eager precipitancy. "This hyar 'Cajah Green, ye know, ez air a-runnin' fur sher'ff — air — air he Republikin or Dimmycrat?"

"Thar 's no man in these hyar parts smart enough ter find that out," interpolated Obediah Scruggs in the door, circumspectly taking the apple seeds out of his mouth. He was the son of one of the magnates, and the son-in-law of the other; his matrimonial venture had resulted in doubling his filial obligations. His wife had brought, instead of a dowry, her aged father to the fireside.

"'Cajah Green," continued the speaker, "run ez a independent las' time, an' thar war so many bolters an' sech they split the vote, an' he war 'lected. An' now he air a-runnin' agin."

The old man listened to this statement, his eye blazing, his chin in a quiver, his lean figure erect, and the pipe in his palsied hand shaking till the coal of fire on top showed brightening tendencies.

"Waal, sir! waal!" exclaimed the aged politician, with intense bitterness. "The stren'th an' the seasonin' hev *all* gone out'n the lan'! Whenst I war young," he declared dramatically, drawing the pitiable contrast, "folks knowed what they war, an' they let other folks know, too, ef they hed ter club it inter 'em. But them was Old Hickory's times. Waal, waal, we ain't a-goin' ter see Old Hickory no more — no — more!"

"I hopes not," said the other old man, with sudden asperity. "I hopes we 'll never see no sech tormintin' old Dimmycrat agin. But law! I need n't fret my soul. Henry Clay shook all the life out'n him five year afore he died. Henry Clay made a speech agin Andrew Jackson in 1840 what forty thousan' people kem ter hear. *Thar* war a man fur ye! He hed a tongue like a bell; 'pears like ter me I kin hear it yit, when

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I listens right hard. By Gum!" triumphantly, "that day he tuk the stiffenin' out'n Old Hickory! Surely, surely, he did! Ef I thought I war never a-goin' ter hear Old Hickory's name agin I'd tune up my ears fur the angel's quirin'. I war born a Republikin, I grow'd ter be a good Whig, an' I 'll die a Republikin. Ef that ain't religion I dunno what air! That 's the way I hev lived an' walked afore the Lord. An' hyar in the evenin' o' my days I hev got ter set alongside o' this hyar old consarn, an' hear him jow 'bout'n Old Hickory from mornin' till night. Ef I hed knowed how he war goin' ter turn out 'bout'n Old Hickory in his las' days, I would n't hev let my darter marry his son, thirty five year ago. I knowed he war a Dimmycrat, but I never knowed the stren'th o' the failin' till I war called on ter 'speriunce it."

"Ye 'lowed t'other day, gran'dad," said Kelsey, addressing the aged paralytic in a propitiatory manner, "ez ye war n't a-goin' ter talk 'bout'n Old Hickory no more. It 'pears like ter me ez ye oughter gin yer 'tention ter the candidates ez ye hev got ter vote fur in August, — 'Cajah Green, an' sech."

But it must be admitted that Micajah Green was not half the man that Old Hickory was, and the filial remonstrance had no effect. The acrimonies of fifty years ago were renewed across the hearth with a rancor that suggests that an old grudge, like old wine, improves with time. No one ventured to interrupt, but Obediah Scruggs, still lounging in the door, commented in a low tone: —

"The law stirs itself ter sot a time when a man air old enough ter vote an' meddle with politics ginerally. 'Pears like ter me it ought ter sot a time when he hev got ter quit."

"Waal, Obediah!" exclaimed the soft-voiced woman, the red parings hanging in concentric circles from her motionless knife. "That ain't religion. Ye talk like a man would hev ter be ez sensible an' solid fur politics ez fur workin' on the road. They don't summons the ole men fur sech jobs ez that. They mought ez well enjye the evenin' o' thar days with this foolishness o' politics ez enny other."

"Shucks!" said Obediah, who had the courage of his convictions. "These hyar old folks hev hed ter live in the same house an' ride in the same wagin thirty-five year, jes' 'kase, when we war married, they agreed ter put what they hed tergether; an' they hev been a-fightin' over thar dead an' gone politics ev'y minit o' the time since. Thar may be some good Dimmycrats, an' thar may be some good Republikins; but they make a powerful oneasy team, yoked tergether. An' when it grows on 'em so, the law oughter kem in, an' count 'em over age, an' shet 'em up. 'Specially ez dad hev voted fur Andy Jackson fur Presi*dint*, outer respec' fur his mem'ry, ev'y 'lection sence the tormentin' old critter died."

But he said all this below his breath, and presently fell silent, for his wife's face had clouded, and her soft drawling voice had an intimation of a depression of spirit.

"The kentry hev kem ter its ruin," exclaimed the paralytic, "when men — brazen-faced buzzards — kin go an' git 'lected ter office 'thout no party ter boost 'em! Look a hyar," — he turned to his grandson, — "ye air always a-prophesyin'. Prophesy some now. Air 'Cajah Green a-goin' ter be 'lected?"

He thumped the floor with his stick, and fixed his imperative eye upon Hiram Kelsey's face.

"Naw, gran'dad. He won't be 'lected," said the prophet.

The old man's face was scarlet because of this contradiction of his own dismal vaticinations.

"'Cajah Green *will* be 'lected," he cried. "The kentry 's ruined. Folks dunno whether they air Republikins or Dimmycrats! Lor' A'mighty, ter

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think o' the like o' that! The kentry 's ruined! An' yer prophesyin' don't tech it. They hed false prophets in the old days, an' the tribe holds out yit."

He struck the floor venomously with his stick. Its defective aim once or twice brought it upon a rough black bundle that lay rolled up in front of the fire like a great dog. A slow head was lifted inquiringly, with an offended mien, from the rolls of fat and fur. Twinkling small eyes glared out. When another blow descended, with a wild disregard of results, there was a whimper, a long low growl, a flash of white teeth, and with claw and fang the pet cub caught at the stick. The old man dropped it in a panic.

"Look a-yander at the bar!" he shrieked.

But the cub had crouched on the floor since the stick had fallen, and was whimpering again, and looking about in cowardly appeal.

The old man rallied, "What d'ye bring the savage beastis home fur, Hiram, out'n the woods whar they b'long?" he vociferated.

"Kase he 'lowed he hed killed the dam, an' the young 'un war bound ter starve," put in the other old man actuated, perhaps, by some sympathy for the grandson, whose strength and youth counted for naught against this adversary.

"What air ye a-aimin' ter do with it? Ter kill sech chillen ez happen ter make game o' ye? That 's what the prophets of old cited thar bars ter do, — ter kill the little laffin' chillen."

Kelsey winced. The cruelties of the old chronicles bore hard upon his wavering faith.

The old man saw his advantage, and with the wantonness of tyranny followed it up: "That 's it, — that 's it! That would suit Hiram, like the prophets, — ter kill the innercent chillen!"

The young man recoiled suddenly. The patriarch, a wild terror on his pallid, aged face, recognized the significance of his words. He held up his shaking hands as if to recall them, to clutch them. He had remembered the domestic tragedy: the humble figure of the little mountain child, all gayety and dimples and gurgling laughter, that had known no grief and had wrought such woe, whose mortal records were a rude, empty cradle in the corner, a mound — such a tiny mound! — in the mountain graveyard, and an imperishable self-reproach, unquenchable as the fires of hell.

"I furgot, — I furgot!" shrieked the old man. "I furgot the baby! When war she buried? — las' week or year afore las'? The only one, — the only great-gran'child I ever hed. The frien'liest baby! Knowed me jes' ez well!" He burst into senile tears. "Don't ye go, Hiram. What did the doctor say ye gin her? Laws-a-massy! 'Pears like 'twar jes' yestiddy she war a-crawlin' 'roun' the floor, stiddier that heejus beastis ez I wisht war in the woods — laffin' — Lord A'mighty! laffin' an' takin' notice ez peart. Hiram, don't ye go, — don't ye go! Peartes', pretties' chile I ever see — an' I had six o' my own — an' the frien'lies'! An' I hed planned fur such a many pleasures when she hed got some growth an' hed l'arned ter talk. I wanted ter hear what she hed ter say, — the only great-grandchild I ever hed, — an' now the words will never be spoke. 'Pears like ter me ez the Lord shows mighty little jedgmint ter take her, an' leave me a-cumberin' the groun'."

Then he began once more to wring his hands and sob aloud,— that piteous weeping of the aged! — and to mumble brokenly, "The frien'lies' baby!"

The woman left her work and took off her bonnet, showing her gray hair drawn into a skimpy knot at the back of her head, and leaving in high relief her strong, honest, candid features, on which the refinements of all benign impulses effaced the effects of poverty and

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ignorance. She crossed the room to the old man's chair; her velvety voice soothed him. He suffered himself to be lifted by his son and grandson, and carried away bodily to bed in the room across the passage. In the mean time the woman filled a tin cup with lard, placing in its midst a button tied in a bit of cloth to serve as a wick, and lighted it at the fire, while the cub presided with sniffling curiosity at the unusual proceeding, pressing up close against her as she knelt on the hearth, well knowing that she was not to be held in fear nor in any special respect by young bears.

"I 'm goin' ter gin him a button-lamp ter sleep by, bein' ez he hev tuk the baby in his head agin," she said to her father in explanation; "he won't feel so lonesome ef he wakes up."

He had looked keenly after his venerable compeer as he was borne across the uninclosed passage between the two rooms.

"He 's breaking some. He 's aging," he said critically; not without sympathy, but with a stalwart conviction that his own feebleness was as strength to the other's weakness. "He 's breaking some," he repeated, with a physical vanity that might have graced a prize-fighter.

The next moment there came sharp and shrill through the open door the old man's voice, high and glib in cheerful forgetfulness, conversing with his attendants as they got him to bed.

"Whenst I war young," he cried, "I went down to Sevierville wunst. 'T war when they war a-runnin' of Old Hickory."

"Thar it is again!" exclaimed the ancient Republican. "Old Hickory war bad enough when he war alive; but I b'lieves he 's wusser now that he is dead, with this hyar old critter a-moanin' 'bout him night and day. I 'd feel myself called ter fling him off'n the bluff, ef it war n't that he hev got the palsy, an' I gits sorry fur him wunst in a while. An' then, I b'lieves that ennybody what is a Dimmycrat air teched in the head, an' ain't 'sponsible fur thar foolishness, 'kase sensible folks ain't Dimmycrats. That 's been my 'speriunce fur eighty year, an' I hev hed no call ter change my mind. So I hev ter try my patience an' stan' this hyar old critter's foolishness, but it air a mighty tough strain."

V.

The shadows of the great dead trees in the midst of the Settlement were at their minimum in the vertical vividness of the noontide. They bore scant resemblance to those memorials of gigantic growths which towered, stark and white, so high to the intensely blue sky; instead, they were like some dark and leafless underbrush clustering about the sapless trunks. The sandy stretch of the clearing reflected the sunlight with a deeply yellow glare, its poverty of soil illustrated by frequent clumps of the woolly mullein-weeds. The Indian corn and the sparse grass were crudely green in the inclosures about the gray, weather-beaten log-houses, which stood distinct against the dark, restful tones of the forest filling the background. The mountains with each remove wore every changing disguise of distance: shading from sombre green to a dull purple; then overlaid with a dubious blue; next showing a true and turquoise richness; still further, a delicate transient hue that has no name; and so away to the vantage-ground of illusions, where the ideal poises upon the horizon, and the fact and the fantasy are undistinguishably blended. The intermediate valleys appeared in fragmentary glimpses here and there: sometimes there was only the unbroken verdure of the tree-tops; one was cleft by a canary-colored streak which betokened a harvested wheat-field; in another blazed a sapphire circle,

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where the vertical sun burned in the waters of a blue salt "lick."

The landscape was still, — very still; not the idle floating of a cloud, not the vague shifting of a shadow, not the flutter of a wing. But the Settlement on the crags above had known within its experience no similar commotion. There were many horses hitched to the fences, some girded with blankets in lieu of saddles. Clumsy wagons stood among the stumps in the clearing, with the oxen unyoked and their provender spread before them on the ground. Although the log-cabins gave evidence of hospitable proceedings within, family parties were seated in some of the vehicles, munching the dinner providently brought with them. All the dogs in the Great Smoky, except perhaps a very few, incapacitated by extreme age or extreme youth, were humble participants in the outing, having trotted under the wagons many miles from their mountain homes, and now lay with lolling tongues among the wheels. About the store lounged a number of men, mostly the stolid, impassive mountaineers. A few, however, although in the customary jeans, bore the evidence of more worldly prosperity and a higher culture; and there were two or three resplendent in the "b'iled shirt and store clothes" of civilization, albeit the first was without collar or cravat, and the latter were of antique cut and reverend age. These were candidates, — talkative, full of anecdote, quick to respond, easily flattered, and flattering to the last degree. They were especially jocose and friendly with each other, but amid the fraternal guffaws and exchanges of "chaws o' terbacco" many quips were bandied, barbed with ridicule; many good stories recounted, charged with uncomplimentary deductions; many jokes cracked, discovering the kernel of slander or detraction in the merry shell. The mountaineers looked at them with eyes devoid of envy, and despite their stolidity with an understanding of the conversational masquerade. Beneath this motley verbal garb was a grave and eager aspiration for public favor, and it was a matter of no small import when a voter would languidly look at another with a silent laugh, slowly shake his head with a not-to-be-convinced gesture, and spit profusely on the ground.

In and out of the store dawdled a ceaseless procession of free and enlightened citizens; always emerging with an aspect of increased satisfaction, wiping their mouths with big bandanna handkerchiefs, and sometimes with the more primitive expedient of a horny hand. Nathan Hoodendin sat in front of the door, keeping store after his usual fashion, except that the melancholy wheeze "Jer'miah" rose more frequently upon the air. Jer'miah's duties consisted chiefly in serving out whiskey and apple-jack, and the little drudge stuck to his work with an earnest pertinacity, for which the privilege of draining the very few drops left in the bottom of the glass after each dram seemed hardly an adequate reward.

The speeches, which were made in the open air, the candidate mounted on a stump in front of the store, were all much alike, — the same self-laudatory meekness, the same inflamed party spirit, the same jocose allusions to opponents, — each ending, "Gentlemen, if I am elected to office I will serve you to the best of my skill and ability. Gentlemen, I thank you for your attention." The crowd, close about, stood listening with great intentness, each wearing the impartial pondering aspect of an umpire.

On the extreme outskirts of the audience, however, there was an unprecedented lapse of attention; a few of the men, seated on stumps or on the wagon-tongues, now and then whispering together, and casting excited glances toward the blacksmith's shop. Sometimes one would rise, approach it stealthily, stoop down, and peer in at the low win-

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dow. The glare outside made the interior seem doubly dark, and a moment or two was needed to distinguish the anvil, the fireless hearth, the sooty hood. A vague line of light fell through a crevice in the clapboard roof upon a shock of yellow hair and gleaming eyes, two sullen points of light in the midst of the deep shadows. None of the mountaineers had ever seen a wild beast caged, but Rick Tyler's look of fierce and surly despair, of defiance, of all vain and vengeful impulses, as he sat bound hand and foot in the forge, was hardly more human. The faces multiplied at the window, — stolid, or morbidly curious, awe-struck, or with a grinning display of long tobacco-stained teeth. Many of them were well known to Rick Tyler, and if ever he had liked them he hated them now.

There was a stir outside, a clamor of many voices. The "speaking" was over. Footsteps sounded close to the door of the blacksmith's shop. The sheriff was about to enter, and the crowd pressed eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the prisoner. Arriving this morning, the sheriff had been glad to combine his electioneering interests with his official duty. The opportunity of canvassing among the assemblage gave him, he thought, an ample excuse for remaining a few hours longer at the Settlement than was necessary; and when he heard of the impending diversion of the gander-pulling he was convinced that his horse required still more rest before starting with his prisoner for Shaftesville jail.

He went briskly into the forge, carrying a pair of clanking handcuffs. He busied himself in exchanging these for the cord with which the young fellow's wrists were bound. It had been drawn brutally tight, and the flesh was swollen and raw. "It seems ter me, ez 't was the blacksmith that nabbed ye, he might hev done better for ye than this, by a darned sight," he said in an undertone.

He had not been reluctant at first that the crowd should come in, but he appreciated unnecessary harshness as an appeal for sympathy, and he called out to his deputy, who had accompanied him on his mission, to clear the room.

"We 're goin' ter keep him shet up fur a hour or so, an' start down the mounting in the cool of the evenin'," he explained; "so ef ye want ter view him the winder is yer chance."

The forge was cleared at last, the broad light vanishing with the closing of the great barn-like doors. Rick heard the lowered voices of the sheriff and deputy gravely consulting without, as they secured the fastenings with a padlock which they had brought with them in view of emergencies. They had taken the precaution, too, to nail pieces of scantling at close intervals across the shutterless window; more, perhaps, to prevent the intrusion of the curious without than the escape of the manacled prisoner. The section of the landscape glimpsed through the bars, — the far blue mountains and a cluster of darkly garnet poke-berries, with a leaf or two of the bush growing close by the wall — sprang into abnormal brilliancy at the end of the dark vista of the interior. It was a duskier brown within for that fragment of vivid color and dazzling clearness in the window. Naught else could be seen, except a diagonal view of the porch of one of the log-cabins and the corn-field beyond.

Curiosity was not yet sated; now and then a face peered in, as Rick sat bound, securely, the cords still about his limbs and feet and the clanking handcuffs on his wrists. These inquisitive apparitions at the window grew fewer as the time went by, and presently ceased altogether. The bustle outside increased: it drowned the drowsy drone of the cicada; it filled the mountain solitudes with a trivial incongruity. Now and then there was the sudden tramp of a horse and a loud guffaw.

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Rick knew that they were making ready for the gander-pulling, which unique sport had been selected by the long-headed mountain politicians as likely to insure the largest assemblage possible from the surrounding region to hear the candidates prefer their claims.

Electioneering topics were not suspended even while the younger men were saddling and bridling their horses for the proposed festivity. As Micajah Green strolled across the clearing, and joined a group of elderly spectators who sat tilted in their chairs against the walls of the store, which began to afford some shade, he found that his own prospects were under discussion.

"They tell me, 'Cajah," said Nathan Hoodendin, who had hardly budged from his chair that day, his conversational activity, however, atoning for his physical inertia, "ez ye air bound ter eend this lection with yer finger in yer mouth."

"Don't know why," said Micajah Green, with a sharp, sudden effect as of an angry bark, and lapsing from the smiling mien which he was wont to conserve as a candidate.

"Waal, word hev been brung hyar ter the Settle*mint* ez this prophet o' ourn in the Big Smoky, he say ye ain't goin' ter be re'lected."

The sheriff laughed scornfully, snapping his fingers as he stood before the group, and whirled airily on his boot-heel.

Nevertheless, he was visibly annoyed. He knew the strength of a fantastic superstition among ignorant people, and their disposition to verify rather than disprove. There were voters in the Big Smoky liable to be controlled by a morbid impulse to make the prophet's word true. It was an unexpected and unmeasured adverse influence, and he chafed under the realization.

"An' what sets Pa'son Kelsey agin me?" he demanded.

"He ain't in no ways *sot agin you-uns* ez I knows on," discriminated Nathan Hoodendin, studious impartiality expressed among the graven wrinkles of his face. "Not ez it war *sot agin* ye; but he jes' 'lows ez that air the fac'. Ye ain't goin' ter be 'lected agin."

"The pa'son hev got a gredge agin the old man, hyar," said the deputy. He was a stalwart fellow of about twenty-five years of age. He had sandy hair and mustache, a broad freckled face, light gray eyes, and a thin-lipped, defiant mouth. He bore himself with an air of bravado, which conveyed as many degrees of insult as one felt disposed to take up. "He lit out on me fust, — I war with Amos Jeemes thar, — an' the pa'son put us out'n the meet'n'-house. He did! He don't want no sorter sher-'ffs in the Big Smoky. An' he called Gid Fletcher, the blacksmith, Judas fur arrestin' that lot o' bacon yander in the shop, when he kem hyar ter the Settle*mint* fur powder, ter keep him able ter resis' the law! Who sold Rick Tyler that powder, Mister Hoodendin?" he added, turning his eyes on the proprietor of the store.

Old Hoodendin hesitated. "Jer'miah," he wheezed feebly.

His anxious eyes gleamed from out their perplexed wrinkles like a ray of sunlight twinkling through a spider-web.

There was an interchange of glances between the sheriff and his deputy, and the admonished subordinate continued:

"'T war jes' the boy, eh; an' I reckon he war afeard o' Rick's shootin'-irons an' sech."

"'T war Jer'miah," repeated the storekeeper, his discreet eyes upon the bosom of his blue-checked homespun shirt.

"Waal, the pa'son, ez I war sayin', he called the blacksmith 'Judas' fur capturin' the malefactor, an' the gov'nor's reward 'blood money,'" continued the deputy, expertly electioneering, since his own tenure was on the uncertain continuance of the sheriff in office.

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"An' now he 's goin' 'round the kentry prophesyin' ez 'Cajah Green ain't goin' ter be 'lected. Waal, thar war false prophets 'fore his time, an' will be agin, I 'm thinkin'."

There rose a sudden clamor upon the air; a vibrant, childish voice, and then a great guffaw. An old crone had come out of one of the cabins and was standing by the fence, holding out to Gid Fletcher, who seemed master of ceremonies, a large white gander, whose foolish physiognomy was thrown into bold prominence by a thorough greasing of the head and neck. His wings flapped, he hissed fiercely, he dolorously squawked. A little girl was running frantically by the side of the old woman, clutching at her skirt, and vociferously claiming the "gaynder." Hers it was, since "Mam hed gin me the las' aig when the gray goose laid her ladder out, an' it war sot under the old Dominicky hen ez kem off 'n her nest through settin' three weeks, like a hen will do. An' then 't war put under old Top-knot, an' 't war the fust aig hatched out'n old Top-knot's settin'."

This unique pedigree, shrieked out with a shrill distinctness, mixed with the lament of the prescient bird, had a ludicrous effect. Fletcher took the gander with a guffaw, the old crone chuckled, and the young men laughed as they mounted their horses.

The blacksmith hardly knew which part he preferred to play. The element of domination in his character gave a peculiar relish to the rôle of umpire; yet with his pride in his deftness and strength it cost him a pang to forego the competition in which he felt himself an assured victor. He armed himself with a whip of many thongs, and took his stand beneath a branch of one of the trees, from which the gander was suspended by his big feet, head downward. Aghast at his disagreeable situation, his wild eyes stared about; his great wings flapped drearily; his long neck protruded with its peculiar motion, unaware of the clutch it invited. What a pity so funny a thing can suffer!

The gaping crowd at the store, on the cabin porches, on the fences, watched the competitors with wide-eyed, wide-mouthed delight. There were gallant figures among them, shown to advantage on young horses whose spirit was not yet quelled by the plough. They filed slowly around the prescribed space once, twice; then each made the circuit alone at a break-neck gallop. As the first horseman rode swiftly along the crest of the precipice, his head high against the blue sky, the stride of the steed covering mountain and valley, he had the miraculous effect of Prince Firouz Shah and the enchanted horse in their mysterious aerial journeys. When he passed beneath the branch whence hung the frantic, fluttering bird, the blacksmith, standing sentinel with his whip of many thongs, laid it upon the flank of the horse, and despite the wild and sudden plunge the rider rose in his stirrups and clutched the greased neck of the swaying gander. Tough old fowl! The strong ligaments resisted. The first hardly hoped to pluck the head, and after his wild, convulsive grasp his frightened horse carried him on almost over the bluff. The slippery neck refused to yield at the second pull, and the screams of the delighted spectators mingled with the shrieks of the gander. The mountain colt, a clay-bank, with a long black tail full of cockle-burrs, bearing the third man, reared violently under the surprise of the lash. As the rider changed the balance of his weight, rising in his stirrups to tug at the gander's neck, the colt pawed the air wildly with his fore feet, fell backward, and rolled upon the ground, almost over the hapless wight. The blacksmith was fain to support himself against the tree for laughter, and the hurrahing Settlement could not remem-

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ber when it had enjoyed anything so much. The man gathered himself up sheepishly, and limped off; the colt being probably a mile away, running through the woods at the height of his speed.

The gander was in a panic by this time. If ever a fowl of that gender has hysterics, that gander exhibited the disease. He hissed; he flapped his wings; he squawked; he stared; he used every limited power of expression with which nature has gifted him. He was so funny one could hardly look at him.

As Amos James was about to take his turn, amid flattering cries of "Amos 'll pull his head!" "Amos 'll git his head!" a man who had suddenly appeared on horseback at the verge of the clearing, and had paused, contemplating the scene, rode swiftly forward to the tree.

"Ye can't pull out'n turn, — ye can't pull out'n turn, pa'son!" cried half a dozen voices from the younger men. The elders stared in amaze that the preacher should demean his calling by engaging in this public sport.

Kelsey checked his pace before he reached the blacksmith, who, seeing that he was not going to pull, forbore to lay on the lash. The next moment he thought that Kelsey was going to pull; he had risen in his stirrups, with uplifted arm.

"What be you-uns a-goin' ter do?" demanded Gid Fletcher, amazed.

"I 'm a-goin' ter take this hyar critter down."

His words thrilled through the Settlement like a current of electricity. The next phrase was lost in a wild chorus of exclamations.

"Take the gaynder down?"

"What fur?"

"Hi Kelsey hev los' his mind; surely he hev."

Then above the angry, undistinguishable tumult of remonstrance the preacher's voice rose clear and impressive: "The pains o' the beastis he hev made teches the Lord in heaven; fur he marks the sparrow's fall, an' minds himself o' the pitiful o' yearth!" He spoke with the authority appertaining to his calling. "The spark o' life in this fow-*el* air kindled ez fraish ez yourn, — fur hevin' a soul, ye don't ginerally prove it; an' hevin' no soul ter save, this gaynder hain't yearned the torments o' hell, an' I 'm a-goin' ter take the critter down."

"'T ain't yer gaynder!" conclusively argued the blacksmith, applying the swage of his own conviction.

"He air *my* gaynder!" shrieked out a childish voice. "Take him down, — take him down!"

This objection to the time-honored sport seemed hardly less eccentric than an exhibition of insanity. To apply a dignified axiom of humanity to that fluttering, long-suffering tumult of anguish familiarly known as the "gaynder" was regarded as ludicrously inappropriate. To refer to the Lord and the typical sparrow in this connection seemed almost blasphemy. Nevertheless, with the rural reverence for spiritual authority and the superior moral perception of the clergy, the crowd wore a submissively balked aspect, and even the young men who had not yet had their tug at the fowl's neck succumbed, under the impression that the preacher's fiat had put a stop to the gander-pulling for this occasion.

As Kelsey once more lifted his hand to liberate the creator of the day's merriment, the blacksmith, his old grudge reinforced by a new one, gave the horse a cut with his whip. The animal plunged under the unexpected blow, and carried the rider beyond the tree. Reverence for the cloth had no longer a restraining influence on the young mountaineers. They burst into yells of laughter.

"Cl'ar out, pa'son!" they exclaimed, delightedly. "Ye hev hed yer pull. Cl'ar out!"

There was a guffaw among the elders

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about the store. A clamor of commenting voices rose from the cabin porches, where the feminine spectators stood. The gander squawked dolorously. The hubbub was increased by the sudden sharp yelping of hounds that had started game somewhere near at hand. Afterward, from time to time, canine snarls and yaps rose vociferously upon the air, — unheeded, since the inherent interests of a gander-pulling were so enhanced by the addition of a moral discussion and the jeopardy of its conclusion.

The next man in turn, Amos James, put his horse to a canter, and came in a cloud of yellow dust toward the objective point under the tree. In another moment there was almost a collision, for Kelsey had wheeled and ridden back so swiftly that he reined up under the bough where the fowl hung as Amos James, rising in his stirrups, dashed toward it. His horse shied, and carried him past, out of reach, while the blacksmith stepped precipitately toward the bole, exclaiming angrily, "Don't ride me down, Hi Kelsey!"

He recovered his presence of mind and the use of his whip in another moment, and laid a stinging lash upon the parson's horse, as once more the champion of the bird reached up to release it. The next instant Gid Fletcher recoiled suddenly; there was a significant gesture, a steely glimmer, and the blacksmith was gazing with petrified reluctance down the muzzle of a six-shooter. He dared not move a muscle as he stood, with that limited field of vision, and with more respectful acquiescence in the opinion of another man than he had ever before been brought to entertain. The horseman looked at his enemy in silence for a moment, the broad-brimmed hat shading his face, with its melancholy expression, its immobile features, and its flashing eyes.

"Drap that lash," Kelsey said.

Gid Fletcher's grasp relaxed; then the parson with his left hand reached up and contrived to unloose the fluttering gander. He handed the bird down to the little girl, who had been fairly under the horse's heels at the tree since the first suggestions of its deliverance. She clutched it in great haste, wrapped her apron about it, and carrying it, baby-wise, ran fleetly off, casting apprehensive glances over her shoulder.

So the gander was saved, but in its fright, its woe, and the frantic presage in whatever organ may serve it for mind, the fowl had a pretty fair case against the Settlement for exemplary damages.

The sport ended in great disaffection and a surly spirit. Several small grievances among the younger men promised to result in a disturbance of the peace. The blacksmith, held at bay only by the pistol, flared out furiously when relieved of that strong coercion. His pride was roused in that he should be publicly balked and terrorized.

"I 'll remember this," he said, shaking his fist in the prophet's face. "I 'll save the gredge agin ye."

But he was pulled off by his brethren in the church, who thought it unwise to have a member in good standing again assault the apostle of peace.

Amos James — a tall, black-eyed fellow of twenty three or four, with black hair, slightly powdered with flour, and a brown jeans suit, thus reminiscent also of the mill — sighed for the sport in which he had hoped to be victorious.

"Pa'son talked like the gaynder war his blood relation, — own brothers, I 'm a-thinkin'," he drawled, disconsolately.

The sheriff was disposed to investigate prophecy. "I 've heard, pa'son," he said, with a smile ill concealing his vexation, "ye have foreseen I ain't goin' ter be lucky with this here 'lection; goin' ter come out o' the leetle eend o' the horn."

The prophet, too, was perturbed and out of sorts. The sustaining grace of feeling a martyr was lacking in the

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event of to-day, in which he himself had wielded the coercive hand. He marked the covert aggressiveness of the sheriff's manner, and revolted at being held to account and forced to contest. He fixed his gleaming eyes upon the officer's face, but said nothing.

"I 'm a-hustlin' off now," said Micajah Green, "an' ez I won't be up in the Big Smoky agin afore the 'lection, I 'lowed ez I 'd find out what ails ye ter set sech a durned thing down as a fac'. Why ain't I goin' ter be 'lected?" he reiterated, his temper flaring in his face, his eyes fierce. But for the dragging block and chain of his jeopardized prospects he could not have restrained himself from active insult. With his peculiar qualifications for making enemies, and the opportunities afforded by the difficult office he had filled for the past two years, he illustrated at this moment the justice of the prophecy. But his evident anxiety, his eagerness, even his fierce intolerance, had a touch of the pathetic to the man for whom earth held so little and heaven nothing. It seemed useless to suggest, to admonish, to argue.

"I say the word," declared the prophet. "I can't ondertake ter gin the reason."

"Ye won't gin the reason?" said the sheriff, between his teeth.

"Naw," said the prophet.

"An' I won't be 'lected, hey?"

"Ye won't be 'lected."

The deputy touched the sheriff on the shoulder. "I want ter see ye."

"In a minute," said the elder man impatiently.

"I want ter see ye."

Something in the tone constrained attention. The sheriff turned, and looked into a changed face. He suffered himself to be led aside.

"Ye *ain't* goin' ter be 'lected," said the deputy, grimly, "an' for a damned good reason. Look a thar!"

They had walked to the blacksmith's shop. The deputy motioned to him to look into the window.

"Damn ye, what is it?" demanded Micajah Green, mystified.

The other made no reply, and the officer stooped, and looked into the dusky interior.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE CONSOLIDATION OF THE COLONIES.

In a former article[1] I tried to prove that the American system of government by written constitutions was no accidental birth, nor was it the invention of the statesmen and lawyers of the revolution. On the contrary, I attempted to show that the institutions of the Union are the result of a growth as slow and regular as that which has matured those of any other modern nation.

Our constitutional principles originated in the legal conception of the mediæval charter whose object was the adjustment of the relations of the sovereign and the subject. The theory which was slowly evolved was that an impartial judiciary should arbitrate between the two: for on the one hand the subject was protected, since the king could not revoke his grant without obtaining a judgment from the courts; while on the other the company or guild was kept from usurpation by the power of the judges to annul such corporate acts as transcended the limits of the grant, or even to cancel the charter itself when its privileges had been abused.

Nor even after the trading company

[1] See The Embryo of a Commonwealth, Atlantic Monthly for November, 1884, page 610.

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had grown into the colony was there any difficulty in reducing this theory to practice. Citizens aggrieved by the action of either the colonial legislature or the crown could seek redress before the Privy Council, whose decrees, backed by the forces of England, were not to be gainsaid. But the British Parliament was absolute: against its power no charter could avail, no court could intervene. The only remedy for oppression was war, and the Revolution was fought to settle a quarrel between Parliament and America, not between the colonists and the crown.

Independence altered these relations. The people, it is true, provided written constitutions in place of the old charters, but the courts who were to enforce their meaning were no longer the great tribunals of England; they were only the judiciary of the States, bodies weaker than the legislatures whose action they were to control. The adoption of the federal Constitution wrought a further change. A national judiciary was established to entertain appeals from the state courts on questions of federal law, and likewise to uphold against the national Executive and legislature those limitations on their power which the people had solemnly enacted for their own protection.

Thus there are two distinct phases of American constitutional history: the one, the great struggle wherein the Union enforced the organic law upon the States; the other, the attempt of the Supreme Court to bridle Congress. The weak spot in the system is obvious at a glance: the judiciary has no inherent power. Unsupported, it can hardly coerce an individual, much less Massachusetts or Virginia; before Congress its impotence is complete. From the outset it has had to rely upon the Executive to execute its decrees; its danger has lain in provoking a quarrel in which the President and Congress should unite to strike it down.

Here there is hardly space even for a glance at that long, fierce conflict which began in the agitation for the adoption of the Constitution and ended with Lee's surrender. Throughout the court has represented the national principle, and its defeat would have rent the Union asunder. It has met revolt in all sections of the country, for all have resisted when galled by the federal rule. It has conquered, for it has spoken the will of the consolidating nation, and the States have in turn been forced to bow before that massive power.

In 1798 Virginia and Kentucky, in resisting the alien and sedition laws, passed their celebrated resolutions which contain the whole doctrine of nullification and secession. The Virginians declared that when Congress exercised powers not granted in the Constitution the States might interpose to maintain their rights and liberties within their borders; or, in other words, nullify a federal statute. There lay the whole contention in a nutshell: was the nation, through its highest court, to decide without appeal upon the lawfulness of its own legislation, or were the States to be at liberty to repudiate what was obnoxious to them? The minority were constantly inclining toward rebellion. Massachusetts, when pressed by the embargo and the war of 1812, was no whit behind Virginia. The Federalists were thoroughly disaffected, and the length to which their passions drove their judges is shown by the solemn opinion in which Chief Justice Parsons held that in time of war the right to determine whether the exigency exists which, under the Constitution, authorizes the President to call out the militia was not in him, but in the governors;[1] so that, according to the Massachusetts doctrine, States in which war is unpopular need send no troops to defend the Union.

Through seventy years the Supreme Court repudiated these doctrines, and

[1] Opinion of Judges, 8 Mass. 548.

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steadfastly maintained the principle that it alone was the final expounder of the Constitution and the judge of the validity of acts of Congress. The controversy was long, but the victory has been decisive, and won at last upon the battle-field. To us it seems clear that so irrepressible a conflict must have ended sooner or later in an appeal to force, and that the path to consolidation led through war; but in war or peace the judiciary has triumphed, because it has been upheld by the power of the people. Whether it has been John Adams confronted by Virginia, or Jefferson and Madison thwarted by Massachusetts, or Jackson defied by South Carolina, or Lincoln battling with the South, at critical moments the President has always been foremost in maintaining the laws of the land. Supported thus, the arm of the court is long and its hand is heavy, but its impotence when alone was only too clearly shown in its humiliation by Georgia.

The Cherokee Indians had been long settled upon certain tracts of land within that State, over which they exercised sovereign control, and in which they were protected by treaties with the Union. About the year 1819 the situation began to attract attention. The government was bound by agreement to obtain these lands from the Indians for the State as soon as possible, but the difficulty was that the tribe refused to sell or part with them on any terms, and Georgia not unnaturally objected to having this independent community established permanently within her borders. At length, in 1829, matters came to a crisis: the State decided to use force, and the legislature passed an act extending her jurisdiction over the Indian country, and dividing it among the adjoining counties. In 1830 it was made criminal for any white man to reside within the Indian district without a permit from the governor. A Presbyterian missionary named Worcester, a citizen of Vermont, was arrested for violating this statute, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to hard labor for four years. The case was taken to Washington on writ of error. It was argued before the full bench, and the chief justice, speaking for his associates, held the act under which Worcester was indicted void, as contrary to the Constitution and the treaties of the Union. His sentence was reversed. Neither Governor Lumpkin nor the Superior Court of Georgia paid any attention to this decree. Worcester was imprisoned for a year, and then released for political reasons. No satisfaction was ever given to the highest tribunal of the nation for this insult, nor was any attempt at apology made. Jackson sympathized with Georgia, and there was much point in his savage sneer: "John Marshall has made his decision; now let him enforce it."

But if the bench, when alone, is thus powerless to coerce a State, its position toward a hostile Congress is far more difficult: to enforce obedience is impossible; to invite attack is fatal. Twice it has been assailed: once it escaped through the errors of its adversary; the second time it fell almost without a struggle.

The convention did its best to fortify the judiciary, yet its position must always be vulnerable. The judges, it is true, hold their places during good behavior, and can be removed only by impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors; nor can their pay be diminished without their consent. On the other hand, Congress can enlarge the numbers of the court to any extent, and, as the President appoints, a majority of any shade of opinion can be secured. Undoubtedly, to succeed, the Executive and the legislature must unite, but the President is usually in harmony with the predominant party. Thus there are two ways in which a refractory bench may be controlled: its members may be

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proceeded against directly by impeachment, and, if convicted by the Senate, may be removed; or new judges may be added until harmony is secured. Each course has been tried, — impeachment first.

When Jefferson was elected in 1800 the Democrats honestly believed that their success meant the opening of a new era to mankind. They were penetrated with the truth of those ideas which moved the world so deeply a century ago, though we know now that their theories were mostly unsubstantial day-dreams. The first practical article of their creed was the simplification of the national government, the reduction of its functions to the lowest point, and a construction of the Constitution so strict as to exclude all powers not expressly granted by the people to their new sovereign. But how was it possible to carry out these principles when a bench of bitter Federalists was declaring, day after day, the exact reverse to be the law? Moreover, the judges were hostile to the administration, and lost few opportunities of annoyance. The famous case of Marbury *v.* Madison is a good example. Chief Justice Marshall took the occasion to read Mr. Jefferson a lecture on his duties through fifteen pages of his opinion, while for legal purposes all he had to say is contained in the last five and a half. So, likewise, in the trial of Burr, he ruled that the President could be summoned to testify, like any other witness. Apart from every consideration of propriety, the decision was a mistake, for who was there to bring the President to court should he decline to go? The only men to arrest him were his own officers, whom he could instantly remove.

Aside, however, from such practical difficulties, there are obvious reasons why the President must be shown a consideration beyond other men. Some of these are wittily pointed out by Mr. Jefferson in a letter to George Hay: —

"The leading principle of our Constitution is the independence of the legislative, Executive, and judiciary of each other, and none are more jealous of this than the judiciary. But would the Executive be independent of the judiciary if he were subject to the *commands* of the latter, and to imprisonment for disobedience; if the several courts could bandy him from pillar to post, keep him constantly trudging from north to south and east to west, and withdraw him entirely from his constitutional duties?"[1]

John Marshall was not a man to forget his dignity; unfortunately, there were others with less self-control. The behavior of Justice Chase was an outrage on decency. In May, 1803, in charging the grand jury at Baltimore, he took occasion to make a violent political speech, bitterly attacking the administration and the Democratic party. No self-respecting government could patiently endure such an outrage from one of its own judicial officers; the difficulty was to know what to do. By an impeachment, as technically understood by lawyers, it might perhaps have been possible to reach Chase; but that would not have satisfied the Democrats, who wanted to impose their principles on the court, not to punish one obnoxious man. Accordingly, they began by repudiating the theory that the English precedents were in point, or that the Senate sat as a court at all, or was bound by rules of evidence; but their views can be best explained by an extract from the diary of J. Q. Adams, in which a conversation is reported of one of their own leaders, Senator Giles, of Virginia: —

"Giles labored with excessive earnestness to convince Smith of certain principles, upon which not only Mr. Chase, but all the other judges of the Supreme Court, excepting the one last appointed, must be impeached and removed. He treated with the utmost contempt the

[1] Letter to Hay, June 20, 1807, vol. v. p. 102.

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idea of an *independent* judiciary; said there was not a word about such independence in the Constitution, and that their pretensions to it were nothing more nor less than an attempt to establish an aristocratic despotism in themselves. The power of impeachment was given without limitation to the Senate; and if the judges of the Supreme Court should dare, *as they had done*, to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional, or to send a mandamus to the Secretary of State, *as they had done*, it was the undoubted right of the House of Representatives to impeach them, and of the Senate to remove them, for giving such opinions, however honest or sincere they may have been in entertaining them. Impeachment was not a criminal prosecution; it was no prosecution at all. The Senate sitting for the trial of impeachments was not a court, and ought to discard and reject all process of analogy to a court of justice. A trial and removal of a judge upon impeachment need not imply any criminality or corruption in him. Congress had no power over the person, but only over the office. And a removal by impeachment was nothing more than a declaration by Congress to this effect: You hold dangerous opinions, and if you are allowed to carry them into effect you will work the destruction of the nation. *We want your offices* for the purpose of giving them to men who will fill them better." [1]

Had the impeachment been ably handled it is not impossible that these views might have prevailed; but John Randolph, who conducted the prosecution, not only was no lawyer, but his mind was incapable of grappling with legal subjects. If, steadily refusing to deal with precedents at all, or go into evidence, he had sought a conviction on the ground of unbecoming conduct on the bench, as though he had been asking for a removal by address, he might have prevailed. He did the opposite. He drew up a number of articles involving questions of a technical nature; in trying to prove them he had to submit to the rules of evidence and the paraphernalia of a trial, and from that moment he was lost. Not only was he crushed by the counsel for the defense, but he hopelessly broke down in attempting to make his indictment hold water. Short of treason or bribery, a technical high crime or misdemeanor is hard to prove, — so hard, indeed, that not only was Chase acquitted, but from then till now the House of Representatives has never secured a single conviction, and it seems improbable that it ever will. Thus in its first conflict with Congress the judiciary came off victorious through Randolph's blunders; in its second it had to deal with abler men, and it met a different fate. For more than seventy years, however, the relations of the court with the legislature were on the whole tolerably harmonious. During the slavery agitation the judges were Democratic, and whatever may be thought of the wisdom or justice of their political decisions they did not lack support. With secession the tide turned; but the court turned also, and in the test case of the Amy Warwick, in 1862, it sustained the blockade and the war powers of the government. In 1865 the Republicans had no need of judicial help; they were strong enough to change the Constitution as they chose, and accordingly, in the absolute fashion of conquerors, they dictated amendments that closed the controversy which had led to the Dred Scott decision and the civil war. They could neglect the quibbles of lawyers; it is the right of the victor. But the moment of rupture was at hand. In 1862 and 1863, while Mr. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury, the legal-tender acts were passed. In 1864 Mr. Lincoln made him chief justice, and his position became most difficult when, four years later, he had to decide upon the constitutionality of these very laws for which he was so largely responsible. The

[1] Memoirs of J. Q. Adams, vol. i. p. 322.

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case of Hepburn *v.* Griswold, argued in 1868, presented the question whether Congress could make paper a legal tender for debts which, when contracted, were payable in coin. All admitted that no grant of such a power was to be found in the Constitution, and if held to exist, it must be supplied by judicial construction. After repeated arguments, much hesitation, and long delay, a majority of the judges were forced to the conclusion that statutes making paper promises a legal tender for debts which, when incurred, were only payable in gold or silver coin were void.

The decision was unpopular. It was a time of inflation and great apparent prosperity, and men feared a contraction of the currency would lead to a crisis. The Republicans strongly favored the legal tenders, and the administration determined that Hepburn *v.* Griswold should be overruled. At that very moment a tempting opportunity offered itself. A statute of 1866, reducing the court, had fixed the number of associate justices at six, making seven members in all. In point of fact, however, the reduction was never made; for when there were still eight judges on the bench Congress, by act of April, 1869, enlarged the number to nine, the law to take effect from the first Monday of the following December. A few days before that date, or, to be exact, on November 27th, Hepburn *v.* Griswold was decided in conference by a vote of five out of the eight justices. Between the 27th and February 1st the opinion of the majority was agreed to in conference, and would have been delivered had not the minority asked for another week in which to prepare theirs. On February 1st Mr. Justice Grier resigned, and as judgment was not entered until the 7th the court was divided thus: four judges made the majority, three the minority, and there were two vacancies, — one caused by Grier's resignation, the other being the new seat made by the statute, not yet filled. It was possible, therefore, by making judicious appointments, to reverse the vote, and form a majority of five out of the former minority of three. This was promptly done. Justice Strong, whose opinion was on record, and who was therefore known to be sound, was appointed on February 18th, and Mr. Bradley the next month. Then no time was lost; ten days after the court had been adjusted Hon. E. R. Hoar moved for a rehearing, which was then refused, but other cases involving the legal-tender issue were set down for argument, and the result was a foregone conclusion. In May, 1871, judgment was entered in Knox *v.* Lee, reversing Hepburn *v.* Griswold; the case being decided by a vote of five to four in a court of nine, the majority consisting of the former minority and the two new judges. Last summer the conclusions reached in Knox *v.* Lee were reaffirmed and emphasized. It matters little, for the court has fallen, and it is not probable it can ever again act as an effective check upon the popular will; or, should it attempt to do so, that it can prevail.

The historical conclusion is obvious. The state constitutions were regularly developed from the ancient charters, which defined the relations of the sovereign to the subject. These suggested and served as models for the federal Constitution, when, after the Revolution, the scattered colonies were falling into chaos under the confederation. At that time some mould was needed in which to cast the new republic, for established precedent and ancient usage were wholly wanting. This need was supplied by a written scheme of government.

A hundred years have gone: the work is done; the nation has outgrown the shell that protected it in infancy. Modern America is ruled, like England, by means of a mass of custom and tradition which silently shapes itself to the changing wants of the people. It would

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be impossible, even were it desirable, to bind the country by unaltering laws a century old. It is of little moment whether the meaning of our great charter is slowly construed away by the ingenuity of lawyers, or whether it is roughly thrust aside by force: its fate is sealed; it must yield where it obstructs. As the world moves on, the venerable institutions of the past are left behind, as our ancestors left behind them the mediæval trading company and guild. Men may theorize forever about abstract right and justice, — this much alone is certain: in our country and in our age that which the majority of the people want will be the law, and the President and Congress, who represent the people, will see that the work is done. Our destiny will be accomplished, and the men or the tribunal that would bar the way must fall like the Supreme Court.

Brooks Adams.

THE SERAPH SPEECH.

THERE is an outcast multitude
Of forms, forgotten and unheard,
By Love untouched and Hope unstirred, —
A pallid army of Despair,
Which mutely faces Want and Care.

God does not give to all a voice
To utter that which goes untold
Of heart-break which their bosoms hold;
However bitter be the strife,
Unheard they live their tragic life.

Their eyes know not the meadows green,
Nor dream they in the city's gloom
Of singing birds and flowers which bloom;
And vapors of the poisoned street
Fall on them as a winding-sheet.

But when their pain within our own
Has stirred the tongue so long unused
With words to them so long refused,
'T is then the speech we think our own
Is uttered by a voice unknown.

'T is then the silent spaces ring
With seraph echoes far and near;
And seraph music fills the ear,
When mortal lips cannot express
The measure of their dumb distress.

Robertson James.

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A PLUNGE INTO SUMMER.

THE broad floor of the valley of Mexico is nearly a mile and a half above the sea-level. But the *tierra caliente*, or warm country, stretches far inland from the Pacific coast, and the lofty mountains which tower above this high-lying valley to the southward and southeastward, some of them mantled in perpetual snows, slope down on the farther side into the tropical luxuriance of everlasting summer. Thus they fulfill the conditions necessary to a healthy body laid down in a familiar injunction, keeping their heads cool and their feet warm. We winter dwellers in the Aztec capital were not so fortunate as our neighbors the mountains, for in our hearthless houses we found, at times, the greatest difficulty in keeping our feet warm when we were sitting still. It was not a little tantalizing thus to be dwelling beneath the southern sun and have summer only a few leagues away, within reach by a slow railway trip of six hours. Sometimes, under a gray cloud-tent spread over the valley by a norther blowing down in the Gulf, we would look wistfully off through the melancholy, November-like air to the mountain walls surrounding us, longing for the joyous landscapes which they shut out from our sight. Therefore, one chilly January morning, with frost whitening the ground in the shadows where the sun had not reached, and dripping, as it melted, from the roof of the street-car which took us out to the San Lázaro railway station, we set out for the blessed lower lands beyond, seeking a four days' bath of warm air.

One seldom has to make a search for the picturesque in Mexico. It presents itself on every hand. The street railway ran for a great part of the way to San Lázaro along the banks of a canal, with rapidly running but not particularly clean water. The canal was bordered by old, thick-walled houses, with stone steps leading down to the water from their doors, their broad surfaces washed in varied hues, weather-worn into fascinating tones for color studies. The canal was animated with boats laden with country produce: large flat-boats, poled slowly along, and light little dug-outs, deftly paddled, skimming swiftly by. The great markets which we passed were swarming like bee-hives, and masses of fruits and vegetables were piled around in bewildering combinations of brilliant color. The *pulquerías*, or pulque shops, on the corners, gay with tinsel and gaudily frescoed without and within, were full of peons, lightly clad in cotton that once was white, indulging in the cheap luxury of their favorite and mildly intoxicating drink, the sales of which in the capital alone amount annually to three million dollars. These pulquerias all bear fantastic names; we passed one called El Recreo del Antiguo Gato, — The Recreation of the Old Cat!

The Cuautla Valley, our destination, is reached by the Morelos division of the Acapulco, Morelos, Mexico, Irolo and Vera Cruz Interoceanic Railway, whose object of ultimately affording communication between the Pacific and the Gulf coasts by way of the capital is indicated with considerable explicitness in its extraordinary name. The line is a narrow-gauge, built by Mexican capital and equipped in the American style, but with a kind of native slouchiness and lack of modern appliances that contrasted unfavorably with the two American railways terminating on the opposite side of the city, the Mexican Central and the Mexican National. Our train was phenomenally slow. It was a "mixed" one, carrying both passengers

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and freight; loafing leisurely along, and making long waits at every station for taking on and leaving cargo. With a train of average speed our journey might have been reduced to something like one half the time occupied.

Crossing the wide reach of marshes between the city and Lake Tezcoco, we saw the lagoon near the track literally black with ducks, and, as they started up, frightened by the train, they made dense clouds in the air. Never before had I seen so many water-fowl together.

The two great mountains, Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, loomed up before us without a cloud about them. Their snowy summits were pallid gray in the morning air, for the sun was on the other side, and cast their shadows towards us. The peaks were glittering coldly where the night had frozen the snow-crust. These mountains would be in sight all through our journey and throughout all our stay down in the underland, presenting themselves in varied aspects to our charmed eyes.

We passed by and through various Indian villages. The train ran through the long main street of one, where clamorous venders of food and drink besieged the cars. Another village was perched attractively on a craggy hillside, the humble huts apparently scrambling upwards to a quaint chapel occupying the crest above. The whole place was walled around by a tall hedge of organ cactus. Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, the great fresh-water bodies of the valley, with clear waters, fenny shores, and bold mountain backgrounds, were seen here and there from the train. These scenes were of unceasing interest, with the great volcanoes ever growing nearer and nearer. But not until Amecameca was reached did we fully realize the Alpine grandeur of the scene dominated by the loftiest mountains of North America.

Amecameca lies between the two mountains, and at the foot of each. They overtower the place to wonderful, awful heights, pine-clad below, and then with wide spaces of rocky, craggy barrenness between the lines of timber and of snow. On Iztaccihuatl, far above, we could see cascades trickling down from the melting snow. Iztaccihuatl has laurels in waiting for some ambitious climber. Although it is much lower than Popocatepetl, it is so rugged and so seamed with deep gorges that no one has yet succeeded in scaling its heights.

There are pine woods all around us here, and the landscape has a thoroughly northern character. Amecameca looks like a Swiss town. Nearly all the houses have Swiss-like roofs of light shingles, with wide eaves, and weighed down with stones. The railway station is in a beautiful spot at the foot of an isolated hill covered with a dense grove of magnificent cedars. This is the Sacro Monte, or Sacred Mount, the seat of a famous shrine. Far up, on a shoulder of the hill, is the chapel, with white walls and graceful towers gleaming against the sky above the dark tree-masses.

A short distance beyond Amecameca, which is sixty-four kilomètres, or about forty miles, from Mexico, we pass the highest point on the line, 2453.5 mètres, or 8047.4 feet, above the sea. At Ozumba, on the slope of Popocatepetl, we had a half hour for dinner; a substantial, well-served meal, with unlimited pulque. The station, a light frame structure, looked more Western than Mexican, and might have been on the Denver and Rio Grande in the Rocky Mountains. Strips of paper were pasted over the wide cracks in the walls of the dining-room.

Just beyond here a rapid descent began. We went curling around a mountain, and caught glimpses of the track far below. At one point we could see it directly beneath us, crawling along the face of the ledge; and when we

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had descended to that level, there it was again, running below in relatively the same position.

The wide Cuautla Valley now lay spread out before us, — a magnificent vista. Great expanses of light golden green, which were plantations of sugar-cane, filled the levels, liquid-like in the delicate haze. Areas of dark, bosky hue seemed to float among the lighter tints, like islands in a lake. These were towns, buried in the dense foliage of their trees. One of them, over on the further side of the valley, was Cuautla, but two hours would pass before we should get down to that level.

Deep ravines yawned beside us and widened out into the valley. The slope was very gradual, and therefore the valley's great depth was not evident. Indeed, one was inclined to wonder how it was that off there the climate might be so different, with pine-trees all around us and sugar-cane yonder; for the impression of depth was slight in comparison with that of distance. But to reach Cuautla we were to descend a perpendicular three quarters of a mile. The changes were very gradual; there were no abrupt transitions, like those which startle us on the railway between Mexico and Vera Cruz. We slid imperceptibly down from one zone into the other.

At one place where the train stopped for a few minutes the scene was like a New England woodland hillside in August. The trees and the bushes were much the same, and beside the track we picked an abundance of ripe high-bush blackberries. The midday sun was hot, but the air had a keen vigor like that of our northwest wind in summer.

At another station we waited for the up-train to pass. When it came I noticed the front of the engine festally decorated with tropical fruits. A garland of oranges bordered the head-light, bunches of bananas depended beneath, and tall sprays of sugar-cane stood in the flag-holders on the pilot. I asked the engineer, a youthful-looking Aztec who seemed hardly nineteen, — nearly all the railway employés appeared to be full-blooded Indians, — what was the meaning of this decoration. It was a regular custom on this railway, he said; all the engines of the up-trains were so adorned, but it was not done on the trains going below. It was a pretty piece of sentiment, this daily greeting sent up from the warm lands to the cold with an offering of their fruits.

The view from this station was like that from a terrace. Off to the southwestward there stood a line of extremely rough and jagged mountains, with summits below our level. On one of the peaks was the exact semblance of a monster feudal castle, with a square, sturdy tower. To the southward a blue mountain line grew lower as it melted away to the distance towards the coast. The tops of the furthest peaks were just peeping up over the valley's edge, though from the other side they must rise to goodly altitudes. Our train went curving down the slope in an interminable succession of sharp bends. The motion resembled the swooping flight of a swallow, as we incessantly faced all the points of the compass in quick alternations. Our heads were kept continually turning to catch the views, so that this long waltz down the mountain side almost made us dizzy.

As we descended, the vegetation rapidly changed. Brilliant new flowers bloomed by the way with summerish profusion, and new trees appeared, although the pines seemed loath to part company with us. There were some remarkable tree groups standing in the fields; leafage thick and dark green, umbrella-like in shape, with breadth something like three times the height, apparently. The crown of foliage had a lower horizontal line, which, had it been cut, could hardly have been more exact. It may have been the work of

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browsing cattle, who thus marked the highest line of their efforts.

At last we found ourselves running through far-spreading fields of sugar-cane in all stages of growth, from the freshly planted sprouts to dense masses rising as high as the car-tops. Everywhere rills of sparkling water were dancing hastily along, as if they had a great deal of work to do and no time to lose, while they jumped continually from one level to another, distributing their life-giving bounties on every hand as they went. The separate estates, or *haciendas*, were marked by clusters of buildings standing here and there. Large factory-like structures were joined to the manor-houses; tall chimneys, frequently painted a brilliant white, were smoking. These chimneys, laying an energetic emphasis upon the landscape, gave a busy, prosperous look to the region. The dry uplands, robed in russet brown, which we had just left, gave way to deep, fresh grass and luxuriant vegetation, under the influence of the ceaseless irrigation.

So we reached Cuautla, the train backing over a "Y" to the station. This was a remarkable structure, having been converted to its present uses from an old convent, sequestrated by the war of the Reform. Parts were still in ruins. The dome was flanked by graceful flying buttresses; beneath, a spur-track pierced the chapel, in which were stored barrels of rum, or *aguardiente*. The cloister court was occupied by a pretty flower-bed.

The air was deliciously soft and luxurious. The summer fragrance with which it was laden saluted our long-unaccustomed nostrils like the delicate scents of woods and fields borne by the land-breeze to one approaching the shore at the close of a sea-voyage. The air was also pervaded by a lurking odor of sugar-making, which hung over the whole valley.

We had time to note all this, and also the pretty plaza upon which the station faced, during the long wait before the train started for Yautepec, the present terminus of the railway. Notable sights on the way thither were a strikingly picturesque old ruined church standing alone in neglected fields, and a most beautiful aqueduct, with high, graceful arches, striding across the fields to the buildings of an hacienda, terminating above the level of these, and furnishing water-power as well as irrigation. The aqueduct did not have the severe, Roman-like character borne by most works of the kind, for a charming aerial effect was given by open spaces, through which gleamed the light, left above each pier between the arches.

Passing through an environment of orange-groves, we found ourselves at Yautepec. Never was the fact more fully borne out that the opinion formed of a place, as it is seen from a railway station, is apt to lead one far astray. As we walked across bare fields and approached a long range of low huts, we began to think with consternation of the prospect of having to pass the night in such a forbidding-looking hamlet. But we walked on, and presently the row of huts gave place to more substantial-looking edifices, and we soon found ourselves in the midst of a well-built town, with some handsome dwellings and business-like shops. There was a charming plaza, brilliant with flowers, and faced by a municipal palace, whose front displayed a large illuminated clock. A second story was building over the central fountain of the plaza in the shape of an ornamental iron *kiosk*, or band-stand, an adornment which every Mexican town of the least pretensions feels that it must have.

The spirit of American enterprise had penetrated even to this remote town. The mail-agent, who had come on the train with us, and whose acquaintance we had made, called us into the apothecary's, where we were asked to trans-

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late a letter just received from New York. It referred to an illuminated sign which the apothecary had seen advertised in a trade journal, and he had sent to learn the particulars. He was so enchanted with the idea of astonishing the town with the splendor of the lighted mortar flashing through prismatically glittering glass that he said he would order it at once.

Yautepec is beautifully situated, ranged close up against the mountains on the south side of the valley, which is narrow here, and bordered on the north by the extremely precipitous mountain wall which we had seen below us in our descent from Ozumba; the feudal castle still maintaining its semblance, though now beheld from the other side and high above us. These mountains appeared much like those on the Pacific coast around Guaymas, and quite unlike anything else in this part of Mexico.

A clear, pebbly river runs through the city, bordered in places with fine trees and thick shrubbery. There is a street along one bank, and on it there stands a large church, built in 1567, more than a half century before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. It has the usual abandoned cloister attached. In passing we looked through a lofty archway into a small court; there was a high wall opposite, with a dark passage in line with the entrance, and a heavy stone balcony projecting above. Through the gloom of this passage gleamed the light of an interior cloister-court; beyond, still another dark archway, — remarkable alternations of light and shadow.

Yautepec is full of sketchable bits for an artist. At a bend in the river we looked back and saw a massive stone bridge spanning the high-banked stream; buildings of Italian-like architecture on one side, and the lofty cone of Popocatepetl looming high in the background. It was a perfect picture, and when night came it was enchanting in the full light of the tropic moon, which was rising from behind the volcano, the sky suffused with a delicately lustrous creamy tint. Yautepec reminded me of some of the Italian towns on the south side of the Alps.

We found the hotel, La Concordia, monopolized by an American circus troupe, which was on the way from the capital to South America by way of Acapulco; stopping to give performances in the towns through which it passed. All the rooms were occupied, but we were told that we might have beds made up in the corridor, which ran alongside a pleasant garden, plants in handsome urn-like pots standing on the parapet between the arches. It was a pretty place, and we accepted the offer rather than go to another posada, where the diminutive bed-chambers were like bath-rooms. We did not regret it, for we had comfortable beds, and the night air was mild and pure.

The theatre adjoined the hotel. There are few Mexican towns without a theatre. This was a wooden, barn-like structure, with a high pyramidal roof that seemed almost Dutch. On the wall was a poster with the programme for the town festivities of the preceding Christmas. These, it appeared, began with "a grand religious performance," followed by various games, including bull-fights and cock-fights. The latter included a contest of "Cuautla against Yautepec," like a base-ball match between two of our American towns.

The next morning, after a saunter through the place in the fresh, pure air, we took the train back to Cuautla at the comfortable hour of nine o'clock.

Arriving at Cuautla, we found an excellent hotel, the San Diego, directly across the plaza from the railway station. The landlord was a German, and had been in the country about thirty years. The hotel was a one-story structure, built around a large court, the rooms opening upon a tile-roofed veranda. In the court was a tall date-palm,

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with sprays of rich, orange-hued blossoms rising among its graceful plumes of dark green.

I hardly expected to meet in an obscure Mexican town a party of American tourists passing the time in placid ease, just as they might be encountered at a nice Swiss inn in some Alpine valley. Yet we encountered at the San Diego a most delightful company of our compatriots. One, an eminent artist, who was something of an invalid, was enthusiastic over the delicious air and glorious scenery of the place. These winter days in Cuautla were all like our ideal June weather at home, he said. There was no intense heat, while cold and chilliness were absolute strangers. Mexico he regarded as superior to Florida as a winter refuge. In these warm lands, beside the endless scenic variety, there was an unchanging climate all through the winter; at least on the Pacific side of the mountains. On the Gulf slope, as at Orizaba, there were occasional fogs, rain, and raw northers.

"And then there are no mosquitoes here," said another friend. "I have never seen a land so free from them. The few insects one meets here are really contemptible; I feel inclined to pity them for their feebleness."

It is, indeed, a great mistake for people to come to Mexico from the North in the winter, and confine themselves to the capital. They experience the chilly weather which now and then visits the high regions of the central tableland at that season, and with the abrupt transitions of cold and heat from morning to noon and night they at times feel more discomfort than in their wintry Northern homes, where genial hearth-fires glow, until at last they perhaps leave for home in disgust, anathematizing the whole country. All this is a mistake, when on every hand are pleasant places like Cuautla within easy reach of the capital by rail, journeying to which might fill many weeks with a round of health-giving pleasure, novel scenes greeting the eye everywhere. There is much of the greatest interest to tourists to be seen in and around the capital, but there are pleasanter winter abiding-places near by. It is, however, a good central point from which to make agreeable tours all over the country. Now that railway communication with the United States is completed, there will be many pleasure travelers to Mexico. When they come, they should remember that there are rich, warm valleys down below, close at hand, where simple existence seems a luxury, amid the delicious airs of genuine tropical surroundings.

Mr. Haller, the landlord of the San Diego, was also the *administrador*, or manager, of the great sugar estate of Coahuistla, the largest sugar plantation on the North American continent. At his invitation we set out to visit the place on Monday morning. Our conveyance was a railway platform car, upon which, just after the departure of the train for Mexico, we took our seats. A peon pushed us for a few rods along the "Y," and then we began flying, with increasing momentum, down a gentle grade, first through green pastures bordered by thickets of bananas, and then among vast fields of sugar-cane. The warm air had an invigorating sparkle, and our rapid motion made a refreshing breeze. It was the perfection of railway motion; the broad view was unobstructed on every side, and there was not a particle of dust. The buildings of Coahuistla appeared ahead of us, a complex group, with a variety of roofs, from flat to steep-sloping, and three tall chimneys, two of them painted in stripes, like barbers' poles. They stood on a considerable slope, inclosed by a high, fortified wall, outside of which were clustered the huts of the two thousand laborers employed on the place.

Dashing across a bridge spanning the river, our car stopped at the foot of a short grade just before reaching the

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place, where we found two mules and their drivers awaiting us. But before the mules could be hitched to the car they broke away, and ran frantically. Just at the hacienda gate were some horsemen, who galloped after the runaways, and with an easy swing dropped the nooses of their lassos, or *riates*, around the necks of the fleeing animals. The culprits were brought back, looking as meek as if they had never been guilty of any mischief in their lives, and they hauled us inside the hacienda walls without further ado.

We found ourselves surrounded by an animated scene. The great yard was swarming with laborers. Some were turning and gathering the crushed cane which covered the ground, where it reflected the sun with a whitish glare. Others were handling the fresh cane, which was coming in in cartloads; stripping off the green succulent leaves as food for the cattle, weighing the stalks, and carrying them to the crushing-mills. We ascended broad stone steps to a larged vaulte hall forming the main entrance. This was open to the air on one side. Massive piers supported the heavy, castle-like masonry of the building. The place was gratefully cool, and commanded a charming view over the valley. Accountants were at work at desks in the corner.

Leaning over a parapet at one end of the hall, we overlooked the great interior, where the cane-crushing was going on. The mills, as throughout the valley, were moved by water-power. When we entered the gate, we had seen the water gushing out from a low arch in the wall in a powerful cascade. The mill building was a lofty, massive stone structure, with walls composed of Roman-like arches in two tiers. It was new, but parts of the main building were over a century old. The laborers came and went below, like two streams of busy ants. Their brown forms, in the dim light of the high, shadowy interior, looked like dusky demons, as they staggered beneath their loads of great bundles of cane. They wore the minimum of clothing, and many, for some mysterious reason, had but one leg to their pantaloons of white cotton, while others wore no pantaloons at all. The machinery made a low, rumbling noise, and the mills seemed like insatiable monsters, devouring the cane incessantly, and disgorging the crushed masses in well-chewed fragments. Beer glasses full of the fresh sap were brought to us. It was black and foamy, looking like English stout, and had a sweet and not disagreeable taste. The natives are fond of a drink made from this sap by letting it ferment in a gourd for two or three days.

In the upper stories we saw the huge vats of molasses which was slowly crystallizing into sugar, the surface covered with a crust resembling wind-roughened ice turned a dark brown. In one vat stood a naked Indian, breaking up the crude sugar with a pick, and shoveling it out to two other laborers, who were carrying it away. The sugar was refined on the premises into two grades, the superior of which was equal to the best American loaf. The machinery in use on the estate was of the best modern kind, and cost something like half a million dollars. After the syrup had been worked over into sugar three times the residue was distilled into aguardiente. Of this, six thousand barrels were produced annually on the place.

After inspecting the works we returned to the shady office, where we met the proprietor, a courtly Spanish gentleman. He invited us to stay to breakfast, and as noontime approached we were shown through vaulted passages, across an irregular court like that of an ancient castle, up an easy stone stairway, into a pleasant corridor leading into a large dining-room. Here a long table was spread beneath a broad stone arch which sprang from one side of the room

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to the other. Our host was at the head of the table, and below the guests sat the various officials of the estate, ranged according to their rank.

"Is n't this quite baronial?" whispered my youthful neighbor. "See the retainers eating with us at the same table, sitting below the salt!" And he quoted some lines from Walter Scott, adding that the knights, instead of returning from crusade or tournament, had come in from the sugar-fields, hanging their broad sombreros on the wall in place of shields. There is, in fact, something very feudal-seeming in the character of Mexican country life.

It was an excellent meal, of the true Mexican country-house type. Everything was perfectly cooked. Never have I tasted more tender and delicate mutton than that in the *puchera*, or Mexican stew, served on a great platter, with the various vegetables, including carrots, white and sweet potatoes, turnips, beans, green peas, and bananas, — not all mixed together, but each kind occupying its own place on the dish. The fine flavor of the mutton was due to its being raised on the place upon particularly choice feed. There were two thousand sheep kept for the exclusive use of the estate. At each course the dish was first placed before the host, who served, in order, the ladies, the consul-general, the artist, and himself. The dish was then brought to us minor guests, for us to help ourselves, after which the retainers were helped by a servant. At the plate of each guest stood a bottle of Spanish wine; red, but quite different from claret. It had an individual flavor; much body and a slight resemblance to sherry, with a saccharine acidity. The character of the Spanish grape could be detected, as in the wine of the Rio Grande Valley in New Mexico and that of California made from the Mission grape. The servant poured glasses of wine for the chief officials of the retainers, but none was served to the others.

From the entrance to the building were seen the great cane-fields of Coahuistla spreading their cheery emerald mantle, gold-tinged in the sunshine, far into the distance. There were twelve thousand *tareas*, or nearly seventeen hundred acres, under cultivation. These produced annually about three and a half million pounds. The sugar was sold from the hacienda at two and three dollars an *arroba*, of twenty-five pounds. Aguardiente brought twenty-one dollars a barrel. Therefore the gross receipts of the estate cannot be far from half a million dollars a year. I should say that the net profits must amount to a good proportion, since on most haciendas in Mexico the labor is nearly, if not quite, paid for by the profits of the store from which the laborers are supplied. The stock is fed on the cane-leaves and other stuff raised on the place, fuel for sugar-boiling is furnished entirely by the crushed cane, and the machinery is moved by water-power.

The annual sugar yield of the entire Cuautla Valley is about 15,625,000 pounds, and large quantities of corn and fruit are raised. The valley of Cuernavaca adjoins that of Cuautla, and also produces a great amount of sugar.

I have spoken of Cuautla de Morelos as an obscure town. Although it is hardly known beyond the borders of the republic, it is famous in the annals of the long Mexican struggle for independence. The siege of Cuautla by the Spaniards was one of the most notable events of that war. The patriot Morelos, who, like Hidalgo, was a priest, succeeding to the revolutionary leadership on the death of the latter, here made a heroic defense against the Spaniards for sixty-two days. He was at last forced to evacuate by the Spaniards diverting the river and thus cutting off the water-supply. While the retiring army was crossing a ravine the Spaniards cut a dam above, drowning a great number. When Mexican independence was gained, the

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name of the patriot was added to that of the city, which now frequently goes by the name of Morelos alone.

Cuautla is a beautiful town. Among its most charming features are the lanes rambling all about the place, narrow and shady, reminding one of the mid-summer lanes of New England, with something strange and enchanting added. They are bordered by tall banana plants, which bear a particularly delicious fruit. Noble great trees, with glossy green leaves, overarch the lanes from the gardens, where they shade coffee of excellent quality, as our hotel table testified. Many varieties of fruits hang in the tree-branches, — oranges, limes, citrons; mameys, which are natural pumpkin pies; zapotes, which are yellow, white, and black inside, the latter variety being soft, mushy, and looking like decayed apples, but frozen it makes a good ice-cream, in color like chocolate. A beautiful tree is the papaya, growing up slender like a palm, bearing a fruit which looks and tastes like a musk-melon, though more squash-like in flesh, and filled with seeds which look like caviar, or capers, and taste like nasturtions.

Few of the buildings in Cuautla have glass windows, since it is never cold enough to occasion shutting out the air. The humbler dwellings are largely of reeds, with thatched roofs, very steep pitched, and conical in shape. The accidental combinations shown by many of the roofs in the local architecture make highly picturesque effects. There are a number of points of interest, one being a small ruined chapel just out of the town, with a magnificent view of Popocatepetl, which rises up from the fields beyond and shows for its full height, unforeshortened, while Iztaccihuatl, which from Mexico seems higher than its mate, being nearer, from here looks low indeed by comparison. At the other end of the place there is a beautiful cemetery, with orange-trees growing among the graves. In the quiet lanes the musical gurgle of clear, sparkling water is heard everywhere, leaping hither and thither. To me it seemed to be ever repeating the liquid name of the place, "Cuautla, Cuautla, Cuautla," as it ran through copse and garden. But Cuautla has nothing to do with water in its signification; in the Indian language of the locality it means "a place where there are trees."

The most remarkable natural feature of the place is a stream of sulphur water, which bursts in one bound from the rocks about two miles out of town. A bath there is a luxury to be remembered. We crossed the large river — which furnished our table with some capital fish resembling trout — by a substantial new iron bridge, and a lively gallop on horseback soon brought us thither. The way led over brown, dry uplands, dotted with shrubby trees of various species, mostly in bloom, with morning-glory-like flowers. Passing a cultivated field with a cane-brake bordering the way, we saw a peculiar growth rising from the brakes, looking in the distance like gigantic ferns. It was our first sight of the bamboo. Its exquisite grace is indescribable. Growing tall and slender, it is covered by long thin leaves of a tender green, in shape much like those of the willow. They are the original of the delicate sprays which we often see flung across the face of Japanese drawings. As we looked down the hill toward Cuautla, the town had disappeared, and in its place was a forest, with just a single tower to tell where it lay hidden.

Long before we reached the bathing-place its neighborhood was made manifest by a strong smell of sulphur in the air. We found the stream in a deep ravine, roaring and tumbling over the rocks. The water flowed strongly and silently from under the face of a ledge out into a calm basin, and then fell in a pretty cascade, a few feet high and strong in volume. The basin was like a large bath-tub, and the stream below

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was just deep enough to swim in. The water seemed particularly buoyant. Its temperature was eighty-one degrees, Fahrenheit. Strange to say, it had no taste of sulphur, notwithstanding the odor in the air. The banks were grassy and covered with shrubbery, making it a charming spot. Families were in the habit of bringing their lunches and spending the day, taking a bath every hour or so. Morning was the favorite bathing-hour, and people frequently started out in the cool hours just at daylight, and while they were bathing their servants cooked coffee, affording a breakfast *al fresco*. There is a popular belief that the temperature of the water varies at different hours of the day, but the apparent change is owing, of course, to contrast with the air. Legend among the peasants has it that whoever goes to the spot at midnight can boil eggs in the stream, but as the Lord of Sulphur himself is believed to haunt the place at that hour, nobody has had the curiosity to try the experiment.

Sylvester Baxter.

MADAME MOHL, HER SALON AND HER FRIENDS.

THIRD PAPER.

LIKE all persons who have a *salon* the *entrée* to which is much sought after, Madame Mohl was exposed to the risk of attracting bores and other undesirable acquaintances, now and then; but she possessed the exquisite courage for getting rid of them. Her impatience of bores, expressed in the familiar formula, "I can't abide stupid folk!" made every one anxious to keep off the objectionable list by doing their best to be pleasant in her company; but stupid folk, as a rule, steered clear of her. She denounced dullness, and fled from it as other people do from vice or pestilence, and made it responsible for most of the wickedness that goes on in the world. There was sense and truth underlying this exaggeration. A vast deal of mischief and wickedness may undoubtedly be traced to dullness: people begin by killing time because they are dull, and from this first murder they go on killing many other things. But Madame Mohl's principle of self-defense against dullness and dull people involved a certain asperity of manner and a degree of boldness that sometimes degenerated to downright rudeness. A friend having remarked to her that Mrs. —— had not returned to the Rue du Bac after a first visit, because she fancied Madame Mohl had been rude to her, Madame Mohl replied, "It was no fancy; I was rude to her, and I meant to be. She is a silly woman and a bore, and I want no bores in my salon."

At the same time, she was very careful never to commit herself deliberately to any acquaintance that might lead her into being rude, or acting with apparent unkindness or caprice. When people asked to be introduced to her, ladies especially, she always took pains to find out whether they were "all right," as she called it.

The following letter, written to Madame Scherer, is interesting as a proof of this precautionary system, and as revealing some of Madame Mohl's opinions: —

"Do tell me if Madame A—— is a proper woman, whom one can see, and not an embryo Madame Dudevant; for the first novel (Indiana) of this one was very much of the same sort, and I took

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a great fancy to her. Luckily, I was too young then to make acquaintances on my own hook, or else I should have had the *désagrément* of being obliged to get rid of her. Do tell me if you know the said lady, and what you think of her. However, I believe it is as well not to enter so deeply, in writing, into the question of men and women and their nature; but I must say that both this lady and George Sand have been unlucky in the men they have met with, for I have known much better ones, and I think if some are as bad as they make them out, there are as many exceptions to these as there are exceptions to the silly, vain, backbiting race which is perpetually obtruding itself before one's eyes in the shape of women.

"As to George Sand, poor thing, I question if she has ever had one acquaintance with any man whom I should condescend to talk an hour with; and it is mortifying to think that such a distinguished woman should have had such a want of tact as to have taken up with such Bohemians.

"Do you remember the character of Doriforth in A Simple Story? I am quite sure it is from nature. In fact, I know some one very like him, and have no doubt Mrs. Inchbald drew from the life. It is so beautiful and so individual and so uncommonplace that I have no doubt she knew him well, and that *she* was like Miss Milner. As I have read it about six times I am well acquainted with it. I knew a lady who was old when I was young; she knew Mrs. Inchbald when she was young, and Mrs. Inchbald was old, and so I have a few traditions of her. But if you don't worship the genius that wrote A Simple Story, I'll say no more. But what a *bavardage* I am regaling you with!"

She was often rude to those whom she liked best, for, whatever she felt, out it came; but she was thoroughly loyal; whatever she had to say, she said it to your face, never behind your back. This sense of security that she inspired in all who knew her enabled her to express the rudest things without giving offense; the men forgave her because she was a woman, and the women because she was an "*originale*." Her male friends, whose name was legion, took it, indeed, as a compliment when she contradicted them outrageously, for it was only with very clever people that she cared to pick a fight; it was her peculiar way of flattering.

It is often asked now, as it was often asked during her lifetime by those who did not know Madame Mohl, what the great charm was which, from youth to old age, attracted and kept attached to her so many distinguished men through years of close and familiar intercourse. Perhaps her first and most irresistible charm was her brightness. This brightness was the scintillation of a mind glittering as a star, ever in motion like a mineral spring, whose waters are perpetually bubbling up in silvery sparks. The next was her realness. It seems little to say of a clever, rational woman that she was real, and yet of how few we can say it! Madame de Sévigné (or Madame de Maintenon, was it?) said, "Rien n'est beau, mais rien n'est difficile comme le simple." Perhaps in our matter-of-fact age it is a little easier to be simple, to be real, than it was in the *grand siècle* when people walked on stilts; but even now it is very seldom that we meet with perfectly real human beings, and when we do how we enjoy them! Madame Mohl was one of these rare specimens. Then, again, she had a contented spirit, a keen delight in her fellow-creatures, great tact, and a perfectly childlike naturalness of manner. All these gifts made up a very original and attractive personality. Those who only judged from her eccentric external disguise were apt to account for the popularity of her salon by saying that all these clever people went there for the sake of the other clever people who went

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there. But why did these others go in the first instance?

A distinguished man of science, a German, and a great admirer of Madame Mohl (but who knew her only in her old age), when asked wherein lay her great charm, replied, "In the absence of it. I never knew a woman so devoid of charm (in the ordinary sense of the word as applied to woman), and yet so fascinating. She was hardly a woman at all. We none of us looked upon her as a woman: we met her on equal terms, as if she had been a man; she was more like a man. Her mind was essentially masculine; it had that faculty of looking at every side of a subject that you seldom meet in a woman, and she never expected compliments. This set men very much at ease with her; one could talk to her without any effort to make one's self agreeable."

Perhaps this estimate of her accounts better than any other for her popularity. It has been said that Madame Mohl's salon presented a unique exception in the history of social preëminence. Women of mediocre intelligence have founded salons and drawn clever men around them by the power of personal beauty, aided by the bait of luxurious or brilliant surroundings. But Madame Mohl possessed none of these potent, though secondary, advantages; her sole spell was the intellectual fascination that she exercised. "Her perceptions were so acute," says her German friend, "that she darted into your mind, seized on your ideas and views, and turned them round on all sides before you were aware of it, often showing you more in them than you had yourself discovered."

She read some books again and again, saturating her mind with them. But these were the few. She devoured an immense quantity of books, — the process was too rapid to be called reading, or to admit of her digesting them; and yet even this she escaped when she could get the work done by a quicker method. When a new book came out, whose contents she wished to know without the trouble of finding out herself, she would set two or three clever men to talk about it before her, and by the time they had done she knew as much about it as they did; quite as much, at any rate, as she would have learned by running through it herself. She never paraded under false pretenses the knowledge she got in this way. She would say honestly, "Tell me what is in So-and-So's book; I have n't time to read it." Her memory was so retentive that this reading by proxy served her as well as a direct perusal of the book. She was not learned, in any sense, but she was cultivated and remarkably well informed, and her subtle instinct enabled her to get at once into the heart of a subject of which she had only the slightest knowledge. Men of science and letters loved to talk over their labors and their books with her because of this faculty and her power of being interested in everything that was interesting; but they did not seek her counsel, nor invite her criticism, as they sometimes do with women who, without having nearly so much *esprit* as Madame Mohl, have a finer critical faculty.

How careful and studious was her manner of reading when she set about it seriously may be seen from her own testimony. When M. Ampère sent her his Histoire Romaine à Rome, she wrote to him, "I have received your two beautiful volumes, and I have read the Introduction, which I like exceedingly. I am now reading the book itself; but it is one of those books that I *study*, which is quite a different thing from reading. I have my maps of modern Rome that I compare with your maps, and I read the text twice over. This is the only way I really enjoy a book; for my mind is slow, and I have to penetrate myself with the subject. This is why I can't bear 'perusing' a book, except with a

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view to reading it again. I like to copy out bits, too. In this way, although I am always in the midst of books, I read very few, while reading a good deal. In the matter of books, I have some friends, but few acquaintances. And I *hate* short books, because, after taking all this trouble to get to know my friends well, I don't like them to come suddenly to an end."

Madame Mohl had no talent for writing, and still less taste for it. It is partly owing to this that I have been able to get so few of her letters. She wrote few. She carried on no regular correspondence with any one, but just wrote off to her friends when she had something to say that would not wait, or when she wanted news of them. The following interesting one is to Ampère during one of his sojourns in Rome; like almost every letter of hers that is extant, it is without a date: —

"I beg you will bring out all your *amabilité* for the lady who will give you this note, — Lady William Russell. She is sister-in-law of Lord John. She has a great deal of esprit, and speaks French in perfection. Like me, she came to France when she was three years old; then she went to Austria, so that she has had a European education. Her husband was ambassador at Berlin, and before that at Stuttgardt; her sons were brought up at Berlin. As a little girl, she saw Madame de Staël play comedy. She was very pretty, — one sees that still, — so that all the kings made court to her. In fact, she has led a life something like that of our dear Madame Récamier. She has known all the distinguished people of the age. I am sure you will be delighted with her. Her son, Odo Russell,[1] is English *attaché* at Florence, and *détaché* at Rome; a diplomatic fiction, it appears, which permits of communication being kept up on the sly between our evangelical nation and your —— Babylon, and prevents the scandal of sending a minister to idolaters!

"If by chance Lady William does not go, this note will be handed to you by the above-named functionary, who is young, *gentil*, and *spirituel*, or by his brother Arthur, who has qualities of the same kind. But I hope you will see the lady herself; her conversation will remind you of our *causeries* of long ago.

"M. Mohl is always going to write you an enormous letter; but he has so much to do that whenever he has a moment's respite he talks, to rest himself. He is on an unlimited number of committees. He is exasperated. Ah, M. Ampère, what a wise man you are! But we are more virtuous; we stay on to make head against the torrent of platitude that seems to be submerging everything. I know a few people who, being formerly *employés*, had not the faculty of living on air, and so remained in their places. Well, nobody is now more indignant than they are, because they see all that is going on closer than we honest haters who stick in our corner. A few years more, and we shan't know how to distinguish good from evil. They write novels nowadays that have great success (I am told), whose moral tone is inconceivably low. One of them is called Fanny. But I should never end if I began to enumerate these things. We want badly M. de Loménie to be named to the Institute. He ought for this to write something, — but he says he has not time, — some bit of good, really literary work. I am sure he would pass easily, he is such a favorite, and he is such a good fellow. You ought to have been here to manage this.

"I have no time to write more. Do write, if only to prove that you have not forgotten this country. Adieu, dear M. Ampère. I embrace you with all my heart in sign of our old friendship."

Here is another letter to Ampère, very expressive of Madame Mohl's opin-

[1] Lord Ampthill, late Ambassador of the Court of St. James at Berlin.

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ions and of her extremely emphatic manner of enunciating them : —

"You don't know how I *abhor* the Hungarians! They are the vilest *canaille* I have ever seen. And I have *seen* them in their own country. Nothing enrages me like the enthusiasm of the English for those fellows. Because a few grand seigneurs receive them well, and send them from château to château in carriages and four, — the horses being provided by the peasantry, as in the Middle Ages, — the people cry, 'What a fine nation they are!' God knows that all modern corruption is grafted on these feudal *galanteries*. I admire the Middle Ages as much as anybody, but I should like that period back with faith, and not wedded to socialism and the rage for setting up the low, ignorant classes. One must have seen this (in Hungary) to have an idea of it. All their patriotism consists in a costume. There are a few heroic seigneurs like Széchenyi, and he went mad with grief at seeing the people he had sacrificed himself for. The Austrians are absurd; that is to say, the government is disgusting, for the people are good; but there is no hope, I fear, for those who are opposing it, so I try not to think about that, or about anything; for here, too, we are in a state of despair. I read books, and carry my feelings as well as I can. My only consolation is music."

This was one of the minor points on which she and M. Mohl differed. She loved music passionately; he absolutely disliked it. He used to say, "I don't mind any amount of natural noise, but I can't bear unnatural noises, like music." He rather enjoyed the deafening racket of a paved street in the busiest quarter of the town, on the ground that it was "natural" and lively.

Madame Mohl had been repeatedly urged to write something about Madame Récamier, but had always refused, fearing that she might be led into speaking indiscreetly, if she spoke at all. The sacredness of private life had not yet ceased to be respected, and she shrank from "turning to account" her intimacy with Madame Récamier, as others had been accused of doing. This scruple was, however, removed by the publication of Madame Récamier's Life and Letters by her niece, Madame Lenormant. Madame Mohl considered it her duty now to come forward and correct certain erroneous impressions which this publication, though written in the most eulogistic spirit, had, she believed, made on the public mind. She accordingly wrote a charming little memoir of her old friend, which appeared first in the National Review, and afterwards in a volume[1] with some other sketches of French character and social life. In the preface of the memoir, Madame Mohl says, speaking of Madame Lenormant's Life and Letters, —

"The book gave rise in England to so many mistaken judgments and false conclusions that although, from having spoken French from my childhood, I was ill prepared for the task, yet my friendship for Madame Récamier, and eighteen years of constant intercourse with her, emboldened me to show her character and the events of her life as they had appeared to me."

Ampère was one of the first to whom she presented her little literary production. In sending it to him she writes, —

"I am ashamed of it; but I was possessed by one idea, — the small capacity of the public for attention. Then, again, it is the first time that I have felt the pulse of this public. I believe now I was wrong to leave out a good many facts and observations that I had written. I beg you to remember, in reading the book, that it was written for England, where many things are entirely unknown that are known to everybody in France. I don't go the length

[1] Madame Récamier, with a Sketch of the History of Society in France. By Madame M***. Chapman & Hall. 1862.

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of saying 'a certain poet called Shakespeare,' as you accused me of doing here. One or two persons to whom I sent the book have put questions to me that would amaze you. In fact, I am convinced that I have left out many things that, for all they are so generally known here, are not the least understood in England. But above all I was moved to write the book by my impatience at seeing that what is most subtle and elevated in French character is absolutely undiscovered in England. For you this ideal is a commonplace fact, dear M. Ampère; but please bear in mind my intention, and excuse the execution, — as God does, and as men don't do."

Ampère, though greatly pleased with the book, spiced his praise with a little criticism on certain points. Madame Mohl took the criticism as frankly as it was given, and replied, —

"Far from being vexed by your sincerity, I am greatly obliged for it, as it gives me the opportunity of explaining some points to you. You are the only person who has a right to this, for if there ever was in this world perfect *dévouement*, without *arrière-pensée*, without one obole kept back, like Ananias and Sapphira, it was yours, and yours alone. X——, and most of those who surrounded Madame Récamier, profited by her, in a greater or lesser degree; but you gave yourself wholly, and I admire this perfect friendship more than you can know. . . . I refrained from defending that poor Benjamin Constant, on whose head X—— pours out all the vinegar of her virtue; and it cost me something to do this, for I was very fond of him, and he was a great friend of M. Fauriel's. . . . I was silent, also, concerning that parade of dukes and princes, that reminds one of the cards that small folk stick in their chimney glasses to show off in this way their titled acquaintances, while they throw the others into the waste-paper basket. Why not, instead of all this, tell us about the last twenty years of Madame Récamier's life that were the most original? Her success then was due solely to her character and esprit. Beauty and riches bring success everywhere." [1]

Madame Mohl, in her narrative, enlarges *con amore* on Madame Récamier's admirable manner of governing her salon and conducting the conversation, and remarks that she was indebted for some of her success in this direction to Madame de Staël, "who was in the habit of saying, 'I have not conducted the conversation well to-day,' or the reverse." Madame Récamier had not her brilliant friend's depth, Madame Mohl admits,[2] but she describes her tact as quite unique. "If a *mot* was particularly happy, Madame Récamier would take

[1] Madame Mohl corrects in this letter an involuntary error of Madame Lenormant's concerning Madame Récamier's journal, which it may be interesting to transcribe; the Madame Tastu alluded to was the author of several books much read at the time. "The truth," says Madame Mohl, "was this. When Madame Tastu was here to be operated on (for cataract), I read aloud to her, translating it, all that related to Madame Récamier, because she could not see to read, and her friends could not read English to her. Well, she said to me, 'It was I who wrote all that from what Madame Récamier had told me at various times. I read it to her, and she asked me for it, and I gave her everything except one little narrative about the life of a deserter that she saved when the Queen of Naples was about to sign his death warrant; but I will give you this to copy.' And Madame Tastu did give it to me, and I copied it; but I did not insert it, so as not to have to give this explanation. If you have any doubt about it, ask Madame Lenormant to show you that portion of the manuscript, and you will understand how those bits came to her amongst her papers (Madame Récamier's); they must be in her handwriting. Probably Madame Lenormant knew nothing about this, but I mean to publish it some day." She never did.

[2] Madame Mohl had all her life a kind of worship for the author of Corinne. "I am so obliged to your husband for doing justice to the saint of my childhood and youth," she writes to Madame Scherer, on reading a charming article in the Temps. "Her stupid family have absolutely hushed up her name from over-prudery, and little know the additions people have made to her weaknesses, which would be reduced to their due proportions if they let a little of the truth (as I know it) transpire."

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it up and show it to the audience, as a connoisseur shows a picture. If she knew an anecdote *apropos* of something, she would call on any one else who knew it also to relate it, though no one narrated better than herself. No one ever understood more thoroughly how to show off others to the best advantage; if she was able to fathom their minds, she would always endeavor to draw up what was valuable. This was one of her great charms; and as the spirits of the speaker were raised by his success, he became really more animated, and his ideas and words flowed on more rapidly." Those who remember Madame Mohl in her own salon will recognize in the above description the model that she endeavored, not unsuccessfully, to copy.

Through the course of her reminiscences she contrives to keep herself very much out of sight, never even putting herself forward as a witness, but giving her testimony as that of "a friend," or "one who enjoyed Madame Récamier's intimacy." This peculiarity in her style had its counterpart in her character. Her German friends used to say that she was, for a woman, singularly objective. She was certainly not in any perceptible degree subjective. She lost sight of herself and of the effect she was producing, as few women can do, and not only seemed to be, but was, taken out of herself for the time being by whatever she was hearing. Her intense curiosity, always on the *qui vive*, kept her mind in perpetual motion; she was always *thinking*, and very seldom thinking of herself. She was not the least introspective, as intellectual women are apt to be, nor given to analyzing her thoughts, or probing her feelings, or philosophizing about herself; nor was there a grain of morbidity in her composition, mental or moral, — another proof of the masculine temper of her mind. This freedom from self-consciousness added greatly to the attraction of her conversation.

Madame d'Abbadie, in speaking to me of this charm in Madame Mohl, said, "Never, in our long and intimate intercourse, did I ever detect in her the smallest attempt at effect. She talked as the birds sang; the witty things came out as the song comes from the bird. She loved esprit, and reveled in it as a bee does in honey; all she thought of in talking to you was to get at your mind and enjoy it."

But if Madame Mohl had a talent for making good talkers talk their best, she had not the power of making the best of bad ones; she had not the knack of playing on a bad instrument. No bore could have honestly paid her the compliment once paid to Madame Geoffrin by a simple old village *curé*, who, when she thanked him for the pleasant talk she had had with him, replied, "Madame, I am only a shabby old harpsichord that your talent has brought some tune out of."

Madame Mohl's racy sayings borrowed a certain flavor, and sometimes gained in point, from her manner of saying them. Lord Chesterfield's remark, that what Dr. Johnson said would not have seemed half so good if it had not been for his bow-wow way of saying it, might have applied to her. She had a little bow-wow way of her own that was very effective, and often gave piquancy to what from another would have passed unnoticed, as a commonplace. Her French was exquisite. M. de Tocqueville, a good judge, said he did not know a Frenchwoman who spoke it with the same perfection. Ampère, as we have seen, bore a similar testimony to her proficiency in his native tongue in her younger days. She handled it with a spirit and skill that bore the stamp of her own originality, and the fact of her being a foreigner, while it gave her the command of two languages, gave her also a special license for taking liberties with her adopted one. She used her license freely and with consummate art,

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though sometimes in defiance of law and precedent. She never stopped at such trifles as grammar, for instance, but proceeded boldly on the principle that it is the part of genius to know when to break rules. If a neuter verb served her purpose better than an active one, she would use the neuter, though it made the hair of the Forty Immortals stand on end; the most rigorous *puriste* among them would never have counted the sin against her, so obviously did it carry its own excuse by adding to the force and clearness of her sentence. Her speech was as limpid as crystal. Madame d'Abbadie beautifully describes it in the remark, "Elle avait la parole ailée."

Her English was very pure, but not so graceful and rich as her French. She wrote it with correct grace, but there is something in the style that reminds one of a foreigner. Her memoir of Madame Récamier is charming, yet it reads rather like the writing of a French pen dipped in an English ink-bottle; a little stiff, as of a modern lady carefully picking her steps in the high-heeled shoes and unyielding brocade of an ancestress. In English as well as in French, Madame Mohl retained her fluency and vigor — "my gift of the gab," as she called it herself — to the last.

Madame Mohl was variously judged. The majority of those who knew her spoke of her as "delightful;" while not a few called her "that detestable old woman." Both verdicts were just. She was delightful or detestable as the spirit moved her; and she was at times moved by a wicked spirit, a mischievous sort of Puck, who took possession of her now and then, and impelled her to say and do the rudest and most disagreeable things without any motive or provocation. For instance, one Friday evening, Madame Ristori was at the Rue du Bac. Several distinguished members of the Italian colony in Paris, knowing that she was to be there, went to meet her; among others, Montanelli, who had written Camma expressly for the great actress. Conversation was going on pleasantly, when suddenly, apropos of some remark about Italy, Madame Mohl exclaimed, "Tous les Italiens, c'est de la canaille!" This astounding sentiment, delivered in her high, sharp tones, with her little head well thrown back, produced the effect of a pistol shot on the company. Madame Ristori rose to the defense, and intoned the *apologia* of her countrymen with an eloquence of patriotism that moved every one present; then, with the majesty of Melpomene in person, she took leave of Madame Mohl, all the Italians forming an escort to her as she swept from the room. The incident was the talk of Paris for some days, and Madame Mohl's best friends gave her small quarter for her extraordinary behavior. What induced her to make so rude and unprovoked a speech, Heaven only knows. She herself could have given no reason for it; but it was extremely characteristic of her willful, impulsive nature. She had no desire to vex, far less to insult, Madame Ristori, whom she admired intensely, both as a woman and an artist; but she disliked Italians, as a race; something that was said prompted her to say so, and to check an impulse no more occurred to her than to stop herself from sneezing or coughing, if she wanted to do either.

The following note, written to Ampère (in Rome) some years before the above incident, proves how warm Madame Mohl's personal regard was for the great Italian artist: —

"Do you know Madame Ristori? No? Then I send you a line of introduction to her. Please to speak well of me to her. If you know her already, speak well of me all the same. You say you don't want to make her acquaintance? You are wrong. She is charming, quite apart from her talent. And she loves the French! I entreat you to go and see her."

Thought and speech were simultane-

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ous with Madame Mohl. One did not precede and dictate the other, as it is supposed to do with the most inconsiderate of us; they escaped together. When Mrs. Wynne Finch remarked to her that this peculiarity accounted for her often giving offense without intending it, Madame Mohl seemed very much surprised, and after a moment's reflection, "My dear," she said, "why do I speak and think at one and the same moment, instead of thinking first and then speaking, like other people?"

What answer could her friend make except "Because you are Madame Mohl, and not like other people"?

Madame Mohl has been accused of being a lion-hunter. It is not true, at least in the vulgar sense of the word: she was never caught by lions of the hour, by sham celebrities; but it is true that she courted real ones, men whose fame rested on a solid foundation of genius or achievement. She cultivated her salon, and sought attractive elements for it, as other amateurs hunt after rare orchids, or gems, or æsthetic tea-pots; it was her great interest in life, and her ambition was to keep it ornamented and replenished with all that was interesting and distinguished. This love of celebrities, however, was untainted by the least touch of snobbishness. It was said to me by a cosmopolitan Englishwoman, herself a queen of society, "Madame Mohl was the only Englishwoman I ever knew, in any rank, who was absolutely free from vulgarity." This judgment, if it bear too severely on the rest of her countrywomen, was undoubtedly just as a testimony to Madame Mohl. She had no ill-will, either political or philosophical, towards money or rank; but they did not impress her in the smallest degree. No titles, no splendor of external accessories, none of those false gods to which the vulgar herd bow down, got one iota of reverence from her. Worldly possessions did not in her eyes add one tittle of importance to any man or woman, nor did the total want of them lessen any one an iota in her consideration.

This entire unworldly-mindedness was a power, as well as a charm; for there are few things the world admires more than contempt of itself, its maxims and its shams, and none command its esteem more than those who despise it. But courage was an element of power that Madame Mohl did not lack in any direction. She was so bold and vehement in her speech that her language often sounded exaggerated, and yet it was always the sincere expression of her feelings or opinions at the moment. Whatever she thought or felt, she saw it with a boldness that never stopped to consider effect or consequences. Nothing annoyed her more than for her friends, the few *intimes* in whom she felt a sort of proprietorship, to go away from Paris and leave her behind them. Once, Mrs. Wynne Finch was going to London, in May, as was her custom; and knowing the storm this early departure was sure to raise, she postponed the announcement of it to the last day. The old lady took the tidings very peaceably, and said good-by without any bad language; but when Mrs. Wynne Finch was going down the stairs, she put her head over the rail, and cried out after her, "May God in heaven forgive me, but I wish your house in London was burnt down, and all your children dead, except Guy; for then you would have to stay in Paris!"

When an old woman, she loved her friends with the warmth of a young girl; her heart retained its glow to the last. This capacity for affection, combined with her passion for esprit, accounts in a measure for that contentment and sense of happiness that Madame Mohl enjoyed to the close of her long life. Her childhood and youth had been warmed by the tender affection of a mother whom she idolized, and her maturer life was amply satisfied by the

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affection of a husband whom she in turn loved with the deepest tenderness. These two supreme affections, supplemented by a number of very strong friendships, sufficed to keep her heart well warmed, and to prevent her love of esprit from freezing into intellectual egotism. They protected her from that deadly *ennui* that hung like a blight on the lives of many of her far more brilliant predecessors. Madame Mohl saw few flaws in her friends when they were alive, and none at all when they were dead; she mourned for them with a passionate grief that was very touching and quite sincere in its exaggeration, and she took their sorrow to heart as her own. When a heavy bereavement befell Ampère, she wrote to him, —

"I have a big room, very comfortable: come and stay with us. You will have your old friend M. Mohl to look after you. What can you do all by yourself in these cruel days? Come to us. I can't write for the tears that blind me. I promise you that you will be better here than anywhere. I am so unhappy, — so unhappy."

The writing is all awry, and the words are blurred and blotted with tears. Ampère did not accept the invitation so lovingly made; he said that for the present he felt the absolute need of being alone.

"Yes," wrote Madame Mohl again. "I can understand this need for solitude. All I can say is that when you like to come, your room is ready for you, with a splendid view. You will be perfectly free, and have no thought to give to material cares, which are in themselves a torment. You shall be alone as much as you like. I can't tell you the longing I have to be of use to you. For I loved her more than I ever knew, or she either."

On the death of another friend, she writes to Madame Scherer: —

"I am sure you will feel for me when I tell you that I have lost my dear Mrs. Gaskell, the best friend I had in England, perhaps anywhere. I learnt it this morning from her poor daughter. She seemed perfectly well, and was talking, when her head suddenly lowered, and life fled.[1] It must have been heart complaint. To say what I have lost would be impossible. My spirits are so low that, as you are so kind as to speak of my nieces' visit to Versailles, I will profit by your kind memory to send them on Friday, if the weather is good. I don't say fine; that may not be expected. I am glad to send them somewhere without me. I had promised to take them to-night; but I could not. I *can* take them to the Flute Enchantée Thursday, as I need not speak there; and I had taken the places, and can't bear to disappoint them. I had rather sit and mope than anything; but it 's hard upon them, who live at their own homes as in a nunnery, and youth has as good a right to pleasure as childhood has to play.

"Oh, dear! my heart feels like a lump of lead in me. If you had known what a heart *she* had! But no one did."

One who gave so much had a right to expect a good deal in return; and she got it, and enjoyed it. She was a singularly happy person, and her happiness expressed itself in an inexhaustible flow of high spirits. She looked happy. Her round blue eyes were wide open in a perpetual sparkle of curiosity and interest; her little turned-up nose, spirited and commanding, seemed to be scenting clever *mots* in the air; her mouth, like a bent bow, was incessantly shooting out bright arrows of wit; her upright figure, the pose of her head, her quick step, her whole air and deportment, expressed energy, vivacity, and happiness. And what a charm there is in the mere sight of a happy human face amidst the suffering, discontented ones that meet us on all sides!

Madame Mohl's utter absence of co-

[1] November, 1865.

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quetry was another characteristic which justified her German friend's remark that she was more like a man than a woman. She was as free from personal vanity as an infant. Sometimes, when calling at fine houses for the first time, she was mistaken by the servants for a poor woman come to ask for something. These mistakes, far from offending, amused her exceedingly, and she used to relate them with great glee to her friends. She retained to her ninety-third year the fashion of her youth of having her dress cut open in the front, and of wearing little curls all over her forehead. This head-gear had never in her youngest days been a pattern of neatness, but in later years it had degenerated into the wildest tangle. M. Guizot used to say that Madame Mohl and his little Scotch terrier had the same *coiffeur*, for they both wore their hair in the same style. Madame Mohl never committed the extravagance of buying proper curl-paper, but took any odds and ends of colored circulars, notes, newspapers, etc., that came to hand; and the result was a Medusa-like head, bristling all over with little snakes of divers colors. She would present herself thus adorned before any visitor who chanced to call before the snakes were uncoiled. The effect was startling on some persons; but she was always serenely unconscious of this, or seemed to be so.

A young Englishman, whose love of science endeared him to M. Mohl, and who had a warm place in Madame Mohl's affections, was often favored by this striking apparition. "She would come out in wonderful get-ups," says Mr. G. L., — "a skirt of one color and a jacket of another, with a shabby night-cap stuck on the top of a bush of curl-papers; altogether the most amazing figure that ever you beheld out of a pantomime." But as this shrewd scientist remarks, "there was a kind of coquetry in this defiance of coquetry." Englishmen and Germans were amused by these eccentricities; but Frenchmen, although they overlooked them on the score of her nationality, never quite forgave Madame Mohl for being something of a caricature.

Madame Ozanam [1] relates that one evening, at a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, she saw M. de Loménie approaching, with a figure "like a mad witch" leaning on his arm; on nearer view, the figure proved to be a lady in a short skirt, her hair tangled out to a wild nimbus round her head and stuck all over with long straws, as if it had been rolled on a stable floor. As this astounding apparition drew closer, Madame Ozanam recognized Madame Mohl. Presently, M. de Loménie, having handed over his charge to some other brave man, came to speak to Madame Ozanam, who said laughingly, "I congratulate you on the act of courage you have just performed." "Yes, you well may," replied M. de Loménie; and then he added quickly, "But there is no mistaking her. One sees at a glance that she is English."

On another occasion, at the Salle Erard, while the audience were waiting for the artists to come in, a door on the platform opened, and a short-skirted, witch-like figure appeared, and stood a moment surveying the assembly. There was a general laugh in the crowded concert hall, but Madame Mohl looked slowly round her, and with perfect composure walked to her seat.

In strange contradiction with this disregard of her personal appearance was her sensitiveness on the subject of her age. She could not bear to have it mentioned, and was always on the *qui vive* to conceal it. Mérimée, M. Mohl's *témoin* at their marriage, used to tell a story of her answering the mayor, when he asked her age, "Mousieur, that is no business of yours; and if it were, I would jump out of the window sooner than tell you!" Sixty-eight seemed to be the period, beyond which, to the last, she

[1] Widow of the celebrated Frédéric Ozanam.

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never owned that she had passed, and it was very amusing to see how cleverly she kept to this date. Her friends would sometimes maliciously try to entrap her into betraying her age, but they never succeeded. One of them tells me that he never knew her to fail to make the subtraction instantly and correctly. For instance, if he said, "Why, dear Madame Mohl, that was fifty years ago!" she would reply, "Yes, so it was; I was just eighteen at the time;" or, "Why, it must be sixty years since that happened!" "Yes, I remember I was then a child eight years old."

There was no surer way of provoking her anger than by alluding, even inferentially, to her real age. Count Walsh, when he met her for the first time as Madame Mohl, said to her, "Madame, as we are both of us very old, perhaps you could tell me something of a compatriot of yours, to whose house I was taken some fifty odd years ago by Thiers. She was a Miss Clarke, one of the most charming persons I ever met." The dear old lady blushed like a girl, painfully divided between the pleasure of being so flatteringly remembered and the vexation of having her age thus brought home to her.

Not long before his death Thiers met her at the house of a friend, and reminded her that they had not met since 1836, just forty years before. She was exceedingly annoyed, and when the old statesman was gone she said to her hostess, "The old fool is off his head; he does n't know what he is talking about; he has made a mistake of twenty years!"

Madame Mohl preserved into advanced age, after the wear and tear of life, much of the delicacy that is apt to get rubbed off with years. She could not tolerate anything that sinned against good taste, either in books or conversation. Nothing affronted her like having her age made a pretext for reading or hearing what was in itself offensive.

One evening, she arrived at Madame de Montalembert's in high dudgeon. "Fancy," she exclaimed on entering the salon, "fancy M. —— sending me a box for La Belle Hélène, and saying that it is not a play fit for a young woman to go to, but that at my age that does not matter! Such impudence! As if I wanted to go to a play that a decent young woman could n't see! I hated indecencies when I was young, and I hate them still more now. I sent him back his box, and gave him my mind."

When mere coarseness of language was redeemed by wit or genuine talent, she was willing to overlook it. She would, for instance, read with pleasure French writers of the seventeenth century or the English of the Elizabethan period, whose broad style contained true humor or philosophy; but nothing could induce her to open the sickening French novels that she heard discussed by "decent men and women" around her.

M. Scherer wrote an article in the Temps on Rabelais that delighted her, and she wrote at once to his wife: "Rabelais is a *chef-d'œuvre!* And what a benefactor to find out the valuable jewel in such a mass of filth! I wish M. Scherer would publish a little book about Rabelais to show ladies the moral beauties reclaimed out of the dirt, for none will have the stomach to hunt for them. No doubt the century may have half the blame. I tried once, but left off at the second page, and had no idea of what I lost. He is the contrary of Swift, who is a cynic to the back-bone, with no tenderness in his nature; yet he is read ten times more, merely because he had the luck to be born later."

Her feminine weakness about hiding her age was perhaps the only foolish trait of that essential youthfulness that Madame Mohl retained to the end. An incapacity for growing old sometimes includes an incapacity for growing wise, for growing in many things that should

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keep pace with the advance of years; but if, while these autumnal growths progress, the green springtide of youth remains unfaded, then the charm of the combination is perfect. Madame Mohl possessed it in a singular degree. She had a spice of romance in her that kept its flavor to the end. Edgar Quinet had been a great admirer of hers in the old Abbaye days, and even later, and some letters of a tender character had passed between them. After Quinet's death, his widow asked a friend to get these back from Madame Mohl, and this friend was highly amused at the shyness of the old lady, then past ninety, when the subject was broached to her. "She finessed about it," he says, "and was as conscious as a young girl might have been."

Kathleen O'Meara.

THE BROWN-STONE BOY.

"A-A-A-H! *he*'s no consul-general!" cried the brown-stone boy, in strong accents of disgust.

"Oh yes, I think he is; I am sure he is," I ventured to expostulate. "I had occasion to visit him at his office, and I am sure this is the same man."

"Well, what I mean is that he's no *kind* of a consul-general. He's a fossil. Oh, what a treasure he'd have been about ten thousand years ago!" said the brown-stone boy, with a gusto.

"How so?" I inquired.

"He would n't give me a 'distressed seaman's' certificate, so I could have sailed home on the steamer for nothing."

It was the first I had heard of the brown-stone boy's being a distressed seaman, — or a seaman at all, for that matter. He did not look it in the least.

We had made a long voyage together from the tropics. My companion appeared on deck generally in pajamas. He claimed that this was the only proper costume for shipboard, in such a climate; and at least, on a succession of days, when the wind was hot, and blew the yet hotter fumes of the smoke-funnels directly back into our faces, his claim was not without reason. Again he would appear in a ragged and greasy old tweed jacket, a bad hat, slouchy carpet slippers, and his neck quite innocent of shirt-collar. These seemed less satisfactorily accounted for. His comings on deck were of a certain mysterious, periodic sort. There were long intervals between, which we inclined to ascribe to his probable suffering from seasickness. He had two different manners, or ways, with him. At one time he would hang upon the skirts of a group, gazing and listening with an air of exaggerated reverence to every word that its members let fall. At others, he showed a hilarious and over-familiar flow of spirits. He bestirred himself to start the game of shuffle-board, would introduce to each other people who were already well acquainted, and engaged in loud and warm controversy with whoever would argue with him. His favorite reproach to opponents in these discussions was that of "old-fogyism." To be behind the age, in his view, was the fault over all others deserving of opprobrium.

He was, say, twenty-four years of age, of a certain plump, still boyish aspect; his general features good, but coarsened; and his eyes heavy, as if with dissipation. He had a fixed way of smiling, at times, which seemed half maudlin, and turned out to be really so, when its cause was known.

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The subject of our talk was a pompous little man, who was in the habit of strutting up and down the deck, with his hands behind him, keeping much to himself.

"Ah, you were a distressed seaman. Was it among the Islands themselves that you were wrecked?" I inquired. The revelation lent my slight, new acquaintance a picturesqueness and interest which he had not before possessed.

"No, I never was wrecked. 'Most everything else has happened to me, but I never was wrecked," he replied. "I was n't exactly a cast-away mariner. I was busted — in business, see?"

"Ah, in business?"

"Yes; but a consul-general need n't look so close, need he? He 's got a right to draw off them certificates and pass you home, if he wants to; what 's he good for, if he don't do it? He knew all about me; I told him, myself. I told him where my family lived in New York, — the old lady, that is, for there ain't many more of 'em. We 're a boss family there; way up, high-toned. We 've got a four-story high-stoop house on West Blank Street, close to the avenue. I ain't no slouch. I 'm a brown-stone boy, I am."

He was a brown-stone boy? It was under this description, derived from the brown or red sandstone — the favorite building material of the more prosperous and fashionable quarter of New York, — that I came chiefly to think of him.

"He would n't give it to me, though, — this old consul would n't. He ought to have associated with Methuselah. So I had to play it fine, and stow away on the steamer on my own account."

This was a new light upon his case; and though the brown-stone boy was avowedly far from an exemplary acquaintance, I heard a part of his story, at this time, not without entertainment. His talk was mingled with a peculiar slang, and his intonation was of a rowdyish, easy-going sort, not found in just the same form out of the city of New York or away from the influence of its reprobate classes. If he were of superior station, he had thoroughly adopted the manners of strata far lower down. This was reprehensible, no doubt; but, after long listening to a foreign tongue exclusively, it had a certain racy, American, almost patriotic flavor. The brown-stone boy had, too, while recounting his misdeeds, a way of interlarding them with apology, as if he were one in whom these follies and errors of youth were now wholly at an end.

"Well, all that 's over, now; that 's done for," he would say. "I 'm not going back to it, either, you can bet your dear life."

"I walked aboard as bold as brass," he continued in his story, "and said nothing to nobody. Of course I had to give it away to the purser when he came 'round after the tickets, but by that time we were far out to sea. Well, if you had seen that man dance and swear! I thought I had heard *some* swearing before, but — well, all right! He grabbed me and called some men, and I thought they were going to fire me overboard at once. Then he called the captain, and the captain he danced. They sent for a lot more, and they all danced. It was a holy circus, you better believe. I told 'em all the yarns I could think of, and talked 'em 'most deaf, dumb, and blind."

"What did you tell them?"

"I said the consul-general had promised me a distressed seaman's certificate, and forgot to give it to me. But what did they do but walk this here fellow right up to me. He was making the voyage, too, without my knowing it. That spoiled everything; there was n't much use trying, after that. I told 'em then I had lost my pocket-book, with my ticket in it. I told 'em that the parties in whose sugar warehouse I used to work said I could come aboard and have a passage any time, because they

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were interested in the line. I told 'em I was down sick of a ragin' fever, and had to get away; told 'em who my family was; told 'em I 'd see they were paid as soon as I got back to the United States of America. But it was all no use."

"But they did not throw you overboard, it seems?"

"No, nor they did n't put me ashore, as they swore they were goin' to. The captain would have me up every few days, and say, 'It won't do, you know; it won't do. We 've got to put you ashore at the first landin'.' But they did n't do it. I suppose they was satisfied, on the whole, that I belonged to one of the first families," he said, complacently. "I 've hung on by the eyelids most all the way, and they put me in a place down by the furnace-room, to sleep, — 'cause there was n't room in the first cabin." He laid a finger beside his nose, with a humorous leer. "You would n't wonder if I was a little backward sometimes in comin' up where you folks was, all so braced up and shipshape, would you? I had to pawn all my clothes before comin' aboard."

This was quite a different theory of his dressing in pajamas from that of a scrupulous adaptation to the circumstances which he had before advanced. It was but natural, after such a confidence, that he should go on to give me some account of his going to the Islands, and his doings there previous to the embarkation.

"It was my family influence that first took me down there," he said. "My father died when I was a small kid, and I never saw much of him, any way; but the old lady has always had lots of influence, all the same. So when I had to get out of New York, — I was wanting to get away from New York, for certain reasons" (he favored me again with one of his fixed smiles, from which it was evident that the reasons were not of the most reputable sort), — "the old lady spoke to some friends of hers, and they got me a place down in the Islands, in a sugar warehouse. There was n't much to do, and I am kind of easy-going sometimes, and did n't do even that. I used to draw my little hundred dollars a month, and write home to the old lady that I was saving it, and getting to be a regular Astor or Vanderbilt. I was n't, though, all the same. One day the superintendent came along, unexpectedly, and found me going to sleep — as I used to 'most all the time when he was away — on a convenient pile of coffee-sacks.

"'Are you down here for your health?' he says.

"'I don't know as I am,' I says. 'What 's the matter with *you*?' giving him back a lot of impudence.

"Well, the shipping-book had n't been attended to for a couple of weeks, and a memorandum of sugar hogsheads on hand that he wanted was about as far behind. What with that and my back talk and all together, he pretty soon fired me out entirely. I did n't care, as long as my money lasted; but the worst of it was that after that was gone the old skeesix was still so mad that he would n't give me back the place, and I had to shift for myself. Jobs ain't very plenty in the Islands, and I could n't afford to let the old lady know what had happened to me, either. It was a kind of last chance, her sendin' me down there. I 'd been into various matters and things before, you see. Nor yet I could n't play off the invalid dodge on her any more; I 've pretty much run through that, too."

My brown-stone friend was so used to being accepted as an out-and-out scapegrace, it seemed, that he would not take the pains to give himself a respectable character, even when he had the most excellent opportunities. To me he might have assumed a virtue, though he had it not, with entire impunity.

It appeared that he had enlisted, in

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the Islands, as sub-agent of a man engaged in introducing American sewing-machines. He had been instructed in running and repairing them, and, having picked up by this time considerable of the Spanish "lingo," had "traveled around among the good-looking señoras and señoritas" for a while, with much entertainment to himself. He had, however, repaired many of the machines in such a way that "a steam engine could never have started them again," and been, in consequence, deprived of his office in disgrace. He had next acted as agent for the sale of some illustrated Bibles, sent out from Connecticut.

"They were cram full of pictures," he said. "The natives had never seen anything of the kind before, and it was a big scheme. The trouble with 'em was they cost too much. I had to sell 'em out for less than half price, to make my own expenses. When I got back from the trip, the boss agent was so mad that I saw finally my talents were not appreciated in the Islands, and the only thing for me to do was to get out."

The complacent taking of me into a sort of partnership, in his peculiar iniquities, was not too complimentary on the part of the brown-stone boy, but he was quite impervious to reproof, receiving it at most in a puzzled way. We were coming into port at the time. We set foot on shore towards evening. Much more intimate acquaintanceships than this are broken, and I supposed I had seen the last of the brown-stone boy.

The next day, however, he walked into the dining-room at my hotel, at dinner time, and, dragging out a chair in an easy way, joined me at table. There had been a wonderful change in his appearance in the mean time. He was very well and neatly dressed, and in no respect the slovenly figure he had been on the voyage.

"Yes, all ragged out new," he said, following with one of his own my involuntary glance of discovery. "Ready-made; but I 'll have something even more lum tum than this, in a few days. The old lady 's come down with the stamps again, see?"

He reached in a comfortable way for the bill of fare, among the bottles of the caster, gave his order to the waiter in a facetious, superior way, and went on with his confidences. I found that these were not drawn out exclusively by me. He was of a natural expansiveness of disposition, and was amiably disposed to share them with whoever would listen.

"I was up to the post-office, and there was the money order all ready and waiting for me," he continued. "I did n't hardly expect it. Doubtful things are pretty uncertain, and you can't sometimes 'most always tell; but the scheme this time has worked like a charm. I did n't ask her for anything to get away from the Islands, you see, but I told her I had fallen in with a party who wanted to take me into partnership with him in the beef-canning business. I told her it was the biggest thing that had ever happened to me, and that I had got the place all by myself, by my own unaided exertions, see? He wanted an active young partner, I said, and I was going to learn the business; and then we were to put up a factory, some place where cattle were plenty and cheap, to can 'em. I said I had saved money of my own, and all I wanted was five hundred dollars more, to make the thing complete and secure the interest I wanted. I did n't half suppose the old lady would catch on this time, but, as I tell you, it has worked like a charm."

"And there is no beef-canning project?"

"You bet your dear life there 's a beef-canning project. That 's just what there is, — a beef-canning project. I 'm going to learn the business. There 's factories here where they carry it on, and I 'm going around looking for a place. *Yes*, sir; you 'll see me with

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my little overalls on, chopping up sausage-meat, or boiling down soap-fat, or whatever they want. I won't kick; it don't make any difference what it is. I'm a *worker*, I am."

"And the partner?" I asked in surprise, half impressed by his emphasis.

He looked at me with a compassionate smile.

"That was a blind for the old lady," he said. "I have to do it sometimes. But that's all over now; I've reformed. A fellow had n't ought to be spouting his clothes, beating his board-bill, and all that, you know," he added philosophically. "I've always had a good mother; that's what brings me around all right. A mother's prayers is what you want every time, see?"

There was a dangerous levity in these remarks, and yet a certain air of sincerity, too. The method might have been only his ideal of the manly way of expressing himself.

"I should n't wonder if there was any quantity of will-power about me, somewheres, still," he said. "I had a brother, with more will-power — Lord, what a will-power he did have!"

He continued his remarks on virtue at considerable length. His platitudes about goodness and the exemplary influence of a mother — whose heart, it was plainly to be seen, such a young reprobate must often have wrung — were a curious glib parody of sermons one has heard preached on the ill-fated course of the prodigal. He had not in the least the air of a repentant prodigal, yet he continually gave himself out, as has been said, for one who has at last seen the error of his ways, and chosen the better part.

"Now I'll give you the whole business straight," he said, treating further of his project. "It's the biggest scheme out. I've had it on the brain for some time; I heard parties talk of it in the Islands. You snake your cattle right up to the factory, and run 'em through the canning machines before they know where they are. The profits come in in having 'em right on the ground where the factory is, instead of 'way off here, with big bills to pay, first for transportin' the stock, and then for sendin' away the stuff where it's wanted. Why, the hides and horns alone 'll more than pay all expenses. I anticipate four hundred per cent. profit the first year. Anybody 'll put up money for me, as soon as I've learned the business. I would n't wonder if the old lady herself would, as soon as she knew I was actually on the ground. Say! *you* 'd make a first-rate, solid old partner. I don't mind givin' you a half interest," he said, with frank *bon cameraderie*. "It's a big scheme, now, I tell you. Say you and I go into it."

I was obliged to decline this attractive invitation. Previous engagements would prevent me from entering into any other business enterprises at present. It was now Friday, and the brown-stone boy promised to begin his labors on the following Monday morning.

"I shan't give it away to the people where I get the job, what I'm up to, either," he said. "I'll go in just as a common hand. I'll stay a week, two weeks, or whatever time it takes to learn the whole racket, and you won't hear a squeal out of me, — not a kick; no, sir," he concluded, in a large, magnanimous sort of way.

I said nothing to discourage this sanguine estimate of the obstacles in his new career. It so happened that I was detained for a considerable time at the port where we had landed, and so I saw much more of my brown-stone friend than was to have been expected. I met him on the Monday when he was to have gone to work. He was not working, but strolling about in a most leisurely way.

"They gave me the cold bluff," he said.

"How was that?"

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"I went to the best of the places I told you of, and applied for a job. They said they did n't want me. Then I tried palaverin'; told 'em what was up, how I only wanted to learn the business, and was willing to work for nothing. They said I was too fresh, and wanted to know if I took 'em for flats and thought they was goin' to give away the secrets of the trade, like that. So they fired me out, as you might say."

Still he was not greatly depressed at this rebuff.

"There 's two more places," he said. "I 'll tackle one to-morrow, and the other the day after. They ain't so big as the first one, but they 'll do well enough. All I want is just to learn the business, see?"

The next day he did not go to either, being occupied in changing his hotel; choosing a cheaper one, to save his money, as he explained, an object which seemed highly commendable. This took a couple of days instead of one. Then there was a national holiday, and then he was occupied with his tailor. He appeared to feel under some sort of obligation at first to report progress every day, but this was soon abandoned. I heard no more of his attempts to procure employment at the places indicated, further than vague denunciations of their proprietors, and statements that the business was overdone, and was n't "what it was cracked up to be, any way." I could not judge whether he had tried and failed, or arrived at these conclusions on independent grounds.

Once, sitting in the reading-room of the hotel, we saw a group of rough hobbledehoys teasing an old man, a foreign vender of small wares, in the street.

"That was me; that 's it, — that was my style! I used to be a holy terror myself!" cried the brown-stone boy, slapping his thigh with animation and delight at the spectacle. The circumstance was the starting-point of a new train of reminiscences, which, in time, comprised the history of most of the adventures of his life.

"I used to belong to the old West Blank Street and Tenth Avenue gang. You never belonged to that gang, did you?" he asked.

As well as I could recollect I had never belonged to that gang.

"You 've heard tell of it, though?"

"Yes, I have heard tell of it."

I had heard tell of groups of young reprobates, who infested certain streets, made life a burden to the residents therein, and were the sworn enemies of the police. A graduate of one of them, at the age of nineteen, was lying in the Tombs under sentence of death for murder, perpetrated in connection with a heinous robbery. He had proclaimed himself with pride "a tough," for this exploit, and seemed to look upon it as a sort of method of winning his spurs. They waylaid children, notably the well dressed, sent with money to pay bills and the like, dragged them into lumber-yards and plundered them. But I had not thought that these were in any degree recruited from the sons of respectable and even wealthy families. I stated this belief to him.

"Oh, family don't count for nothing with them gangs," he responded, in a cavalier way. "What they want is the feller that can get up the liveliest racket; it ain't blue blood."

"And there were many like you, then?"

It promised to be interesting to hear of the doings and aspirations of such a lawless band from the inside point of view.

"Well, Patsy Bogan's father was a blacksmith, Jimmy Gunnison's drove a truck, and 'Big Ed' White's old man kept a saloon. Big Ed has fought a prize-fight since. Billy Bolton's folks, though, was high-toned, the same as mine, — may be more so. Jever hear of Billy's racket that got him nipped?"

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"No, I don't recollect hearing of it."

"His father was a church deacon, — bang-up respectable. They lived on Thirty-Eighth Street, in one of the swellest houses there was. They got Billy a kind of confidential place in a broker's office down town, after a while, 'cause he would n't go to school. One afternoon the broker gave Billy a package of bills, about ten thousand dollars, to put away in the safe. Billy shoved the money in his pocket, right there under the broker's nose, slammed together the safe, and walked off, and came down the next morning as bold as brass. He was collared for it, though. They proved it on him, and sent him up to the penitentiary for seven years. He is n't out yet. He did n't give 'em back the money, though, and I s'pose he 'll have it to spend when he gets out."

The narrator showed little of any other emotion at his story than amusement.

"Of course we did n't go in as heavy as that, in my time. That was after he had left the gang. We used to be generally making it lively for small stores on our beat; snatching their fruit, tipping over their barrels, bothering their customers as they passed in and out, and so on. One day I was standing up beside old Zumpt's show-case, — Zumpt the shoemaker, you know, — full of boots and shoes, fancy styles and all that. The others bounced me into it, smashing the glass all to flinders. Out comes old Zumpt, a-boomin'.

"'Who done it? who done it?' he says, wild.

"'I don't know,' I says, playin' the meek, innocent dodge; 'I don't know who they are.' He tore up the street after 'em, and I dodged 'round the nearest corner."

"Did the cruelty of destroying the property of a poor, hard-working man like that, and putting him to expense and trouble, ever occur to you?"

"Well, it *was* pretty rough. I can see it now, looking back. Besides, I got a cut across the thumb, that time, that lasted me a couple of months."

"There seems to have been no great sentiment against stealing. Would the boys refuse to associate with a companion who they knew had stolen money?" I threw out.

"Well, no, no, they would n't exactly refuse to associate with him," he said, judicially. "The fact is, they had to get money *some* way. They were n't provided very liberally. Their folks, you see, most generally did n't approve of 'em. Why, I recollect, myself," — he started off with a new gusto, — "havin' to sell all the hats and umbrellas on the hall-rack, once, to get funds to go and see Mazeppa, at the old Bowery theatre."

No doubt I seemed duly impressed with the painful necessity of this measure, for further details were forthcoming.

"There was an old party that went through the street every afternoon, that I used to call Yowlrigs. That was his way of pronouncing 'Any old rags?' Sometimes he shouted, 'Eggs bottled!' instead, — 'Rags, bottles!' See? I called Yowlrigs in, when the old lady was away, and made the trade. Some of the servants saw him going out, and peached on me; but I 'd lit out, myself, before that, you bet. I had it arranged, in them times, so I could sleep in an engine-house, every once in a while."

"But you had to go back at some time."

"Yes; but I could always scare the old lady by staying away long enough; that 's where I had the inside track. She did n't ask any questions then. The old lady was pretty fresh. Drinking was what riled her the most, though."

"Ah, drinking? The gang went in for that, too?"

"What the gang did n't go in for was n't worth doing. I got as drunk as a boiled owl when I was fourteen

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years old. A policeman brought me home on his back at two o'clock in the morning. It was whiskey that done it; I 'd never took anything but beer before that. One of the kids had borrowed some money from his father's till, that night, and nothing would do but we must all take whiskey, and get tight. Then there *was* a circus, and don't you forget it. I got in the way of it, and have been kind of in the way of it ever since. I had to brace up a good deal on the steamer, for instance; may be you took notice of it? But that 's all over now. It was for something of that kind, I believe, that the old lady finally fired me out. No, I don't know as it was, either. I 've forgotten now just exactly what it *was* for," slightly scratching his head, "there was so many rackets."

"She sent you away, then? She could not stand you any longer? Well, I don't wonder at it."

He showed no offense at unfavorable opinions.

"She *had* to do it, you know, she had to do it. I can't blame *her*," he replied. "She used to come up nights, or early in the morning, to my room, in her wrapper, and say prayers over me. She used to tell what big things my father had done, and how I ought to be worthy of him, and all that; and sometimes I used to promise I 'd catch on, but it never seemed to amount to anything. So there she was, one morning, — I wish I could think now exactly what it was for, — standing by me like a gray ghost, — waving hands, — handkerchief, — high tragedy, see? I 'd finally got to go. She asked me how much money I wanted, to take me away where she 'd never hear of me again till she could hear something that was n't a disgrace and shame. I was kind of dazed on account of its being so early in the morning and the racket I 'd had over night, and I named a certain sum, when I might just as well have had twice as much. When I woke up again, there it was on the table beside me. When I went down the steps the old lady was behind the blinds, and I guess she was crying."

Alas and alas, for the poor old lady!

"I did n't clear off just then, though," the scapegrace continued. "Not so fresh. I waited till I 'd spent all that money, and then went back after more. 'If you really want to get rid of me,' I said, 'give me five hundred dollars, and I 'll go.' She planked it down, and I went."

The frankness of these confessions seemed incredible. Perhaps he saw that I marveled at it, for he explained at once: —

"Oh, I don't mind telling you some of this stuff, for if you was to go back to New York and inquire about me you 'd hear a dozen times worse. There 's some advantages in having a bad character, after all? Nobody can do *me* any hurt. But that 's all over now. I had a good mother, see? There 's no discount on her. That 's what 's always brought me 'round all right."

It was difficult to see in what the brown-stone boy was so much better than formerly, since he told of his misdeeds — many more, and more serious ones, too, than here set down — with the utter flippancy described; but one could only hopefully take him at his word. He had a plausible, ingratiating way with him. He could flatter by an artful air of respect and deference to superior wisdom, and he could amuse, as well, by drolleries. He had the social talents, an easy skill at cards and billiards, a knack at music, and the like, with the aid of which his brief successes were accomplished.

He was now very fashionably dressed. He had evidently not spared money, and the tailor to whom he had entrusted himself had made a very complete thing of it. He proposed to hire an expensive livery-team and take me for a drive in the park. I strenuously opposed this as contrary to his newly devised plan of

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economy and reform, and we compromised by partly walking and then taking an open horse-car. We passed the city hospital of dingy, yellow brick, on a cold, windy-looking hill. An ambulance was drawn up at the gate, and from it a pale and wasted invalid was being taken on a stretcher. My brown-stone boy tipped me a wink, as if the joke were on the invalid. It seemed to him a situation no more to be thought of in his own case than if he belonged to a different order of beings.

The gatekeeper was superintending the transfer.

"That man was one of the biggest actors there was," he threw out confidentially to us, as we looked on. "Drink has brought him to this."

"Plenty more lodgin's to let in the old shebang?" the brown-stone boy inquired, facetiously.

"We have a fine shuit up where ye see them open windys," returned the gate porter, "or in the cottage beyant," indicating a low edifice in a corner of the court. "Troth, ye 're the sort that 'll be needin' them, too."

"Put me in a private bath, 'lectric bells, and the rest of the modern conveniences, and I 'll see you later," said the brown-stone boy.

"That ain't no cottage!" cried an irrepressible-looking gamin of ten, running out; "that 's the morgue. Don't we be playin' 'round it every day? And them windys is the room where the doctors grinds up the dead bodies to make medicine of."

The porter made a good-natured pass at the gamin, which the latter evaded by ducking his head.

"It 's *fine* here," went on the garrulous urchin; "this is the boss place, you bet. I 've got a job clearin' off the tables. We have fun stealin' puddin', and everything. Give a feller a dime, will yer? Aw, ye might."

The circumstance was slight, but the place, the faces, and the occasion were fixed in the minds of the participants, and all had their bearing further on.

"Actor, was he? I 've been an actor myself," said the brown-stone boy, as we moved off. "Wonder if that had anything to do with breakin' me up? I went away with a theatre company when I left home, the time I was tellin' you of, and stayed with 'em most a year. It ain't what it 's cracked up to be; it 's hard lines and poor pay. I was just gettin' ready to come out in leadin' parts, though, when the company failed. I got the old lady to put up for me. I 'd been away from home so long that she was ready to, then, and she thought *some* occupation was better than none. I handed over the funds to the manager, and he was going to back me and see me through, and give me a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. I was going to be juvenile. 'What is juvenile?' Why, for instance, if you was to play Richard, I 'd play Richmond; or if you was Hamlet, I 'd be Laertes, see? — that 's juvenile.

"But the company busted, and I did n't get my actin', nor my money back either, and I was stranded in a small Iowa town. First we tried a little variety-show business; then I got reduced to bein' a waiter in the hotel. I could n't stand that but a few days, though. I got a job next in canvassing for advertisements for the local paper; then I traveled with a lightning-rod man. That is what made me so handy with the sewing-machines and Bibles down in the Islands. After a while I raised money enough to get away to a city, and started a kind of paper of my own. It was to contain theatre programmes, and be full of profitable advertising around the margins — only it was n't. I fell in with a young lawyer, and we got up a Collection Agency for the Northwest, but we seemed to have to keep all we could collect, for expenses, and the clients was n't satisfied. We had a Mining and Town-Site Company afterwards in

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Idaho; but the bottom dropped out of that, too.

"I never used to let it cost me much for travelin' and hotel expenses, in these times. You see railroads and landlords are fattening on the hard earnings of the people, any way, and I generally looked on what I could beat 'em out of as so much clear gain. But that's all over now. I s'pose I'd been away from home about three years before I finally turned up in New York again. I'd come to understand what the comfort of a good home was, by that time, you'd better believe. I swore off drinking and smoking, cut the old gang dead, turned over an entirely new leaf, and was ready to tackle some regular business."

"And was your mother pleased to see you?"

"Pleased is no name for it. She was 'most tickled to death," he asserted, with a complacent air. "The next thing to do was to consider my future. The old lady was ambitious, and wanted me to do big things. My father, he had been a kind of celebrity; he was a lawyer, and may be you've heard of some of his writin's, too? She would like to have me follow in his footsteps. I thought a few minutes, and then I says, 'I'll go on the lecture platform.'

"'Oh, my dear,' she says, 'I'm afraid you can't.'

"'I'll show you whether I can or not,' I says. 'Lecturin' is different from writin'. You get your little lecture done, and go all over the country deliverin' it, and rakin' in the money; but when you've written *one* thing, you've got to go to work and write another. That is where my actin' and travelin' experience 'll come in. You let me go ahead, and I'll be a bigger man than old Grant.'

"So I pitches in. I knew thought was n't my best hold, and I'd have to piece it out with delivery:" he sawed the air in an explanatory way. "I knew I'd have to take some subject where I could use the Encyclopædia pretty free; and I *did* use it, and don't you forget it. I called the thing The Perils of the Sea. When I got it done, I took it to a New Jersey town, where the population was mostly clam-diggers, I guess. I got the old lady to put up for me to hire a hall, and I delivered it. They went wild over it. They'd never had any show of any kind in the place before, I guess, and they wanted me to stay there all the time. I paid the local correspondent to telegraph up a few lines of slush about it to the Herald. When I got back, I takes the notices down to Cooper's Institute, and shows 'em to the lecture-bureau man.

"'Here,' I says, 'this is the kind of hairpin I am. Now put me in a page of advertisin' in that journal of yours, and hustle along a stack of engagements!'"

The brown-stone boy always represented himself as talking in this off-hand way, upon the most serious subjects and to the gravest of persons; but it is probable that he gave only the sense rather than the actual words of what was said.

"The lecture-bureau man wanted twenty-five dollars for a page in his journal, and I got it from the old lady, and put it up. Engagements did n't come very lively at first, but the lecture-bureau man says, 'Lay low and wait. You'll be all right. You better pay me twenty-five dollars more for another page, though, and then you'll be doubly sure.'"

He paused a little, to admire in retrospect the shrewdness of the lecture-bureau man.

"In about a month an order *did* come. It was from Cahokia, or Kalamazoo, or some such place out West. They wanted me for one night only, at thirty dollars a night. The railroad fare and expenses would foot up about a hundred dollars."

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The lecturer scratched his head and looked at me with an air of comic perplexity; then he went on: —

"I thought the rush had begun at last, and I was set up to the nines. I was goin' to start out at once, but the bureau man says, 'You 'd better wait for a few more orders, so 's to lay out a rowte, and take 'em all in together.' So I waited another month, and there was nothin' more. In another month an order came from Arkansas. They wanted The Perils of the Sea out there for one night only. Then orders stopped comin' entirely. The lecture-bureau man says, 'If you don't feel like payin' the expenses to fill these engagements, perhaps I 'd better arrange to hand 'em over to somebody else?'

"'I guess you better had,' I says, and with that I quits the lecture platform. The next thing I went into was real estate. I stayed in an office about three months, till I 'd learned the business better than the parties themselves. Real estate ain't no trick at all. The old lady came down handsome, and fitted me out an office of my own, — Pine Street, — black-walnut furniture, — gold lettering in the plate-glass window. I put a big advertisement in the Herald, — 'City and country property for sale and to rent. Half a million dollars to loan on approved mortgages,' — and sat back smoking my cigarettes, and waiting for customers. I had n't a cent to loan, nor a shanty to rent. If anybody came in, though, I was going to shin around among the other agents and get some, and divide commissions. The first quarter nobody came in but a Bowery Dutchman, who wanted to borrow ten thousand dollars on an old rookery that was n't worth two thousand; you would n't hardly take it for a gift. The second quarter was n't any better. Every night, mostly, the old lady used to ask me how much business I 'd done that day, and I had to tell her. Finally a third quarter's rent came due, and the old lady began to kick. 'I won't put up another blessed cent,' she says. 'You just sell the furniture, and skip out of it.'"

These, again, could not have been the precise words, but only the gist, of his mother's directions.

"But the way the drug-business panned out was even worse. I went into that, next, — wholesale drugs and dyestuffs. There was a young feller, that I 'd known for some time, who traveled for a house in that line. He told me that the customers had all rather buy of him than his firm. 'If you and I could go in together, and take a store, and I had five hundred dollars for a year's travelin' expenses,' he says, 'we could make things boom.' I talked the old lady into this, too. We set up in Pearl Street this time; no flummery and fancy furniture now, but cobwebs, inky old desks, and big ledgers, — the heavy respectable dodge, see? We scattered around some empty carboys and some indigo and cutch; it looked as if we 'd been established forty years and were doing a business of a million a year. I was to stay in the office and fill the orders, and he was to send 'em in. Well, in two months the year's travelin' expenses was used up. Most of the shipments we made was returned on our hands, 'N. G.' — No Good. Some of the mistakes was mine, but most of 'em his. He 'd been on a steady spree the whole time, — I did n't know he was that kind of a feller, — and I got news at last that he 'd been lying drunk somewhere in Vermont for two weeks; and then I closed up the place. 'One by one the roses fade;' it beats all how circumstances used to turn out against me every time."

"You do seem to have had rather bad luck."

"Luck is no name for it. The next thing I tried was bein' a detective. I 'd always had a fancy for that kind of business, and knowin' the ropes about town, and havin' seen as much as I had, I thought I 'd make a good one. The

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old lady did n't like it at all. But she 'd begun to get tired of putting up money for me, and this was something that did n't take no capital. I got a place in a detective agency. They set me to work shadowing a house where some woman lived whose husband wanted to get a divorce 'without publicity,' or something that way. My watch was nights, and most all night, too; and it was precious cold and lonesome, I can tell you, hanging round them corners in December. All of a sudden the police on the beat grabbed me one night, and run me in for a suspicious character. There had been burglaries in the neighborhood, and they thought, from the way I was manœuvring, that I was the one that had done 'em. They locked me up, and would n't let me go till I had to explain to 'em what I was up to. The woman, she got wind of it and went off, and the office bounced me for bein' a double-dashed flat. A detective had n't ought to give away his racket to any police or nobody else, no matter what happens to him, see? *Yes*, sir, I was more broke up by that than most anything else I can think of. The newspaper reportin' was n't so bad, for I never really looked at that as so much in my line."

What! a reporter, too? Would the line of his occupations stretch out to the crack of doom?

"I had a relation who owned a newspaper, and he gave me a job on it as a local reporter. That suited the old lady to a T. She was expectin' me to be a kind of Horace Greeley, in no time. But if there ever was a dry time for news, that was it. I tore around, with my little note-book ready and my pencil out, but not a thing happened. There was n't a fire, murder, collision, assault and battery, — not an accident of any kind. I boned the police and coroners, and I tackled the undertakers, hack-men, and omnibus-drivers. If I saw anybody anywheres lookin' the least excited, I grabbed him, and asked him what was the matter. I went up to the gang again, but even they had quieted down just then, and could n't give me anything. You might as well have been reporting in the New Jerusalem. I shoved one feller down an area-way, myself, to make an item; but of course it was too expensive to keep providin' subjects that way. After I 'd been comin' in to the office, 'most every day for a month or so, with hardly a blessed thing to show for it, my relation, he says, kind o' sarcastic like, —

"'I guess you 're spoilin' yourself for some other profession, where you 'd probably shine. Newspaper reportin' don't seem to be your strong point. You better take a walk; we 'll try and spare you.'"

It need not be supposed that the record of chronic mishap and miscarriage ended even with this. But more than enough has no doubt been given to show the eccentricities, the irresponsible view and manner of life, of a type of character of which many another prosperous family produces its example. The poor "old lady" had stood by him through all, paid the score of his escapades, and paid it more dearly yet, no doubt, in her heart's yearning, her disappointed affection, over this graceless son. She had had intervals of holding aloof, but even these were probably designed more in a salutary spirit to him than in real sternness. I gathered that he had just now left his country for his country's good; he had perhaps done something which would make it rather inconvenient for him to return to New York. But, again, he said that his mother wished him to return, and marry a pretty and virtuous girl whom she had picked out for him.

"Bah! I don't want any molly-coddle. That ain't my style. Besides, I 'm not on the marryin' lay," was his comment on this proposition.

Recollecting, however, that this was

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hardly in keeping with his newly assumed character for steadiness, he corrected himself: —

"I don't know but I will, though. May be I will. I'll see about it."

Being questioned further as to his proposed learning of the meat-canning industry, he rather avoided the subject. Then, one day, he came in with a *distrait* air, and broke the silence with, "Say! I've got to send the old lady a certificate that I've gone to work in the business for which she sent me the money. You would n't want to sign it, would you?"

"Are you engaged in the business?"

"Well, no, but I will be next Monday morning, *sure*. It's only dating it a little ahead, you see."

I did not exactly seem to see this.

"Well, I only mentioned it," said he. "I thought perhaps she'd like to have your name to it, on account of your comin' from New York. She'd have more confidence in it," and he went off, for him, rather disconsolately.

Alas and alas, for the poor old lady! There was undoubtedly ample store of trouble awaiting her yet.

From this time I saw less and less of the brown-stone boy, and his appearance on these meetings, such as they were, were hardly calculated to promote a sanguine view of his permanent reformation. He had made new acquaintances. He strolled with them on the principal thoroughfare, laughing loud, and he played much at billiards with them. They were of a flashy, impudent aspect. I saw him driving them out in a handsome vehicle, and, again, surrounded by them in a box at the theatre, where he was evidently their entertainer, as he was their central and ruling spirit.

He came once to borrow a sum of money, on the pretext of having left his pocket-book at home, and after that returned no more. I met him one evening in the streets, stupidly intoxicated, his fine apparel gone, and his aspect as shabby as when I had first seen him on shipboard. As I was leaving the place, and on the way to take the train, I met him again. He was even more dilapidated, but sober now, or at least coherent in his talk.

"*Hel*-lo, pard! You off?" he cried, in hilarious greeting. "Well, be good to yourself! You would n't mind droppin' a feller a dollar, as you 're goin', would you? I've been workin' in a theatre. — Say! I've got the biggest scheme out. I wish you had more time to stop and talk. — Say! Well, so long!"

It was not my final leave-taking of him, however, as I had thought. I was obliged to return some two months later. I passed, one day, the hospital on the cold and windy-looking hill. The porter recognized me, hesitated, then, with a certain eagerness, —

"You was with him that day," he said. "It would be a kind o' char'ty to step up and see him a minute; he 's in a bad way."

"Who is in a bad way?" I asked.

"The short, shmilin' one, that was chaffin' me that day, don't ye mind?"

I mounted the stairs with him, and there, in a ward of the pauper sick, lay the brown-stone boy. He was emaciated to the last degree. His eyes were closed, as I first stood by his iron cot, and they were abnormally large, in their hollow sockets, as he feebly opened them.

"Yes, it 's me, pard," he said. "I 'm laid up. I got a heavy cold on me, see? I 've got to stop these rackets; they don't agree with me any more. I 'm goin' to swear off for good." His voice was husky to the last degree, and he placed a hand on his chest, full of strange rattlings and wheezing, from which it faintly proceeded.

"There don't seem to be nobody here to take much notice of me," he continued, gazing around in a wandering way. "I 've got 'em to telegraph to the

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old lady, a good while ago; I must ha' been here some time. It's a seven or eight days' journey, but once she 'd ha' come if it was a hundred. I've played it on her too often; she don't believe me any more. I don't blame her, pard, do you?"

He turned his face towards the wall.

A sudden flurry of movement made itself felt, a rustle of feminine skirts. There by his bedside stood a spare, comely old lady, who had been piloted thither by the garrulous urchin frisking about the yard. She was a lady, refined in every lineament; she had white hair, was dressed in dark silken attire, and her features were crossed with an expression of woful pain. The sight would have moved a heart of stone. "The old lady" had come to her Benjamin, her youngest-born, who had been a lovable child in her arms, before all this nightmare of his evil years,—for whom she had had ambitions, had prayed, suffered, sacrificed herself,—and she found him thus. He looked up, with a gasp, as if her presence were something incredible.

She threw herself upon him passionately, and embraced and kissed him as if he were again a little child.

"I did n't have the will-power," he murmured, feebly.

"Mother! mother!" he cried again, presently, "if I was to *live?* *Oh*, if I was to *live*"—

And with the greatness of this aspiration, that it should yet be possible for him to show her the measure of his gratitude for all her love and forbearance, the spirit of the brown-stone boy, so strangely emasculated, so deprived of the grain of fortitude and elevation of soul that might have stiffened it into self-control and ascendency over fortune,—this poorly regulated spirit took its flight.

The brown-stone boy had added another to his many experiences,—the great experience of sounding eternity.

William Henry Bishop.

THE BOOK OF HOURS.

As one who reads a tale writ in a tongue
  He only partly knows,—runs over it
  And follows but the story, losing wit
And charm and half the subtle links among
The haps and harms that the book's folk beset,—
  So do we with our life. Night comes, and morn:
  I know that one has died and one is born;
That this by love and that by hate is met.
But all the grace and glory of it fail
  To touch me, and the meanings they enfold.
The Spirit of the World hath told the tale,
  And tells it; and 't is very wise and old.
But o'er the page there is a mist and veil:
  I do not know the tongue in which 't is told.

E. R. Sill.

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FLAKE WHITE.

It has just fallen upon my tablets, and with it a voice saying, *Write.* But how to handle a subject so delicate! Surely the touch should be at once tender and cold. Even as I speak of Flake White, it is no longer called by that name, but has become vague moisture. I would dwell upon the stainless purity of the snow, but Fancy being so careless in her chemistry, the probabilities are that the chromatic unity which I seek will be decomposed; whence violet, amber, or even rose-tinted snow may result. Then, if my experiment be accused of failure, I will summon, to be my apologist, not the snow flake, but the more ingenuous snow crystal, with the rainbow twinkle in its face.

Memorable are the verses beginning thus: —

> "Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
> Arrives the snow."

Yet the heraldry of a snow-storm is not always to the ear, with flourish of the sky trumpets. To Jupiter Pluvius belong noisy pomp and circumstance, — the clattering chariot and the hurtling bolt; Jupiter Niveus more often walks the heavens shod with silence, gray of countenance, yet benign, softening the austere air with the gifts of his right hand. The first flakes of the year, — how doubtful, wavering, tentative, as though there were as yet no beaten path for them to follow in their journey from the clouds to earth, or as though they were unwilling to desert the goodly society of their kindred in the sky! The blades of tender autumnal grass look very cold, lifted through the scant coverlet spread by a first snow; one shivers seeing them, and wishes that their retirement might be hastened. The wanderings of the dead leaves are brought to an end by the snow, to which they impart a stain from the coloring matter not yet leached from their tissues. By this circumstance the age of the season might be gauged, approximately; at least, the snows of the later winter suffer no such discoloration from contact with the leaf-strewn ground.

When the snow is damp and clinging, as it not unfrequently is at the beginning and end of the winter, a wonderful white springtime comes upon the earth. Behold, the orchards bloom again almost in the similitude of May; the dry stalks in the garden undergo the miracle that befell the bishop's staff in the legend, and deck themselves with beauty. Last summer's nests are again tenanted, brooded by doves of peace descended from heaven. Every cobweb which the wind has spared, under the eaves or in the porch, displays a fluttering increment of snow. What a deal of woolgathering there has been! The rough bark of the trees, the roofs and clapboards of the houses, are hung with soft shreds and tatters; the "finger of heaven" has put on a white cot. If we walk abroad in this new creation, it shall seem that we have been suddenly let into some magnified frost picture; nor can we be quite sure that we ourselves are not of the same frail, ethereal texture as the exquisite work around us, and like it destined to glide into naught, under the arrows of the sun. When such damp snow freezes upon the branches, and afterwards falls in crusted fragments, the perforations made in the snow beneath resemble the tracks of many small, cushion-footed animals; one would like to know what Æsopian council, or palaver, was held under the dooryard trees in the sly middle of the night.

There is great variety in the quality and fibre of the snow as it falls at different temperatures, in quiet, or cease-

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lessly worried by the wind. "Hail is the coldest corn," declares an ancient rune. However that may be, by the chaff that is driven in our faces we know that they are threshing up yonder this afternoon. At some other time it is not chaff, but heavenly grain (such as the horses of the Homeric deities may have munched), that is lavishly scattered abroad. To walk upon such snow is very like attempting to walk in a bin of wheat, and a dry, craunching sound attends each footstep. Sometimes it snows not flakes, but little fasces of crystalline fagots; sometimes, also, miniature snowballs, well packed, ready made for the sport of the invisible sprites of the storm. Again, by the fineness and softness of the flake, it appears that the old traditional goose-wife, who lives in the clouds, is plucking only the down from under the wings of her flock; she is not so painstaking and fastidious at all times. Occasionally I am reminded that there is a lapidary in heaven, who takes the rough gem of the snow, and by secret dexterity — cutting, polishing, and engraving — causes it to wear a thousand lovely forms and devices. Perhaps these are the

> "Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
> Of the sky children,"

which Saturn promised there should be on his regaining the empire of the skies. Or it may be that these crystal stars and wheels, in all curious and fantastic variations, are experiments in pyrotechnics, — frozen fire-works, in which the rockets are made to take only descending curves. I sometimes please myself with imagining that when these exquisite fragments come to a common resting-place on earth, by some recondite law of attraction or correspondence they fit themselves together, point locking into angle and side matching side. Might not an ear divinely gifted detect a faint musical report when these morning stars of the snow celebrate their union? "And they all sing, melting as they sing, of the mysteries of the number six, six, six." With unadvised haste the Muse gave out the following: —

> "Six petals has the lily stainless white,
> And six the wandering blossom of the snow;
> If these their constant order could forego,
> Sun, moon, and stars would break their sacred plight."

But Science appears, raising the question whether the snow crystal invariably sings the song of sixes, invariably follows the law of the lily's inflorescence. The snow which falls in these obvious crystalline patterns is of the lightest and most diaphanous quality. A broken branch lies upon the ground, completely covered with this delicate counterpane, yet every twig and bud is still plainly defined. I have a fancy that I would like to see half-blown crimson roses inclosed, but not concealed, in such a cool white shrine. The season which most regard as forbiddingly ascetic, — has it not its touches of refinement and luxury? Sometimes, for several nights in succession, there will fall a light film of snow, not adding, practically, to that already upon the ground, yet sufficing to remove all stains and blemishes of the day. Thus Nature takes care of her complexion in winter, so renewing it, from morning to morning, that it still presents an infantine softness and smoothness of texture. Be quick to take suggestion. You do not know but that this gentle snow which fell in the night — winter's dew — possesses the excellence attributed to the dew of May. With your hand skim off the cream of it, and bathe your face therewith, not forgetting her who melted pearls in her cup, — whose extravagance was naught in comparison with that which we practice, dissolving the jewels of the sky for a lotion! The fable of a shower of gold was substantiated, on a bright and still day of last winter, when the air became filled with glittering motes of finest snow or frost, visible only in the sunshine. I am not

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sure that the display should have been called a shower, since the golden atoms, owing to their buoyancy, were kept floating in the air.

Where the flake falls, there it would fain rest in peace; but the wind will not have it so. Even in serene weather, whoever looks out on the open fields is likely to see an occasional skirmish of gentle zephyrs puffing the dust of snow at each other in sport. Snow that has been fretted by the wind for some time at last has the appearance of a flaked and crannied bed of a stream in dry weather. Yonder lies the garden, marked with smooth, shallow furrows trending north and south. Well I know what share has been ploughing there. These furrows are not permanent, but with every returning blast of the west wind are moved forward, as waves are driven towards the shore.

"Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Carves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door;
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he
For number or proportion."

But for me it is the West, and not the North Wind that so astonishes Art with the result of his night-work. In every drifting storm from the west a huge recumbent figure occupies the porch in front of my door. I think that this quiet giant has on helmet, habergeon, and greaves, and that at an instant's warning he would be ready for assault or defense. Is it strange that I wish to know by what name he goes in his own native Niflheim, and why my portal enjoys such guardianship? Also, as I look out of the window and observe the great North American sloth, white and lazy, stretched at full length upon the rocking bough of the evergreens, I question how long it will continue pasturing there. It will be, perhaps, several days before the shaggy creature loosens its hold and falls to the ground: sun, and not wind, is its chief natural enemy.

A great snowfall inspires a novel feeling of adventure and hardihood. Our familiar fields, with their petty bounds, have disappeared, and in their place lies a spacious wilderness, of which, if we please, we may be the first pioneers. How suggestive is the solitary track in a wide snow! What quest was this? What Crusoe has gone about his forlorn insular affairs? Yet, should we too go upon the quest, taken in lead by these venturous solitary tracks, they become almost companionable, communicating good-will and courage. "Follow, follow, thou shalt win." A long siege of snow and a voyage at sea have something in common. Steadily lift around us the surges of this fruitless, lifeless white sea. Farewell the good brown earth. It may be that we shall not behold it again for the space of time which we would consume if sailing around Cape Horn. Something like the joy of the returned sea-voyager is ours, when, at the breaking-up of winter, we *land*, and feel the kindly soil once more under our feet.

I am disposed to credit the rumor I have heard that Night and Winter exchanged vows at the beginning of time. I perceive what close bosom friends they are, and doubt that they will admit a third into their communion; nevertheless, their comity encourages my overtures. No winter day, as it seems to me, was ever so fair as the winter night with the moon presiding. Not for the eye of the sun are the finer, subtler wonders of the snow; these are reserved for the celestial wanderer "with white fire laden." So well pleased is she with the faithful coldness and purity of the snow that she is constantly visiting it with favors. Therefore are her nameless gem-bearing mountains and her treasure-houses laid under contribution for the adornment of her terrestrial love, in the folds of whose garments a myriad jewels sparkle. These, one may guess, are the only genuine moonstones. On

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a summer night the occasional flickering of the dew is explicable by the coming and going of the light breeze over the grass, or by the stir of insects among the blades; but the continual and ubiquitous sparkle of the frost-glazed snow, where there is neither life nor motion, carries an elfin fascination. Sometimes I liken these keen, restless scintillations to the sparks of electricity excited in the furry coat of some animal: soft and warm, indeed, to the sleeping earth is this ample pelage — as of a mammoth polar bear — spread comfortably over hill and valley. As I walk under the trees I notice that their shadows, printed smoothly on the moonlit snow, produce the effect of a dark blue veining in marble. If I knew how to command their services, a troop of genii should even now be at work, cutting and dressing blocks of this veined marble, to build me a palace that should rival Aladdin's.

On a stormy evening, when the air is thick with flying snow, I have received charming suggestion from the village lights. Walls, roofs, bounding lines generally, are lost in the snowy obscurity; but the hospitable windows remain, curtained, mellow-tinted panes, or curtainless pictures of fireside comfort, framed, apparently, by mist and cloud. At a little distance it were easy to imagine that these windows belonged to the ground-floor of heaven, rather than to any houses made with hands.

Though the trumpets of the sky may have been blown in its van, the snow, when it arrives on earth, abhors and annihilates all loud noise. How muffled and remote are the sounds in a village during a great snowfall! — all mutes and subvocals. Stamping of feet in the porch across the way is reported distantly sonorous, as though the noise had been made in a subterranean chamber. Across the high, smooth fields comes the faint pealing of a bell, mysteriously sweet. The bell hangs in the church of a neighboring village; I have often heard it before, but not with the same impression as now. So might have sounded the chimes in the buried church of the legend, on a Christmas morning.

The snow has a mediatorial character. Wherever this earth approaches nearest to heaven, on all loftiest summits of the globe, there stands the white altar, perpetually: nor is the religion to which the altar is reared one of pure abstraction, colorless mysticism. Sunrise, sunset, and the winds, with the snow, bring out on the tops of our Western mountains (if current descriptions do not exaggerate) such surprises of form and color, whirling column and waving banner, as were never dreamed of in the pageants beheld by the initiate of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

Edith M. Thomas.

A MARSH ISLAND.

VIII.

That afternoon Mr. Dale made himself delightfully agreeable. Mrs. Owen felt more than equal to the situation, and had already welcomed back the burly strength and reassuring cheerfulness of Temperance Kipp. This excellent person had grown up, or been raised, as she would have expressed it, on the farm, and remained loyal now to her early friends, in spite of the enticements of well-to-do members of her own family.

Dick rejoiced in his recovered personal belongings, which Temperance

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herself brought in from the wagon and placed beside him, urged to this service by an insatiable curiosity to see the guest of whom Doris had spoken. Her opinion was extremely favorable, and after a short time the good woman came downstairs quite shorn of her holiday garb, and resumed her duties in the household. Dick remembered a frequent expression of Mrs. Owen's as he caught an occasional glimpse of Temperance; he could well believe that she was always to be depended upon, yet he had an instant sense that she was not likely to take his part. In life one may think himself lucky whose enemies do not rank themselves in overpowering numbers, for woe be to the man whose nature is instinctively at war with others. Dick was so well used to finding himself in harmonious relations with his associates that he was for the moment shocked when Temperance's shrewd eyes regarded him with suspicion, and he at once determined to make friends with her.

By and by, after the early dinner was disposed of, Doris came with her sewing, to sit on the shaded step of the side door, outside the clock-room. The two elder women also kept the sufferer company. He told some capital stories, and spoke with exceeding wisdom and sympathy of certain aspects of farm life; he also praised his surroundings with rare discretion. Mrs. Owen was immensely pleased with Dick. She had an air of being even proud of him, and assured him in a most motherly way that he could give no trouble, and must take his own time about the pictures, and make himself at home.

But the day seemed a week long to both Doris and the painter. As for Dick Dale, he wondered, in the course of his afternoon's entertainment, if he might not be growing gray. He was used to a social aspect of life and to good-fellowship, but they were enjoying each other that day in the clock-room until it was fairly suffocating. Yet when Doris appeared in her cool afternoon dress, slender and shy and silent, his first pleasure returned. The salt breeze that came in from the sea as the sun grew low sent a delicious freshness through the house, and Dale looked out of the window, and wondered why he had not liked the view so much before. He spoke to Doris with gentle deference, quite unlike his frank comradeship with the other women; and she blushed a little as she answered his questions, and then blushed again to think she had blushed at all. Dale could see her from his chair, which was kept from rocking with extreme difficulty. He presently took from his pocket a book which he had chosen when he first opened his portmanteau. The not very orderly but familiar contents of that receptacle had given him a curious feeling of exile with an assurance of comfort, and as he made an evident signal of discontinuance to the conversation, Temperance and her mistress rose and went their ways. Dick would have liked to try reading aloud, but he was not prepared to take the risk of a great disappointment. Doris certainly looked as if she would know the meaning of such true poetry, and he glanced at his young hostess from time to time, and wished that it were possible to stroll through the upper orchard again, with her for company.

When the sun was low Doris came to look at the industrious old time-keeper, and then hurried away up the yard to the barns. Dick wistfully heard the horses stamp and her emphatic commands, and he listened with eager interest, a few minutes later, to a sound of wheels receding, and muffled by the soft grass. Doris must be going down to the creek again to meet the haymakers. Was it her father whom she wished to serve, or the lover, who was also at work on the marshes?

Doris herself was filled with a strange excitement that day. She was finding

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her own thoughts and actions painfully unfamiliar, and felt as if she were looking at them through another person's eyes. When she reached the landing-place she could not have explained why the bleached grass and twigs, which the hay-boat had kept from light and growth all summer, struck a respondent chord in her own mind. It might be that a weight of inapprehension and necessity of routine was lifted from her consciousness; but whether the coming of the young stranger had hastened this, or only marked it, no one could know. Doris became more and more disturbed; her thoughts busied themselves provokingly with Dan Lester and that fear of danger and impending crisis which had troubled her the evening before. She was not ready to listen to what she was certain Dan wished to say; her anticipation of the future reached no farther yet than her lover's proposal, and by no means made clear her own answer. Presently Doris was reminded of the morning's accident. The stranger's helplessness and pain had roused all her womanly pity and eagerness to be of use, yet something had taken away her power of action, and forbade such traits to show themselves. Her mother had never made her so impatient before. The homely expressions of concern and excitement seemed quite needless; but Mrs. Owen was ready with prompt service and simple remedies, while Doris herself only grew more self-conscious and distressed.

She hated her own silliness, and thought of many things now as she stood waiting at the landing; but the twilight fell before the tired and hungry haymakers made their appearance. Once or twice she climbed the hill a little way, to watch for the dory. The silence of the place was very soothing, and she liked to hear the notes of birds, piping clear and untroubled from a thicket not far away. There were two thrushes answering each other with sweetest voices from tree to tree, and Doris leaned against the horse's warm shoulder and listened contentedly. She was glad that it would not do to leave the horse alone: it is a curious dislike that such domesticated creatures have to being left to themselves in lonely places. At last the sound of voices and of dipping oars came drifting through the still air, and the girl waited eagerly for her father's greeting.

It came presently, cheerful and pleased, and Doris answered. Then she saw that there was an unexpected person in the boat, five men in all, and hardly knew why she wished for some reprieve or defense, and even grew rigidly silent with displeasure. A minute later Dan Lester leaped ashore. "You and me 'll walk up to the house, Doris," he said, decidedly. "It's a pretty evening." The other workmen were hurriedly landing their tools; they had not observed Dan's words, as Doris had angrily supposed. "I shall have to ride with father," she answered, coldly. "I must go home now to help about supper."

This was very unlike her usual quiet friendliness. The young man stood still for a moment, looking at her; then, as she turned, he said, "Good-night, all!" and also turned away, crashing through the bushes as if he meant to take the straightest way toward his own home. Israel Owen looked after him wonderingly.

"I wish you would stop to supper, Dan!" he shouted, a moment afterward, but presently mounted the long wagon. Jim Fales sat in the end of it, swinging his feet, but the other men tramped alongside. The flash of unreasonable anger faded from the girl's mind. She was sorry that she had hurt Dan's feelings, — he was always so friendly; but she had not liked his speaking so before the rest. . . . The sky was clear and the air was very soft; there were only a few fragments of bluish cloud against the narrow band of rose color in the west. Doris could not help thinking that a

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walk over the hill and down through the orchard might have been pleasant, after all.

Dan Lester heard the farmer's anxious inquiry about some accident that had happened, and presently somebody spoke of the doctor. He was not far away, poor Dan; the thick hedgerow of black cherry trees and underbrush prevented anybody's seeing him at the other side of a stone wall. "Dear! dear!" said Mr. Owen anxiously, once or twice; and the lover was sorry he had been so impatient, and would have given anything to know what had happened at the farmhouse. Perhaps he would walk up after dark; they might not have been able to bring Temperance back from Dunster, — and Dan hurried homeward along a faint trail of a foot-path which crossed the dewy fields and a wide pasture. He blamed himself more and more for not going to the Owens' at once, but there was certainly something strange in Doris's behavior. He did not often make such a fool of himself as he had that night. If Doris's mother were ill, she would have told her father at once, or have sought him earlier. Perhaps the painter had met with an accident, and Dan concluded to have a look at him before an hour later. This kindly fellow was suddenly transformed into a vindictive, suspicious enemy of any person who could thwart his long-cherished love. Twenty-four hours were indeed a short time for a stranger to have gained much vantage-ground, but after all Doris Owen was a woman.

Dick Dale thought the men amusingly curious and excited about his slight accident. By this time it was quite an old story to everybody else. Each haymaker professed to have met with exactly the same disaster, and to be acquainted with the only infallible remedy. As for Doris, her expression had changed surprisingly: she looked hurt and impatient, and when she brought a tray with Dick's supper, she cast an appealing look into his very eyes. He became sure that something troubled her, and gave her more than one compassionate glance in return.

IX.

Westward from the farm, beyond an expanse of almost level country, a low range of hills made a near horizon. They were gray in the drought, and bare like a piece of moorland, save where the fences barred them, or a stunted tree stood up against the sky, leaning away from the winter storms toward a more sheltered and fertile inland region. The windward side of the Marsh Island itself was swept clean by the sea winds; it was only on the southern and western slopes that the farmer's crops, his fruit-trees, and his well-stocked garden found encouragement to grow. Eastward, on the bleak downs, a great flock of sheep nibbled and strayed about all day, and blinked their eyes at the sun. The island was a thrifty estate; going backward a little in these latest years, the neighbors whispered, but more like an old-country habitation than many homes of this newer world.

The salt-hay making was over at last. The marshes were dotted as far as eye could see by the round haystacks with their deftly pointed tops. These gave a great brilliance of color to the landscape, being unfaded yet by the rain and snow that would dull their yellow tints later in the year. September weather came early, even before its appointed season, and there was a constant suggestion of autumn before the summer was fairly spent. The delicate fragrance of the everlasting-flowers was plainly noticeable in the dry days that followed each other steadily. The summer was ripe early this year, and the fruits reddened, and the flowers all went to seed, and the days grew shorter in kindly fashion,

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being so pleasant that one could not resent the hurrying twilight, or now and then the acknowledged loss of a few minutes of daylight. From the top of the island hill a great fading country-side spread itself wide and fair, and seaward the sails looked strangely white against the deepened blue of the ocean. There were more coasting-vessels than could usually be seen, even in midsummer, as if great flocks of them had grown that year, like the birds.

In these days, nobody stopped to think much about Dick Dale's lingering at the farmhouse. His temporary invalidism was the cause of most friendly relations with all the family; his presence appeared completely natural and inevitable. When he had given Israel Owen an excellent drawing made from the small picture of the soldier, there was no longer any question of the artist's being welcome to anything upon the island. Dick had taken great pains with this experiment in portrait-making. He told himself that he was not ashamed of it, either, though he was most grateful for having had some aid to contentment during the few days he had kept his lamed foot still in the clock-room. He was not without his fancies about the portrait's subject; for as he worked he had a vague consciousness of an unseen presence, and some most telling touches were made almost in spite of himself. He thought often of the possible unseen dwellers in such old houses, and as he resumed his out-of-door rambles it was with a continued sense of companionship, or as if another were sharing the use of his own eyes.

Though the mistress of the house had often spoken scornfully of those who sold their peace of mind and parted with all sovereignty and comfort in their homes to rapacious summer boarders, the presence of this quiet and courteous young gentleman in her own household appeared quite another thing. He did not make the daily work seem any more burdensome; on the contrary, he gave a pleasant flavor of holiday-making to her life. Everybody liked to please Dick, and, to do him justice, he tried not infrequently to give pleasure as well as take it; he knew how to confer a favor by the way he received one. To him the situation grew more and more satisfactory and almost ideal. There was a patriarchal character to the family. The gentle old farmer, with his flocks and herds and his love for his lands, was a charming example of the repose and peace to be gained from country life; it all contrasted strangely with the mode of existence Dale had known best. Sometimes he shut his eyes and tried to fancy the familiar racket outside his city windows. The English sparrows in their one smoke-blackened tree had alone reminded him that there was such life as this in the world. He assured himself again and again that he must send for Bradish, his studio partner and best crony, to come and share these treasures; but day after day went by, and still Dick delayed to write. He thought with scorn of those acquaintances who believed themselves bound to walk and drive and dine and sleep only at fashionable hours. They might read the same books, if they chose, and praise the same things as completely as the usual diversifications of human nature would allow. There was nothing so satisfactory as to step ashore out of the great current, — "Things are of the snake," quoted our hero, and was thankful for once that he was busy just at the time when so large a part of the world is idle. Since his student days in France he had done the lightest possible work at his profession, but now he was fired by an ambition to carry back to town some sufficient evidence of his skill and perception. Bradish and other comrades of his own were hard-working fellows, who found the American public absurdly economical in respect to art.

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They despised entirely that bad taste which allows a householder to pay five hundred dollars for a carpet, without annoyance, and to shrink from the extravagance of giving the tenth of that amount for a good sketch. Bradish, for whom our hero had a sincere friendship, was a generous young man, whose purse was usually empty; and it must be confessed that Dale quietly paid a large proportion of the studio bills, more for his comrade's sake than his own. But he must give the little group of painters some reason for their fond belief that he could do better things than any of them, if he tried; and it might be as well to reëstablish his claim to belong to a circle of workers instead of drifting on as a well-known figure in general society.

Besides, there was a pleasing sense of having hidden away from the curious world, and it was wise to enjoy this while it lasted. Dale was much amused at watching the effect upon himself of being transplanted by a whimsical fate into that rural neighborhood. He was well endowed with practical gifts, though one must acknowledge that these were combined in an apparently unpractical character, and a few alterations and rearrangements in the rooms of the farmhouse made it much more interesting than it had ever been before. He liked it too well as it was to suggest many actual changes, but he rescued more than one piece of old Delft or mahogany from ignoble uses, and deeply enjoyed and profited by Mrs. Owen's generous exhibition of her household furnishings. She professed a vast indifference to his most cherished discoveries; it was the farmer whose sentiment and discernment were delicate enough to follow Dick far in his æsthetic enthusiasms. Doris, who watched and wondered, and moved about the old house with gentle quickness, enjoyed this new dispensation more than anybody else. She was made like her father. Some of their ancestors had been of gentle blood and high consideration in the old days of the colonies; her home-loving, womanly pride bloomed now in new freedom and delight. What Mrs. Owen had in former years contemptuously spoken of as Doris's notions were referred to and paraded with motherly satisfaction. Sometimes the girl's heart was filled with confusion, because her mother, in some cordial, garrulous moment, unveiled one of the lesser shrines of her own nature. There was a sacred reserve in Doris: her inmost heart could not put itself into speech; she was only frightened and grieved when another dared to be noisy in her sweet silences. As for her own talk, it was apt to be so childishly simple, that those who wished to know her feelings must watch her eyes. With all her shyness, she had a way of forcing one to meet her eyes fully, and the tale they told was remembered afterward, while the words of her lips were forgotten.

There was a studio now on the Marsh Island, — a place wholly picturesque and delightful to its occupant. Dick had early discovered an upper room, with an outer stairway, over the narrow chaise-house, and was told that the women of the family had once gone there in summer weather to do their spinning. In such coolness and airiness, at the edge of the orchard, there must have been almost a festival, as the wool-wheels and flax-wheels whirred and merry voices chattered together. There had formerly been a loom, also, but it had been taken to pieces; and when Dale first explored the spinning-room it was quite empty except for some damaged ears of seed-corn which the rats had rolled about the floor. The artist inspected these quarters eagerly. He looked out of a square north window at the apple-trees and a glimpse of blue water. Opposite he saw the back of the old farmhouse, with its quaint joiner-work half hidden by a woodbine flecked with red; beyond that, past the great willows, was the barren

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range of hills, already purple in the afternoon light. It was impossible not to return to the family at once with the suggestion of such possible ease and comfort in artistic pursuit. By that time next day, with the aid of some sober-tinted rugs which Temperance deemed the worst of her manufacture, and some ancient chairs that had hardly been thought fit even for a place in the kitchen; with a claw-footed table and a tall cider mug to hold a handful of flowers, the spinning-room delighted even Mrs. Owen. She laughed good-naturedly at the promotion of her disdained possessions, but the fanciful wayfarer stood proudly in the doorway to take a last look, while the good people went away. It was supper-time, and he was not disposed to be late, but he assured himself that such a studio would really make Bradish howl.

There was plenty of material for sketches to be had without straying far, and for some time Dick thought little of anything but his pictures. It was a busy month at the farm, with the successive harvestings, but he learned to greatly enjoy and to depend not a little upon the interest and comments of his housemates. As he leaned back in his chair, late one afternoon, to take a somewhat disheartening view of his work, he scarcely noticed at first that some one stood in the doorway. The sun was low, and filled the little room with golden light. The unfinished picture should have looked its best with such a halo, but Dale pushed back the easel with dangerous roughness, and gathered his brushes with an impatient hand. "Oh, Doris, is that you?" he said, more coldly than usual, and Doris smiled in unnecessary assent.

She did not often appear so interested and so comfortably forgetful of herself as that day. She stepped inside the room, and her face glowed with pleasure at the artist's unfinished work. "I like that better than anything you have painted, Mr. Dale," she said simply, and then, as if nobody need say anything else, she waited quietly, looking at the canvas with evident delight. It seemed as if she had a sudden revelation of the pleasantness of the little room and its contents, or rather as if she had been pleased already by something that had happened before she came to the spinning-room.

"I am very glad," Dale answered, beginning to take heart again. "I tore up one of the best water-colors I ever made, because I was too tired to like it when it was done."

"Oh, what a pity!" Doris whispered softly.

They had grown to be very good friends, though the girl was often elusive, and placed some indefinable barrier about herself. He was not the only person who felt its presence. Dale thought sometimes that Nature had made a mistake in putting this soul into so tall and commanding a body; perhaps Doris would have been more at ease in the world if she had been smaller; the sort of woman whom everybody takes care of and pets, if they have a right. But Nature could work out her own wise plans, and this fine, strong character would be ready to answer great demands as well as little ones. Martha Owen announced in these days that it had done Doris good to have Mr. Dale stay at the farm, — it had waked her up a little; but she would always be just like her father!

Doris was looking her very best, this September afternoon, in a simple white dress which had once been worn only on the finest and hottest summer Sundays. She had taken it for every-day use this year. To-day she had picked up a small broken twig of cider apples which had fallen from one of the old trees, and put it in her belt. The green leaves and the paler tints of the clustered dwarfed fruit, heightened here and there with a dash of red, were most

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charming, and Dale looked at Doris with great pleasure while she looked at the picture.

Presently she roused herself from her short reverie with a little sigh: "Oh, I came to ask you if you could find it convenient to go to Sussex with me to-morrow morning. Mother wants to send, and we remembered that you spoke about going, a while ago," and Doris looked in his face with childish eagerness. "Mother and Temp'rance and I have been as busy as bees all this week. I don't like to be drudging in-doors, this splendid weather," she added, with a rare little laugh. Dale was always delighted when she laughed; she was more apt to smile slowly and gravely, like her father.

Doris's plea of drudgery was almost unfounded; she was apparently less fettered by duty than the rest of the family, and this would not be the first drive they had taken. Mrs. Owen was only too willing for the young people to be together, and the farmer never objected. Yet Dick had become less familiar with them all rather than more, since he had involved himself in his work, and his first delight at his surroundings had ripened into more practical acquaintance. Latterly they had followed their own pursuits, and taken little heed of each other's. As for Dan Lester, he seemed to have disappeared altogether. The evening of Dick's accident was the last time he had come to the house. Dick himself suspected that there had been some quarrel; but to-night, at any rate, Doris was sufficiently light-hearted. Within a few days she had individualized herself in a strange way; he thought of her a great deal more than usual, and felt a new interest in her works and ways. So marked a growth of sympathy there was that he told himself she had been only a part of the general attractiveness of the Marsh Island at first. He had always liked to watch her, and had enjoyed her charming outlines and her coloring in the same way that he made the most of the looks and behavior of one of the old willows. Doris was a woman, and the willow was a tree, but that had not made any difference in his feeling except one of degree. He began to wonder what her future would be, and gave a quick shrug at its probable inadequacy to her capabilities. He was curious to see Lester again, though quite thankful to him for taking himself off. Dick had been conscious of an instinctive liking for his rival when he had first entered the clock-room, divining the truth that the poor fellow was showing his worst side, either from some awkwardness or fancied injury and opposition.

The farmer had spoken a few grateful words in recognition of Lester's generous service when he was short of help. Dan was the best ship's blacksmith in that region, the stranger was told; and Doris had looked up, when her father said this, more pleased than Dan himself, who scowled and shook his head disclaimingly. Doris was evidently most penitent because she had offended this friend, and made shy endeavors to restore herself to favor; but she kept her seat by the window when he said good-night, and it was the kindly old farmer who held the flickering lamp high in the dark side doorway, while Dan lingered a minute wistfully, looking back once or twice, and then tramped away angrily down the yard. Doris thought she should see him in the morning, when he came to join the others; but though she was early at the landing, having insisted on her father's driving down, Dan had again crossed the meadows by the foot-path, and was gloomy and troubled all day as he cut and raked the grass. But Doris had done nothing wrong, she proudly told herself; Dan had no right yet to be master; while Dan considered himself more and more aggrieved, and so went presently to Sussex, and hammered away his wrath on the innocent bolts

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and bars of a fishing smack, but would not be merry or like himself, while many days went by.

Nobody could have prophesied such a complication of hindrances, but in all this length of time Doris could find no reasonable excuse for going to Sussex. She often drove in other directions with her father or with Mr. Dale, who had more than once asked to be transported whither his sketching instinct led him, but Sussex seemed to be forbidden ground. Once she would have gone simply because she wished; now there must be an indisputable necessity, evident to all beholders, and such, at last, was Mrs. Owen's desire to inquire for the well-being of a cousin of whose illness they had chanced to hear. Dan was so old and dear a friend, she would certainly manage to see him, and to learn why he was behaving in this fashion. The color flamed in Doris's cheeks at the consciousness that he cared for her now in a new way; but it was strange enough that love, if this were love, should make him so impatient with her. All their lives long they had differed more or less, and it never had separated them in the least. She had put him in her elder brother's vacant place, in her childhood. He had said once that he always meant to take as good care of her as Israel would have done.

But when Doris reminded herself of this, and wished that his feeling might never have changed, a sense of untruthfulness made the wish a not very compelling one. Mr. Dale had often spoken of going to Sussex, and Doris mentioned this to her mother, to that good woman's intense satisfaction, and then serenely went her way to the studio.

"Sussex?" asked Dick, in a fretful tone. "Yes, that would be just the thing. I should like to see something new; I am tired of this awkward sham; and while you do your errand I will try a sketch in one of those little shipyards. I must n't scold at this, though, since you are kind enough to be pleased with it. Doris!" He came a step nearer, and stood before her, looking at the white dress and at the apple-twig; then he gave a quick glance at her face. "Doris, you really must not forget that I am going to make a sketch of you. Your father would like to have one to keep with your brother's, perhaps," he added. "I mean if I can make it good enough."

"Yes," answered Doris, ready to promise anything that day. "There would be nothing to prevent, almost any afternoon."

Dick took his brushes in his other hand. He was unusually smeared with his paints, and felt hot and cross again. Doris might have spoken so, if she had been a sort of picturesque gatepost or a sunflower; she must surely have understood something of what he meant to say; but at that moment she smiled, and was better to look at than ever. "I think you are tired," she said, in an altogether sisterly but quite charming manner. "You must take a whole day's vacation to-morrow, if we go to the shipyards." But the thought of her secret made the least bit of a guilty blush flicker for one moment in her cheeks. Dan would be so angry, she thought, to see her coming with Mr. Dale, but she felt more than confident of her power of pacification.

X.

Next morning Mrs. Owen was in an unusually brisk and bustling frame of mind and body. She gave her daughter many important charges and messages, and treated the little expedition as if it were a most serious enterprise and a special embassy from herself. Dale half repented at the last, when he went to the studio to see his work and leave it in safety, lest a wandering breeze should overturn the easel, and break the corners of his treasured sketches. He liked

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the work of yesterday now, and felt disposed to stay at home and go on with it, after all; but Doris was already waiting.

Mrs. Owen watched them drive away together with feelings of great pride. They meant to be home by dinner-time, for it was early yet, but who knew what might happen in the mean time!

As Doris had grown more and more anxious about her lover's non-appearance she had become less self-conscious and more friendly with Mr. Dale, and this was readily mistaken by her mother for increasing interest. Lately the good woman had allowed herself to believe that propinquity, the cause of so many matches, was coming to the aid of this, and visions of Doris's city life and her own share in such real prosperity often delighted her. Sometimes she told herself that she was too old now and too far behind the times to take her part in the affairs of polite society, but the fact that her daughter would not be cut off from them and need not rust out on a farm almost made up for her own disappointment. A woman of more quick sympathies and perceptions would never have duped herself so completely. Outwardly, the frank good-fellowship of the two young people had been deceptive, and the sight of Doris driving her fleet young horse along the country roads, with Dale sitting by her side, had become familiar and most suggestive to more lookers-on than Mrs. Owen. The other farm horses were almost always used at that season, and Doris's had been unruly in its youth, and finally broken and always driven by herself. She was in the habit of going to the village to do errands, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that she should often take the artist as passenger.

Dale carried a sketching-block and a brush or two in his hand, while his coat-pocket sagged heavily with the weight of his largest paint-box. There were some colors in it that he might need; beside, if he chose, he could stay all day at Sussex, and be driven home at night. It was more than an hour's journey, even at the quick rate the horse went, but there was nothing unpleasant in that thought. Doris was more than ever attractive, and her companion stole many glances at her. She was intent upon controlling the frolicsome horse; she looked eagerly at the windows of a neighbor's house; she thought of anything and everything, apparently, but the opportunity of taking a drive with Dick, whose efforts at conversation and successful jokes were only a part of the general excitement and delight of the morning. Doris was utterly unconscious of her own beauty, if an observer's opinion were to be trusted; her family also seemed to consider it of so little consequence that Dale sometimes wondered if he were deceiving himself, even while he had the delightful evidence before his eyes. It appeared to him that she made little use of her gift. Some women would lay waste and destroy, and others would be an inspiration to poets and painters; but Doris went her simple ways, dutiful, unselfish, and quiet, fulfilling her destiny with no regret at being defrauded of social gains or victories. She would have liked to escape a stormy wooing; if she should ever love any one she wished the lover would understand, and say little about it to her or to any one else. The changes and events of life had always come to her naturally, as leaves push out of the bare trees in spring and flowers come into bloom. She did not like to speak her gravest and sweetest thoughts, or of her troubles, either; she was self-contained, and did not desire to be won through such harsh fashions. Dan ought to know that she had never thought of unkindness toward him. But now, if he were foolish and put out with her, she would surely go to see him and make it right. She had no coquetry, but she could avail herself of its weapons. She would tease Dan

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a little with the sight of Mr. Dale, and then undeceive him if he were deceived. Dear Doris! she turned toward Dick at that moment to see if he also had a mind to enjoy the morning's pleasure.

Love is forever a mystery; it is rooted deep in still greater mysteries, and the attractions and repulsions even of friendship are as inflexible as law can make them. Love and death are unknowable this side of heaven, but mankind is ever busy watching the signs of both with curious, unsatisfied eyes, — these strange powers that take possession of us against our will, and make us strangers even to ourselves. Dick Dale sometimes wondered afterward if this morning were not the time when a new motive and affection first took guidance of him. At any rate, he never before had been filled with a desire to kiss Doris Owen, often as he had looked at her lovely face. He was surprised at himself a minute later, but the wish was not to be forbidden so easily. The first leaf of that growth curled itself back into the soil again, having found the weather a little frosty for much flourishing, but its root was already strong; having taken several weeks now to fortify and spread itself unseen.

It was some distance across the sea of grass which surrounded the Marsh Island, and the free wind blew to and fro, as if it came from no particular quarter of the clear blue sky. The autumn haze had disappeared, and the outlines of the low country were clear-cut, and the bright, blurred colors of the vegetation strangely distinct. The bare hills, which reminded Dale very often of Northern Scotland, looked more astray than ever in the landscape. At all times of the year they seemed inharmonious and unrelated to the sea-meadows or fruitful upland slopes, as if some mistake had been made in putting together a great dissected map. Doris slowly turned her head as she glanced along the gray, sad hills. The least wild creature could hardly find shelter in all the distance; there was no reserve and no secret; the hills were like the telling of some sad, unwelcome news, in their harsh insistence and presence. "I used to be afraid to go over them when I was a little girl," she said. "I remember, after Israel died, father would stay there all day, sometimes. He used to say that he must mend the fences, but one day mother made me go and find him, and he just had his head in his hands, and sat there doing nothing. Poor father!" and Doris was silent again.

The marshes had faded since the day Dick Dale saw them first that year; their surface was soft and brown now, and even a cold gray where the grasses had not grown since the salt hay was gathered, — except that the shores of all the creeks were bordered with vivid green, so that the sombre coat of that part of the wide country was laced with green ribbons, and on such a day as this, when the tide was high, was also decorated with broad and narrow bands of blue, with crimson orders and noble decorations, embroidered here and there with samphire. The world was charmingly gay with all these colors and delights, but it was like a merry-making in a tottering and defeated kingdom. A sadness hovered in the air; this was more like a commemoration of past glories than an inspiration and heralding of any that were to come. Dale was reminded, almost with pain, that he must leave his pleasant quarters before long; it would hardly be possible to stay at the farm in the winter; but he need not appoint the day for his departure now, thank fortune!

They stopped sometimes, while Doris spoke to an acquaintance, and often Dick could hardly help smiling at the quaint speech or the character of the conversation. He could not overcome the idea that Doris only played a part in such intercourse, that her natural in-

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stincts and experiences were of the sort he knew best, and that she looked at this rural life in his own fashion. He had discovered long before that the Owens were above the common level of society, and their character as a family bore much likeness to the uplifted Marsh Island itself. Doris really knew few people beside her own townsfolk. She had no idea of the vast number of persons with whom those who go much about the world may gain a half acquaintance. She often seemed, like her father, to have an insight into human nature which could have been secured only through some crafty and unnatural means. Yet their simplicity was the most marked thing about them, — their simplicity first, and then their generosity.

Dale had no idea of the real importance of the morning's enterprise. He concerned himself with his own pleasure, and enjoyed Doris's uncommon enthusiasm and excitement as if he were the inspirer of it; thinking once how she would grace a broader life than this, and that she deserved something better than Sussex and Dunster. He did not like her best clothes, simple as they were, so well as her plain house-frocks; he wished she would always wear the little white dress of yesterday; but she never seemed quite like the tasteless and often tawdry young people he had been forced to associate with his remembrance of country neighborhoods.

Sussex came into view at last, — a pleasant, irregular village, crowded close to the river, as if it had either made up its mind to embark, or had just come ashore. Doris's eyes brightened at the sight of her journey's end, and Dale's grew a trifle cloudy and disappointed. He would have liked to go driving on and on all that day, asking idle questions about the people and the houses along the road, and hearing a pleasant, clear voice answer him. There was something delightful in the very way her hands held the tightened reins, and one foot kept itself planted and braced. In fact, there was an admirable decision and purposefulness in the girl's manner which made her more interesting than ever.

It was after her usual manner of doing things that she faithfully performed her acknowledged errand first, and Dick was left for half an hour to his own devices, while she sat with the cousin inside an old gray house on the edge of the village. He would have been delighted to follow her, being curious to see if the interior were half as rewarding as he fancied, but he was not invited. He had decided only to look about the town that day, and to put in marks, as he expressed it; then he would come back again later. Dick had more work begun now than he was likely to finish; but as he sat before the old house which held Doris, and looked lovingly at its rain-colored, lichen-grown walls and the adorable traces of successive coats of green and yellow paint on its wide front door, he became again enthusiastic. Why would not every builder give his house one coat of red paint, and then leave all mural decoration to the weather? The very shutters on the inside of the windows were blotched and sunburnt into a semblance of mahogany, and the small, greenish panes of glass made delicious reflections in a sort of beckoning way at him. Yet the time went by slowly until Doris reappeared, and crossed the smooth, short grass toward the wagon. He had not observed the bouncing Bets that grew near the worn doorstep until her dress brushed them as she went by; but then he saw, instead of looking straight in her face, as he would have done once, that a fresh tuft of flowers had blossomed on one of the fading stalks, and he could not help wishing to gather it for her. It might have bloomed at the sight of her, he thought, and then smiled in spite of

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himself, as he wondered what she would think if he told her such a sentimental thing. Once he had never hesitated at mentioning his pretty fancies, but it makes a great difference from whence a fancy springs.

"Are you tired of waiting?" she asked. "I am not ready yet. I must take my baskets in;" and by the time Dick had alighted to help her she had nearly reached the house with her burden, and laughed bravely at him a few minutes afterward, when she returned. He began to wonder what made her so merry. She was not laughing with him, neither did she seem to be exactly laughing at him, but the secret of her cheerfulness remained her own.

He had not remembered how picturesque and delightful the quaint town was. The high houses of sea-captains, the pride and circumstance of meeting-houses, the business of ship-building, and the almost Venetian privilege of waterways won his heart completely. There was a long bridge, which seemed like a hawser that held the two parts of the town together, and stray seamen who lounged there in the morning sunshine spoke in voices that had caught some notes from the creak of rigging and sounds of wind and wave. Here and there a half-finished schooner pushed its bowsprit far ashore, and the incessant knocking of shipwrights' hammers was heard in a sort of rhythm, as they drove the treenails and fitted the stout planks, or more gently wedged in the wisps of oakum to keep the thievish water out. There was a strong flavor of tar and hard wood, a clean, dry odor, which contrasted with the dampness that rose from the black sides of the wharves and the sticky mud in the creeks. The tide was going out; the foundation of the village seemed to be insecure piles and slender sea-bitten timbers, between which one could look, as if they were great cages for long-since-escaped marine monsters. Olive-colored and brown seaweeds clung to this old wood, while here and there was hanging a brilliant strand of green moss like floss-silk, shining and heavy with water. In the distance, a high white sail was slowly passing down the thoroughfare that led to the sea. From the rigging of an old schooner under process of repair the sharp, childish voice of a naughty boy was calling triumphantly to a troubled little sister below. A bright red flannel shirt — Dale never thought of the man who wore it — was wending its way slowly up the hill beyond the bridge. He did not notice in the least that they were so near a blacksmith's shop, or that they could hear the decided clink and ring of a heavy hammer upon an anvil, while Doris had looked for nothing and listened for nothing else.

Dick wondered why Doris stopped the horse in just that place. There were two large and rusty anchors and other small ones, and lengths of battered chain seemed to have been scattered about unnecessarily. Could she mean to have the horse shod by a ship's blacksmith? And then occurred to him the unwelcome thought that this must be Lester's place of business, which suspicion was confirmed directly by Lester's appearance in the doorway. He was scowling at Dale unmistakably, though he tried to be unconcerned; he did not look at Doris, who had begun to get down from the wagon. She took her foot from the step, however, and waited silently as he came toward them, stepping over the chains. His cheek was blackened by a careless touch of his smutted hand, and he had evidently been hard at work; where his shirt collar had lost its button and was falling open, the fairness of his throat made one imagine he had stained and darkened his face for some disguise. He swung his great hammer lightly, stood beside his visitors like a slender, vindictive Vulcan, and said carelessly, "Good-day, Mr. Dale. Any news, Doris?" as if he

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were only anxious to lose as little time as possible.

"No," said Doris, "there is n't any news;" and yet he would not look at her. "Shall you be home this Sunday?" she asked softly, and was answered, with a quick glance from the blue eyes, that it was not likely. They were very busy with the schooner; some parties in West-market seemed to be in great distress for her. And at this pleasantry Doris took heart. "We were wondering what had become of you." But Dan Lester answered, in a tone that admitted no further conversation, that he was all right, and she must give his respects to the folks; at which Doris gathered up the reins quickly, turned the horse's head toward home, and departed.

There was a look in her face which Dale was not familiar with, and he did not see it then, though he felt it perfectly. He was sorry for the girl: he understood the morning's excursion well enough now, and would have liked to pound the surly blacksmith with his own hammer. Doris, for her part, felt as hard as a stone. She was rarely made so angry as this, and they drove homeward silently. A little later she told herself that Mr. Dale should not know that she had been defeated in the plan which she had made and cherished through so many happy hours. This was a quick and sorry ending, and she was as much grieved as angered. She thought nobody could tell that anything unusual had happened when she said, in a straightforward way, that Dan seemed to be busy that morning, and reached over to take a small basket from the floor of the wagon. "Will you eat a golden pippin?" she asked, with much composure, and chose one for herself, while Dick knew perfectly well that they had all been meant for Dan Lester.

They were outside the village now, and beyond the sound of either the clinking hammers or the knocking ones. A few minutes afterward they passed a schoolhouse, and Doris scattered the rest of the apples by the roadside as she went slowly by, and laughed to see the children tumble together in a heap over them, while a little stray dog jumped and barked fiercely, as if he claimed a share. The teacher nodded to Doris, and at that moment our heroine remembered that this person boarded at the same house as Dan Lester. "I suppose she will go straight home and tell him," thought Doris, more troubled than ever. There was a willfulness in the way things were going wrong. The teacher wondered why Doris blushed. It must have had something to do with Mr. Dale; but she need not feel so grand if she did get him to go to ride with her, just when everybody else was hard at work.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE HEAD OF NIOBE.

(IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY.)

Lips that withhold the anguish she had known,
Perpetual pathos in the voiceless stone, —
The eyes decreed in dead Olympian years
A mournful immortality of tears.

William H. Hayne.

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THE MOTHER OF TURGENEFF.

In a recent number of the Messenger of Europe, the leading Russian magazine, there appeared an article containing many very curious details about the family of Ivan Turgeneff. Madame Giveau, the writer, was adopted by Turgeneff's mother, and was to her and her sons both daughter and sister. Taken without explanation, the frankness of the article is amazing, but there exists in Russia a whole legend of the mother of Turgeneff, compared with which this story is mild and reasonable. What at first appears an extraordinary revelation of family affairs is really an attempt to do justice to a lady whose extravagant eccentricities, whose violent, masterful temper, made her seem worse than she really was.

It is not merely as a picture of home-life in Russia fifty years ago that the article is important. It throws a painful light upon Turgeneff's own work. The stories of the serfs, which made his fame and opened the way for Alexander's great deed, are the simple narratives of the every-day life in his mother's house, on his mother's estate. Whoever is familiar with the Sketches of a Sportsman can verify for himself. The Three Portraits and Offcanikoff relate to his mother's immediate ancestors; the old lady in Death, who expires trying to pay the priest as he reads the commendatory prayer, was his grandmother.

In selecting a few of the incidents, we have followed so far as possible the purely colloquial style of Madame Giveau, though its *naïveté* and vividness cannot be reproduced. In the necessity to omit and condense, faithfulness has been the aim rather than exact literalness. Great care has been taken neither to exaggerate nor to soften. Where the narrative is in the first person it is of course Madame Giveau who speaks, and two or three passages are taken entire. A few words, such as titles of servants, have been rendered by equivalents, in order to hit the sense as nearly as possible without long explanations. There are several words of distinct shades of meaning, which have to be rendered by the one word "serf." The French is taken as it stands. It was thought best to retain the forms of address. Barbara, the daughter of Peter, Ivan, the son of Sergius, have at once a formality and a familiarity which help us to realize a different life from ours.

Barbara Petroffna, the mother of Ivan Turgeneff, spent her childhood and youth in a darkness and misery that stifled all the good in her nature. Her mother, being left a widow while still young, married for her second husband a man who already had two grown-up daughters. She had never much cared for the daughter of her first marriage, and under the influence of this man she became to her truly a stepmother; lavishing on the other two all that was due from an own mother. The girl was not only neglected, but was cruelly beaten by her stepfather, who added to his cruelty outrageous insult when she was no more than sixteen. In terror she escaped from the house by the aid of her nurse, and half clad traveled forty miles on foot to an uncle, who gave her shelter and protection. But his house was solitary and forlorn, his ideas of life for a woman were of the strictest kind, and the place was little better than a prison to her until his death, when she was almost thirty. There were strange stories of his death, which was sudden and perhaps violent. It left her the sole mistress of herself and of a large fortune. For the first time

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in her life she could draw a free breath; apparently she said to herself, "Now I can do everything." She never spoke of what she had suffered, but more than once affirmed that "to be an orphan without father or mother is sad. But to be an orphan within sight of one's own mother is terrible. I had no mother. She was a stepmother to me. She had other children, other ties. I was alone in the world."

Barbara Petroffna very soon married Sergius Nicholäevitch Turgeneff. He was said to be "an angel of goodness," and she herself used to talk of his fine looks. Years after his death, one day in Carlsbad, at the spring, one of the princesses of a reigning German house, who stood near her, saw in a bracelet upon her arm the portrait of her husband. She caught her hand, saying, "You — are the wife of Turgeneff. I remember him. After Alexander I., I never saw any one handsomer than your husband."

After their marriage she lived the free and open-handed life of the Russian gentry in the early part of this century. Her wealth, the beauty of her husband, her own intelligence and cleverness, made their home the favorite resort of every one of distinction in the Government of Opel. Their orchestra, their singers, their theatrical corps, — all of serfs, — everything at the century-old Spassköe, combined to make it an honor to be a guest there. Barbara Petroffna herself was then not only gracious, but even fascinating in manner; and though without beauty, she had many admirers. But in the reaction from the long and painful suffering of her early life, there were developed that selfishness and love of power from which so many of those around her suffered. Still, she never used her rights as proprietor so harshly or so cruelly as others. She was even beloved by the victims of her tyranny. Something in the tenderness of her glance, of her words, seemed to compensate. No one ever dared to disagree with her except her son Ivan, — he was her favorite; and yet he could do it only by the gentlest representations, seeking by prayers rather than by protests to prevent what he regretted, or to carry out what he desired. Her treatment of the serfs was the hardest thing for him to bear, but in his presence she was gentler, and his rare visits were looked forward to as a deliverance. When he came every one breathed more freely. Then she not only gave up seeking some one to blame for something, but forgave actual offenses. She seemed to be amiable for the sake of seeing a satisfied expression on the face of her son.

"The day Ivan Sergëivitch left for Berlin we all went in the morning to church, where the prayers for travelers were said. Barbara Petroffna sat during the service on her folding-chair (she was too lame to kneel), and wept bitterly. We all accompanied him to the steamboat. On the return from the quay, when she entered the carriage she fell in a dead faint."

The fire at Spassköe was an era in the Turgeneff family. Everything ever after was dated from that. It was the 3d of May, 1839. The table had been already laid for supper in the sitting-room, when the butler entered with a basket, and began to pile into it all the silver, — knives, forks, and spoons.

"What are you doing, Anton?" asked Barbara Petroffna. "Are you drunk?"

"Not at all, my lady, but it's not best to eat here."

"Why not" — she began, when her question was interrupted by a strange light that flashed into the room. "What is that? — lightning?"

At this instant Nicholas Sergëivitch rushed into the room. "Mamma, take your money, jewels, everything of value! We are on fire!"

"Is the house on fire?" she persisted, still incredulous.

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"Yes, yes! Come quick! I must save Vasilïeffna," said he.

In the left wing of the house, where the fire had begun, lived Natalia Vasilïeffna (the woman who had aided his mother in that dreadful flight from her stepfather), now a helpless cripple. Every one, in the confusion, had forgotten the poor old soul, till Nicholas Sergëivitch flew to her rescue. When Barbara Petroffna, leading the little girl, came out of the flaming house, they beheld him just bringing her out, shrieking, "My angel! my saviour! Leave me! You are on fire yourself! Leave me, little father!" (the extreme form of entreaty from a Russian peasant).

She lived several years after to tell her favorite story, "how that angel of a gentleman with his own gentlemanly hands had saved her, a good-for-nothing old woman, out of the fire, from a horrible death, without a word from the priest!"

The loss was heavy. All the old family portraits were destroyed. Nothing remained of the cabinets filled with costly china and porcelain and of the old family silver but a few grotesque bits of blackened silver picked out of the ashes. They always stood afterward on Barbara Petroffna's writing-table. The parlor had been hung with tapestry; the furniture was of ebony covered with yellow leather, and with heavy carvings and mouldings. The decorations were symbolical, — whole rows of Cupids and lions. Each Cupid led a lion bound in chains of flowers. The right wing of the house was saved, with an adjoining gallery, and these with some additions became the home of the family. It was the property of Ivan Sergëivitch after his mother's death, and there for many years he spent a part of the summer. The external aspect of the house has been little changed. It stands in wide gardens planted with silver firs and noble oaks.

It was a part of the legend about her that she would have left her station, — that she wanted "to simplify herself," as her son expresses a certain fancy in Virgin Soil; but nothing was less like her. She was the true lady of the manor, born to rule, — arbitrary and despotic, capricious to cruelty, but with sudden impulses of magnanimity and kindness. As haughty as was her pride, so tender were her words to her favorites. In her youth she was plain, but growing older she was almost beautiful. She was always handsomely dressed; her caps were of rich lace, with soft, bright ribbons coquettishly arranged; her bonnets were odd, but always of choice fashion, although sometimes so original that it was only her air of distinction, *la grande dame*, that saved them from being queer.

After the death of her husband, there was still a great household of forty persons. Luxury and the affectation of recent fashions she carefully avoided. All the servants about her were obliged to learn to read and write. To one of the maids French was taught, as Barbara Petroffna read only French romances. Everything moved in exact order. Even the doves knew it, and flew down at twelve precisely for their daily portion of oats. She spoke Russian only with her servants. For the rest, all read, wrote, spoke, thought, and even prayed in French. "I did not learn the Russian prayers and catechism till I was preparing for examination at boarding-school. So far was French in use among us that even at the Holy Communion I read the prayers in that language."

Between 1841 and 1846, Ivan Sergëivitch spent the summers at Spassköe, and sometimes during the winters stayed with his mother in Moscow. The most frequent visitor at the house was Granoffski. "I was always welcome in his room on the second floor, and I always ran there when mamma was resting or was occupied with guests. Granoffski always petted me. Going in one day, I

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found both host and guest talking very earnestly about something. Ivan Sergëivitch was walking about the room, evidently very much excited. Granoffski greeted me with a nod, and placed me beside him on the sofa. I sat there a long while, almost holding my breath, and at first understood nothing. Then words familiar to me, *serfdom*, *freedom*, *peasants*, *unhappy people*, *where is the end*, were so often heard that they began to have some sense. Now as then, I can give no account of what I heard; but the idea was clear to me. The conversation so strongly expressed their hopes for something better that I began myself to be glad. Suddenly Ivan Sergëivitch bethought himself, and turned to me: 'Have you been dreaming? Surely you can understand nothing here. It is time you were asleep.'

"'I don't understand,' I answered. 'Is it that my dear Aggie' (the much-beloved housekeeper) 'will soon be free?'

"'Yes, some time,' he said thoughtfully, and then he kissed me, as if it were a reward."

"That Ivan Sergëivitch should enter the paths of literature did not at all please Barbara Petroffna. On this subject there were many discussions between mother and son. We were once sitting on the piazza at Spassköe, the well-known Dianka lying at the feet of Ivan Sergëivitch. He had been telling his mother of Michael Philippovitch's urging him to eat less, and spoke of the Miserly Knight of Pushkin. Suddenly he rose, and walked with quick steps up and down the piazza. 'Ah, had I the talent of Pushkin,' he exclaimed eagerly, 'what a poem I would make out of Michael Philippovitch! Ah, that is talent! But what am I? I may never in my life write anything good!'

"'I cannot understand,' began Barbara Petroffna, almost with contempt, 'how you can want to be a writer! Is that a thing for a gentleman to do? You say yourself that you will never be a Pushkin, — besides, he was a poet; but I beg of you, a writer! What is a writer? To my thinking, *écrivain ou gratte-papier est tout un.* A gentleman ought to be in service, and gain for himself a career and a name, and not be a paper streaker. And who reads a Russian book? If you would go into government service, you would win rank, and then you could marry. You know you alone can perpetuate the line of the Turgeneffs.'"

Ivan Sergëivitch used to answer his mother's complaints with jests, but at the mention of marriage he laughed heartily, and said, "As to that, mamma, pardon me; do not expect that. I shall not marry. Your churches with their two crosses will be dancing a polka before I marry."

To the girl who sat near by, hardly restraining her laughter, Barbara Petroffna said seriously, "Comment osez-vous rire quand il dit des bêtises!" and turning to her son, "How can you talk so foolishly before the child?"

"Yet I cannot understand," continued he, "why you speak of writers with such contempt. There was a time when all you ladies ran after Pushkin. You yourself loved and honored Jukoffski!"

"That was altogether another matter. Jukoffski! Why should I not honor Jukoffski? You know how near he was to the court."

Later Barbara Petroffna read Gogol's Dead Souls, and her comment shows still further her views about Russian books.

"This is awfully droll," she said in Russian, and then finished in French: "mais à vrai dire je n'ai jamais lu rien de plus mauvais genre et de plus inconvenant."

The year Liszt came to Moscow, Barbara Petroffna, who rarely went out, attended one of his two concerts, accompanied by her son. She had for some years been unable to walk upstairs, and

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on arriving it was found that the chair in which her servants usually carried her had been forgotten. Her eyes flashed with anger at the careless servants. "I will take you in my arms," said her son, and without waiting for consent he carried her up to the very threshold of the room, where her friends crowded round her with congratulations upon the strength and devotion of her son. Her own gratification might be inferred from the fact that the servants escaped the dreaded reprimand.

That winter Ivan Sergëivitch suffered much from his eyes, and, lying in the darkened room, he encouraged the girl to tell him all that was going on round her. "We talked secretly of my dear Aggie and her children, and how every one was afraid of mamma. He was never gay, but as I told him of my troubles and the troubles of my friends he often sighed, and I see now how, innocently enough, my stories grieved his heart, as he realized the utter fruitlessness of any attempts to help or to soften matters. I should not have dared to talk to any one else. Of some of my governesses I was afraid, others I did not trust, and there were none but serfs around me; so in the cruel self-occupation of a child, I must have tortured him."

Two or three of the servants are very fully described. Before she was twenty Agatha Simeonoffna became "my lady's own maid," and later housekeeper. On all estates there was a kind of aristocracy among the servants, and some positions about the person of the master or mistress were held as special dignities, transmitted from parent to child. The secretary and chief steward was Andrew Ivanovitch Polyakoff, who, like the doctor of the household (also a serf), was almost an educated man. They had so far shared the lessons of their young masters that the one spoke French and the other German, besides having perfect command of the Russian. Andrew wrote verses. All the important business of the Turgeneffs was transacted by Andrew, while all the household possessions, wardrobe, linen, etc., was under the care of Agatha. Both were entirely devoted to their mistress, who in 1842 took the fancy to marry them. Such a thought had never entered the head of either of them, but she neither asked nor cared whether they pleased each other. In this as in all things she commanded, and it was done. The outfit for the bride was handsomely provided by the mistress, and there was a gay wedding feast, in which all the people of the estate shared. Andrew and Agatha were quiet, staid people, and out of their mutual respect grew a life of reasonable happiness, except for the trial about their children. At the birth of the first little daughter, the mistress cared tenderly for the mother, yet when she appeared again in her bedchamber, "How glad I am to have you again!" she said. "Nothing gets on without you. You shall find a nurse for the baby in the village, and when that is out of the way we shall be quite comfortable again." The poor mother was aghast, but Barbara Petroffna's commands were without appeal. The nurse was found and the order to take the child was given — but never carried out! Fortunately, and much to the honor of the large household, there was not a tell-tale in it. Often as the head of it was secretly disobeyed, no word of it came to her ears. So now, though Agatha must be night and day with her mistress, she contrived to nurse her own child. It was kept in a vacant room in a little outhouse, which Miss Blackwood, the English governess, helped to fit up, and there all aided and abetted the poor mother in her secret visits. Three children were thus nursed by Agatha.

The hardest stroke came after the birth of the third daughter, on the return of Barbara Petroffna to Moscow. Agatha was to follow a day or two later.

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The mother's heart, torn with the sorrow of parting, finally conquered, and Agatha determined to take the children with her, and brave the wrath of her mistress by openly declaring their presence.

"The first morning she served mamma as usual, but when ordered to bring the tea she hesitated.

"'Go,' repeated Barbara Petroffna.

"'My lady' — began Agatha, and her voice trembled.

"'What is the matter with you?'

"'Barbara Petroffna,' went on Agatha, with lowered, almost inaudible voice, 'I have brought with me all my children — please — I could not' —

"'What children? What is this you are telling me?'

"'My lady,' exclaimed Agatha, falling on her knees, 'for God's mercy, let me keep them here! I will serve you as I have served you. I will be with you night and day — only let them stay — that I may only know how they' —

"'Begone!' sounded the voice of Barbara Petroffna.

"'Please, my lady, I shall not go, do with me what you will! Barbara Petroffna, you yourself had little children! What could mine do without a mother? For God's mercy, I only ask your ladyship not to take from me my children!' and the poor woman crept on her knees towards her mistress's chair.

"'Begone!' was the answer.

"I stood by, tears rolling from my eyes, and I could only stammer, 'Mamma! Mamma!'

"'Comment osez-vous pleurer? Allez-vous-en!' The wrath of Barbara Petroffna turned upon me. I fled to the corridor, weeping aloud as I heard, —

"'I can do anything I like with you, — send you back to the serf village, and your children to the foundling hospital.'

"'To Siberia, to the village, but with my children — the children must — I' — brokenly whispered Agatha, still on her knees.

"Barbara Petroffna rang sharply and called. Two maids appeared.

"'Take her away, carry her away, drag her out!'

"But by this time Agatha knew nothing. She was almost crazy. As the maids touched her, she rose suddenly to her feet, and in her sobs uttered only the words, 'You are a wolf — and these are your children.'

"'Silence!' cried Barbara Petroffna. 'I will order you to be whipped. You shall rot in my jail!'

"'Where you please, but I will sooner smother them with my own hands than give them up! What will happen to them without a mother?'

"'The whip, — the whip! Go!' cried Barbara Petroffna, with foam on her lips.

"'Agatha, come,' whispered one of the maids.

"The unhappy woman made a step towards the door, but again suddenly turned to her mistress. Over her good face and in her beautiful eyes flashed something evil, and her voice again had the hard ring: —

"'We have been to you, my lady, with your husband, faithful, devoted servants, but after the whip we are no more your servants.' (She meant a distinction between serf, slave, and a servant of free-will.)

"A frightful scene followed. Barbara Petroffna sprang up, seized Agatha by the throat with one hand, and with the other would have struck her mouth, had she not herself fallen in strong hysterics. Nevertheless, the order was duly written and signed that night for the banishment of the children.

"As before, the connivance of the household kept the children. The town house had a wing for the servants' quarters, and there Andrew, as steward, had a separate room. In it lived winter and summer the poor little children, in prison, without air, and the father and mother could be with them but a few times

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each day. Only rarely was it possible to take them out, like squirrels from a cage, for a little run, and Agatha often sighed, 'Merciful God! they will die!' Barbara Petroffna never knew of the poor children again, but Ivan Sergëivitch provided for them. Andrew to the end of his days blessed his good master, while he always received from both brothers the utmost confidence and esteem."

Simon Karilovitch was a dark, handsome man of thirty, in all his bearing and manner a servant of the most aristocratic type. His position as butler often required him to talk with his mistress of household matters. He had been a favorite, and as she saw, or fancied she saw, in him a growing self-confidence, a consciousness of his value, she began to worry him. It was a marked trait in her character that any signs of independence or self-assertion excited her anger at once. Simon paid no heed to the little insults that were heaped upon him, and his very coolness only exasperated her. "By her plate at table always stood a splendid *carafe*, which it was Simon's business to fill with water. It pleased her constantly to find fault with it. It was not fresh, was cold, or warm, or dirty. So it went on for several days consecutively. Each time Simon took the carafe from the table, and after a few moments returned, apparently with fresh water. At last, one day, after Barbara Petroffna had put the glass to her lips, she turned round to Simon, and asked, 'What is this?'

"Silence.

"'I ask, what is this?'

"Again silence.

"'I want to know, is this water good?' and instantly the glass was thrown almost into the face of the butler.

"Simon turned pale, took from the table the carafe, and went out. After a few moments he returned, and poured water for his mistress into a fresh glass.

"'Ah, that is water,' said Barbara Petroffna, and drank more than half a glass.

"Then Simon, pale, with lips trembling, came a few steps forward, stood near the sacred picture, crossed himself with a broad cross, and said, bowing to the picture, 'God be witness, I gave the same water. I did not change it.' Having said this, he turned towards his mistress, and looked straight in her face.

"Small as I was, my heart died within me, for I knew it was impossible for mamma to answer."

Several seconds of strange silence followed. Barbara Petroffna, suddenly rising from her chair, said, "Begone!" and left the apartment without finishing her dinner. She shut herself up in her room. Three days after the daughter found Simon, all his fine livery gone, in a goatskin, with a broom in his hand, sweeping out the court. From the butler in the personal service of his mistress he had been degraded to the lowest place.

After the fire at Spassköe, the library was placed in a gallery adjoining the house, and near by was the store-room. Both were under the charge of Michael Philippovitch, once the valet of the elder Turgeneff. After his master's death he had been given a pension and relieved. As an almost nominal duty, the keys both of the library and the store-room were in his keeping. From this man Turgeneff got his first knowledge of Russian literature. (See Pounin and Babourin.[1])

"Sometimes when, of course unknown to mamma, I asked the old man for French books, he would despairingly wring his hands (his habitual gesture), and say, 'Ah, little mistress! You read all these French books, and what is there in them? You should read Kheraskoff. His books are good.'"

[1] This is the most remarkable of Turgeneff's serf stories, and perhaps the most closely drawn from his own life. It is, however, the least known of his works.

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Michael Philippovitch was very deaf. He lived in solitude, shut up in himself; was always reading books of devotion, and in his deep reserve the store-room became at last his *idée fixe*, a subject of actual torment to him. It was to him the shrine of his master's wealth, to the younger servants a jest, and to the child the promised land flowing with milk and honey.

Every article that was bought and sent from Moscow was placed in the hands of Michael Philippovitch. His miserliness was extraordinary. Whatever was given into his charge he received with a sigh, and dramatically shook his head. "Why bring it here? Only to take it away again! They eat up everything!"

Every morning the cook came to him to receive what was needed for the table. He weighed everything, counted everything, and if there were many guests, and much extra was needed, he would sigh so deeply and wring his hands in such terror that on these days even the children went to look at his despair, as at some strange, wild creature, little guessing that it was positive pain to him.

The death of the poor old man was tragic. He hanged himself in the attic of the house. His miserliness had grown to a hallucination. After the death of Barbara Petroffna, when Ivan became master of Spassköe, there was a new order of things. Michael grumbled and growled more and more, and constantly insisted, "The young gentlemen will come to beggary, — will come to beggary." The old man was disturbed and excited, most of all, by the rewards given by Ivan Sergëivitch to the former servants of his mother. He gave them money and valuable pieces of land, arranged for annual pensions, and to Michael Philippovitch he gave a more than comfortable home of his own, but it only drove the old man into deeper despair.

The generosity of Ivan Sergëivitch was sometimes imposed upon by the unworthy, but there were others who fully deserved recompense for their long patience under the yoke of his mother. Such was the serf doctor, Porphyrio. When Ivan Sergëivitch was first sent to Berlin, Porphyrio accompanied him as valet, or more strictly as guardian. The most friendly relations existed between him and his young master.

To the sons and all the family Porphyrio was the physician, a *man* much beloved. He was the serf, the *thing*, only to Barbara Petroffna. She would never yield to her son's entreaties to give Porphyrio his freedom, but him alone, of all her dependents, she never insulted by word or deed, and sometimes she trusted him more than the regular physicians. In all the trying moments of her life, in all the real or fancied tempers and illnesses of his mistress, Porphyrio appeared with the invariable soothing drops, and the invariable words, "Please, your ladyship, compose yourself." He was tall and stout, with traces of small-pox, which, nevertheless, did not lessen the good-natured expression of his face; eyes noticeably small for his colossal size, but soft and intelligent. His whole figure expressed an unruffled calm. Barbara Petroffna never had any repose, except when he was near her.

The years in Berlin were not useless. Porphyrio learned to speak German with perfect freedom, attended medical lectures, and came back with the title of Doctor of Medicine. Returning to Russia, he continued his studies, his mistress never begrudging him money for books. In Moscow and Saint Petersburg the physicians always consulted with him before prescribing for Barbara Petroffna. At Spassköe he was sought as a surgeon in all directions within the borders of Mzensk. The gentlemen sent their carriages for him; but alas, as a serf he could go only when his mistress permit-

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ted. When Ivan Sergëivitch begged his mother to set him free, he always met a refusal, followed by an enumeration of all the favors and privileges enjoyed by Porphyrio, which were, in her opinion, quite sufficient to place him above the other house-servants: he had his own room in the house itself; he had his food from his mistress's own table; he had four times as much money as the others; and in Moscow he could go out of the house when he pleased without asking permission.

"All that is fine," replied her son. "Only take off from him this yoke. Make the condition that he shall not leave you while you are living. Only give him the consciousness that he is a man, not a slave, not a *thing* which you can knock about at your pleasure, at your caprice."

But his mother was unmoved. Porphyrio received his freedom from the sons only after the death of their mother. He became government surgeon for the district, but fell ill, and, though tended with every possible care by Ivan Sergëivitch, died, comparatively young, at Spassköe.

Of Mumu, perhaps the best known of Turgeneff's stories, there are strange details. "Whatever episodes I may take from the life spent with Barbara Petroffna, each of them has a sad, sometimes a tragic ending. Yet such was our life. Of gladness there was little. The story of Ivan Sergëivitch about Mumu and his owner is not imaginary. All that sad drama passed under my own eyes. Almost every summer we made long journeys to different estates in the Orel Toula and Koursk provinces. We were a large party: the carriage of Barbara Petroffna herself, a *calèche* with my governess and the lady's-maid, a chaise with the doctor, a chaise with the laundress and my nurse, and lastly a chaise with the cook and kitchen-maid." Thus the various parts of the family property were visited and inspected in the course of a month; Barbara Petroffna examining everything herself, looking over the accounts of overseers, and ordering the sale of grain or stock. At a village twenty-five versts from Spassköe, they saw a peasant of such gigantic figure that the carriage was stopped, and he was called up. It was soon discovered that he was deaf and dumb from birth. His height, his fine looks, pleased the mistress, and even the infirmity seemed to add distinction to him. She at once took him home with her to be one of the house-servants.

"Whether the change from the farm to lighter work in a gentleman's house pleased the man, or not, I do not know. It frequently happened that the owner took a serf from the farm to the house, or made him a shoemaker, a carpenter, a weaver, or a cook. It was sometimes thought a special favor, and no one ever asked whether he or his family liked this change in destiny; so, with all my love and pity for the serfs, I never thought of pitying the mute until I read Mumu. Ah, one must have had the love and sympathy of our never-to-be-forgotten Ivan Sergëivitch to penetrate the feeling and the inward world of our common people. He alone knew that the mute wept for homesickness, when we all took no notice."

The harrowing story about the dog is true. One difference only there was: the mute, though so bitterly grieved, remained faithful to Barbara Petroffna to her death, and afterwards would acknowledge no one else as mistress.

In 1846 Madame Viardot was in Moscow, and gave a concert. Barbara Petroffna knew the intimacy of her son with the Viardot family, and did not like it, but she went to hear the artist. The concert was a matinée. On reaching home she was sorely vexed that Ivan Sergëivitch did not return to dinner. She spoke not a word until the end of the meal; then, angrily striking the table

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with her knife, she exclaimed, as if speaking to herself, "It must be owned that that cursed little gypsy sings well!"[1]

In writing of the marriage of the younger brother in 1845, Madame Giveau compares the two at some length. Just as Ivan Sergëivitch, in all his aristocratic looks and manner, was the pure Russian, so Nicholas was of the thoroughly English type of gentleman. The brothers were markedly different, but they were always fond of each other. Ivan was continually looking for some one to do good to; Nicholas did it by accident, or if he were asked. The speech of Ivan was not always fluent. He sometimes hesitated and sought a little for his phrases; but they were always graceful; something heart-felt sounded in each word. His voice was habitually soft and sympathetic, and if he were excited a little shrill, but not sharp. No one who heard his voice once ever forgot it. The speech of Nicholas was usually earnest and full of color. "I never heard any one who could talk in all languages as he did." No one could tell stories like him. He spoke each language as if he were born to it, but it was all without any of the affectation so often shown by Russians. He would vary his stories with episodes and anecdotes, but they never led him from his point, and he never bewildered his hearers in the labyrinth of his brilliant talk. So picturesque and vivid was it that the more he talked the more eager and enthusiastic were his listeners, and as soon as he ceased every one begged, "Please, something more!"

Barbara Petroffna once said, "I made a mistake in the names of my sons. I ought to have called Nicholas Ivan. He is to me the real John Chrysostom" (golden-mouthed). But Nicholas, it must be said, was thus eloquent and attractive only in his own family or with his nearest friends. In society, especially with ladies, no one was more shy or ill at ease. The world only saw him silent or easily confused, with a sarcastic smile on his lips.

For two years Nicholas had been devotedly attached to a young cousin. To obtain his mother's consent was simply hopeless, so in the winter of 1841 they were married without it. He retired from the army, accepted a position in the civil service, and after his children were born eked out his income by giving lessons in foreign languages. No one dared to speak of the marriage to his mother, and she long persisted in treating it as a mere *liaison*, and frequently wrote to urge her son to break it off. In 1845 she went to Saint Petersburg, to try personal entreaties. She desired to see the three children, but would neither go to them, nor permit them to be brought to her, but requested to have them taken by the house, that she might see them from the windows. She made the most liberal offers to her son if, abandoning his wife, he would return to Spassköe with her. Of course they were refused, and the son continued his laborious life until his mother became reconciled to the marriage, the year before her death. She did care enough for the children, in her strange, fitful way, to ask that their portraits might be sent to her. On their arrival she had them brought to her bedroom, before rising. The servant opened the

[1] Even had she lived longer, she could hardly have understood the friendship which was the light and blessing of her son's life, the comfort of his dying moments. On the last morning but one, there stood round his bed Madame Viardot, her son, and her two daughters and their husbands. Sight and speech had almost failed, when he said, "Come nearer me, nearer me; the moment of parting is come." As he recognized Madame Viardot, he said, "That is the queen of queens. How much good she has done!" Then to the daughter kneeling by his pillow he whispered that she must bring up her son to be a good, true man. After that there were only broken words in Russian. He fancied himself a simple man of the people, for he used the phrases of the dying Russian peasant in parting from his family.

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box, took off the wrappers, and was about to take out the first portrait, when, in a voice that betrayed strong excitement, Barbara Petroffna said, "Give it to me." The box was placed on the table by the bed. "Now go, and shut the door!"

In the antechamber waited the faithful Agatha and the daughter, trembling before the storm they felt was ready to burst. After a little time they heard the sound of something thrown upon the floor, and the fall of bits of shattered glass. Again the sound, and again a louder; then all was silent. They knew that she had dashed the portraits upon the floor.

"Agatha!" called the angry voice of Barbara Petroffna. She went in. Her lady pointed to the floor. "Clear all that away, and see that no bit of glass is left." That same winter the three children died. Neither before nor after did the mother speak of her son, or his children, and Nicholas, on his part, made no attempt to turn the heart of his mother, knowing how vain it would be.

Long after, when Madame Giveau was visiting him in his lonely house in Saint Petersburg, he asked for her little daughter; and as she spoke of her fear of grieving him, he suddenly rose, and walking up and down the room repeated the lines of Victor Hugo, L'Enfant, but when he came to the last stanza, —

"La cage sans oiseaux, la ruche sans abeilles,
La maison sans enfants," —

he wept bitterly.

"On dirait que c'est la malediction de maman qui a emmené mes enfants au tombeau."

"Reviewing my life and the conduct of Barbara Petroffna, thinking of her love for me and what she was to me, I permit myself again to say a few words in her defense. Much of her conduct must excite indignation. I myself, while still under her overmastering authority, blamed her, and was on the eve of a struggle with her. But she was embittered by her life. Do not many grow cruel after oppression and poverty? Her childhood and youth were terrible. Her marriage did not give her what every woman seeks in it, — love. With her intelligence, she understood well that her handsome husband loved, not herself, but her fortune. She was for him simply a good match. To his wife Sergius Nicholäevitch was often faithless, and she knew it.

"Her children — I do not blame them — did not fulfill her ambition, did not justify her hopes. The elder married against her wishes. The younger became 'a writer,' which in her eyes was equivalent to being a petty clerk. What had she for her own inward, personal life? Only wealth and the absolute power over the serfs. The fame of her son she never recognized. Khor and Kalinitch only roused her scorn. She did not even read it."

The mother of Turgeneff died in Moscow on the 16th of November, 1850, with her son Nicholas and her adopted daughter watching beside her.

Clara Barnes Martin.

GHOSTS.

Out in the misty moonlight
The first snow-flakes I see,
As they frolic among the leafless
Limbs of the apple-tree.

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Faintly they seem to whisper,
As round the boughs they wing,
"We are the ghosts of the blossoms
That died in the early spring."

R. K. Munkittrick.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

VIII.

It was a violent beginning; but perhaps it was as well, on the whole, that the idea of Theo's future supremacy should have been got into the heads of the duller portion of the family. Warrender was so anxious that there should be no unnecessary haste in his mother's departure, and so ready to find out a pleasant place where they could all go, that everything that had been harsh was forgotten. Indeed, it is very possible in a family that a great many harsh things may be said and forgotten, with little harm done — boys and girls who have been brought up in the same nursery having generally insulted as well as caressed each other with impunity from their earliest years. This happy effect of the bonds of nature was no doubt made easier by the placid characters of the girls, who had no inclination to brood over an unkindness, or any habit of thinking what was meant by a hasty word. On the contrary, when they remembered it in the morning, after their sound night's sleep, they said to each other that Theo could not possibly have meant it; that he must have been out of temper, poor fellow. They even consented to listen and to look when, with unusual amiability, he called them out to see what trees he intended to cut down, and what he meant to do. Minnie and Chatty indeed bewailed every individual tree, and kissed the big, tottering old elm, which had menaced the nursery window since ever they could remember, and shut out the light. "Dear old *thing!*" they said, shedding a tear or two upon its rough bark. "It would be dear indeed if it brought down the wall and smashed the old play-room," their brother said, — an argument which even to these natural conservatives bore, now that the first step had been taken, a certain value. Sometimes it is not amiss to go too far when the persons you mean to convince are a little obtuse. They entered into the question almost with warmth at last. The flower garden would be so much improved, for one thing; there never had been sun enough for the flowers, and the big trees had taken, the gardener said, all the goodness out of the soil. Perhaps after all Theo might be right. Of course he knew so much more of the world!

"And mother, before you go, you should see — Lady Markland," Theo said.

There was a little hesitation in his voice before he pronounced the name, but of this no one took any notice, at the time.

"I have been wondering what I should do. There has been no intimacy, not more than acquaintanceship."

"After what has happened you surely cannot call yourselves mere acquaintances, you and she."

"Perhaps not that: but it is not as if she had thrown herself upon my sympathy, Theo. She was very self-contained. Nobody could doubt that she felt it dreadfully; but she did not

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fling herself upon me, as many other women would have done."

"I should not think that was at all her character," said Warrender.

"No, I don't suppose it is her character; and then there were already two of her, so to speak, — that child" —

"The only thing I dislike in her," he said hastily, "is that child. What good can a creature of that age do her? And it must be so bad for the boy."

"I don't know about the good it can do her. You don't any of you understand," Mrs. Warrender said, with a moistening of her eyes, "the good there is in a child. As young people grow up they become more important, no doubt, — oh, yes, far more important, — and take their own place. But a little thing that belongs to you, that has no thoughts but what are your thoughts, that never wants to be away from you" —

"Very unnatural," said the young man severely, "or else fictitious. The little thing, you may be sure, would much rather be playing with its own companions; or else it must be an unhealthy little sentimental" —

Mrs. Warrender shook her head, but said no more. She gave him a look half remonstrating, half smiling. I had a little boy once, it was on her lips to say: but she forbore. How was the young man beginning his own individual career, thinking of everything in the world rather than of such innocent consolation as can be given to a woman by a child, to understand that mystery? She whose daughters, everybody said, must be "such companions," and her son "such a support," looked back wistfully upon the days when they were little children; but then she was an unreasonable woman. She was roused from a little visionary journey back into her own experiences by the sound of Theo's voice going on: —

— "should call and ask," he was saying. "She might want you. She must want some one, and they say she has no relations. I think certainly you should call and ask. Shall I order the brougham for you this afternoon? I would drive you over myself, but perhaps, in the circumstances, it would be more decorous" —

"It must be the brougham; if you think I ought to go so soon" —

"Well, mother, you are the best judge; but I suppose that if women can be of any use to each other it must be at such a — at a time when other people are shut out."

Mrs. Warrender was much surprised by his fervor: but she remembered that her husband had been very punctilious about visiting, as men in the country often are, the duty of keeping up all social connections falling upon their wives, and not on themselves. The brougham was ordered, accordingly, and she set out alone, though Minnie would willingly have strained a point to accompany her. "Don't you think, mamma, that as I am much nearer her own age she might like me to go?" that young lady said. But here Theo came in again with his newly acquired authority. "Mother is the right person," he said.

She did not feel much like the right person, as she drove along. Lady Markland had not wanted consolation; the shock had turned her to stone. And then she had her child, and seemed to need no other minister. But if it pleased Theo, that was motive enough. She reflected, as she pursued her way, upon the kind of squire he would make, different from his father, — oh, very different; not the ordinary type of the English country gentleman. He would not hunt, he would shoot very little; but her husband had not been enthusiastic in either of these pursuits. He would not care, perhaps, for county business or for the quarter sessions; he would have too much contempt for the country bumpkins to be popular with the farmers or wield political influence. Very likely

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(she thought), he would not live much at the Warren, but keep rooms at Oxford, or perhaps go to London. She had no fear that he would ever "go wrong." That was as great an impossibility as that he should be prime minister or Archbishop of Canterbury. But yet it was a little odd that he should be so particular about keeping up the accidental connection with Lady Markland. This showed that he was not so indifferent to retaining his place in the county and keeping up a connection as she thought. As for any other ideas that Theo might associate with the young widow, — the widow whose husband lay still unburied, — nothing of the kind entered Mrs. Warrender's head.

The nakedness of the house seemed to be made more conspicuous by the blank of all the closed windows, the white blinds down, the white walls shining like a sort of colorless monument in the blaze of the westering sun. The sound of the wheels going up the open road which was called an avenue seemed a kind of insult to the stillness which brooded over the house of death. When the old butler came solemnly down the great steps, the small country lady, who was not on Lady Markland's level, felt her little pretense at intimacy quite unjustifiable. The butler came down the steps with a solemn air to receive a card and inquiries, and to give the stereotyped reply that her ladyship was as well as could be looked for, but lifted astonished eyes, not without a gleam of insolence in them, when Mrs. Warrender made the unexpected demand if Lady Markland would see her. See *you!* If it had been the duchess, perhaps! was the commentary legible in his face. He went in, however, with the card in his hand, while she waited, half indignant, half amused, with little doubt what the reply would be. But the reply was not at all what she expected. After a minute or two of delay, another figure, quite different from that of the butler, appeared on the steps: a tall man, with very thin, unsteady legs, a face on which the ravages of age were visibly repaired by many devices unknown to its simpler victims, with an eyeglass in his eye and a hesitation in his speech. He was not unknown to the society about, though he showed himself but rarely in it, and was not beloved when he appeared. He was Lord Markland's uncle, the late lord's only brother, — he who was supposed to have led the foolish young man astray. Mrs. Warrender looked at him with a certain horror, as he came walking gingerly down the steps. He made a very elaborate bow at the carriage door, — if he were really Satan in person, as many people thought, he was a weak-kneed Satan, — and gulped and stammered a good deal (in which imperfections we need not follow him) as he made his compliments. His niece, he said, had charged him with the kindest messages, but she was ill and lying down. Would Mrs. Warrender excuse her for to-day?

"She is most grateful for so much kindness; and there is a favor — ah, a favor which I have to ask. It is, if you would add to your many kind services" —

"I have rendered no kind services, Mr. Markland. The accident happened at our doors."

"Ah, no less kind for that. My niece is very grateful, and I — and I, too, — that goes without saying. If we might ask you to come the day after to-morrow, to remain with her while the last rites" —

"To remain with her! Are you sure that is Lady Markland's wish?"

"My dear lady, it is mine, and hers, — hers, too; again, that goes without saying. She has no relations. She wants countenance, — countenance and support; and who could give them so fitly as yourself? In the same circumstances, accept my sincerest regrets. Mr. Warrender was, I have always heard,

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an excellent person, and must be a great loss. But you have a son, I think."

"Yes, I have a son."

"Who has been here twice to inquire? Most friendly, most friendly, I am sure. I see, therefore, that you take an interest. Then may we calculate upon you, Wednesday, as early as will suit you?"

"I will come," said Mrs. Warrender, still hesitating, "if you are quite sure it is Lady Markland's wish."

While he repeated his assurances, another member of the family appeared at the door, little Geoff, in a little black dress, which showed his paleness, his meagre, small person, insignificance, and sickliness more than ever. He had been there, it would seem, looking on while his uncle spoke. At this moment he came down deliberately, one step at a time, till his head was on a level with the carriage window. "It is quite true," he said. "Mother 's in her own room. She 's tired, but she wants you, if you 'll come; anyhow, *I* want you, please, if you 'll come. They say I 'm to go, but not mamma: and you know she could n't be left by herself; uncle thinks so, and so do I."

The little thing stood shuffling from one foot to another, his hands in his pockets, his little gray eyes looking everywhere but at the compassionate face turned to him from the carriage window. There was a curious ridiculous repetition in the child's attitude of Theo's assertion of his rights. But Mrs. Warrender's heart was soft to the child. "I don't think she wants me," she said. "I will do anything at such a time, but" —

"I want you," said Geoff. He gave her a momentary glance, and she could see that the little colorless eyes had tears in them. "I shall have to go and leave her, and who will take care of her? She is to have a thing like yours upon her head." He was ready to sob, but kept himself in with a great effort, swallowing the little convulsion of nature. His mother's widow's cap was more to Geoff than his father's death; at least it was a visible sign of something tremendous which had happened, more telling than the mere absence of one who had been so often absent. "Come, Mrs. Warrender!" he said, with a hoarseness of passion in his little voice. "I can leave her if you are there."

"I will come for you, Geoff," she said, holding out her hand, and with tears in her eyes. He was not big enough to reach it from where he stood, and the tears in her voice affected the little hero. He dug his own hands deeper into his pockets, and shuffled off without any reply. It was the uncle, whose touch she instinctively shrunk from, who took and bowed over Mrs. Warrender's hand. The Honorable John bowed over it as if he were about to kiss it, and might have actually touched the black glove with his carmine lips (would they have left a mark?) had not she drawn it away.

What a curious office to be thus imposed upon her! To give countenance and support, or to take care of, as little Geoff said, this young woman whom she scarcely knew, who had not in the depth of trouble made any claim upon her sympathy. Mrs. Warrender looked forward with anything but satisfaction to the task. But when she told her tale it was received with a sort of enthusiasm. "Oh, how nice of her!" cried Minnie and Chatty; and their mother saw, with half amusement, that they thought all the more of her because her companionship had been sought for by Lady Markland. And in Warrender's eyes a fire lighted up. He turned away his head, and after a moment said, "You will be very tender to her, mother." Mrs. Warrender was too much confused and bewildered to make any reply.

When the day came she went, with reluctance and a sense of self-abnegation, which was not gratifying, but painful, to fulfill this office. "She does not

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want me, I know," Mrs. Warrender said to her son, who accompanied her, to form part of the cortége, in the little brougham which had been to Markland but once or twice in so many years, and this last week had traversed the road from one house to another almost every day. "I think you are mistaken, mother; but even so, if you can do her any good," said Theo, with unusual enthusiasm. His mother thought it strange that he should show so much feeling on the subject; and she went through the great hall and up the stairs, through the depths of the vast, silent house, to Lady Markland's room, with anticipations as little agreeable as any with which woman ever went to an office of kindness. Lady Markland's room was on the other side of the house, looking upon a landscape totally different from that through which her visitor had come. The window was open, the light unshaded, and Lady Markland sat at a writing-table covered with papers, as little like a broken-hearted widow as could be supposed. She was dressed, indeed, in the official dress of heavy crape, and wore (for once) the cap which to Geoff had been so overpowering a symbol of sorrow; but save for these signs, and perhaps a little additional paleness in her never high complexion, was precisely as Mrs. Warrender had seen her since she had risen from her girlish bloom into the self-possession of a wife matured and stilled by premature experience. She came forward, holding out her hand, when her visitor, with a reluctance and diffidence quite unsuitable to her superior age, slowly advanced.

"Thank you," she said at once, "for coming. I know without a word how disagreeable it is to you, how little you wished it. You have come against your will, and you think against my will, Mrs. Warrender; but indeed it is not so. It is a comfort and help to me to have you."

"If that is so, Lady Markland" —

"That is why you have come," she said. "It is so. I know you have come unwillingly. You heard — they have taken the boy from me."

"But only for this day."

"Only for the hour, I hope. It is supposed to be too much for me to go." Here she smiled, with a nervous movement of her face. "Nothing is too much for me. You know a little about it, but not all. Do you remember him when we were married, Mrs. Warrender? I recollect you were one of the first people I saw."

This sudden plunge into the subject for which she was least prepared — for all her ideas of condolence had been driven out of her mind by the young woman's demeanor, the open window, the cheerful and commonplace air of the room — confused Mrs. Warrender greatly. "I remember Lord Markland almost all his life," she said.

"Here is the miniature of him that was done for me before we were married," said Lady Markland, rising hurriedly, and bringing it from the table. "Look at it; did you ever see a more hopeful face? He was so fresh; he was so full of spirits. Who could have thought there was any canker in that face?"

"There was not then," said the elder woman, looking through a mist of natural tears — the tears of that profound regret for a life lost which are more bitter, almost, than personal sorrow — at the miniature. She remembered him so well, and how everybody thought all would come right with the poor young fellow when he was so happily married and had a home.

"Ah, but there was! — nobody told me; though if all the world had told me it would not have made any difference. Mrs. Warrender, he is like that now. Everything else is gone. He looks as he did at twenty, as good and as pure. What do you think it means? Does it mean anything? Or is there only some

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physical interpretation of it, as these horrible men say?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Warrender, quite subdued, "they say it means that all is pardoned, and that they have entered into peace."

"Peace," she said. "I was afraid you were going to say rest; and he who had never labored wanted no rest. Peace, — where the wicked cease from troubling, is that what you mean? He had no time to repent."

"My dear — oh, I am not clear, I can't tell you; but who can tell what was in his mind between the time he saw his danger and the blow that stunned him? If my boy had done everything against me, and all in a moment turned and called to me, would I refuse him? And is not God," cried one mother to the other, taking her hands, "better than we?"

It was she who had come to be the comforter who wept, tears streaming down her cheeks. The other held her hands, and looked in her face with dry, feverish eyes. "Your boy," she said slowly, "he is good and kind, — he is good and kind. Will my boy be like him? Or do you think there is an inheritance in that as in other things?"

IX.

The post town for the Warren was Highcombe, which was about four miles off. To drive there had always been considered a dissipation, not to say a temptation, for the Warrenders; at least for the feminine portion of the family. There were at Highcombe what the ladies called "quite good shops," — shops where you could get everything, really as good as town, and if not cheaper, yet quite as cheap, if you added on the railway fare and all the necessary expenses you were inevitably put to, if you went to town on purpose to shop. Notwithstanding, it was deemed prudent to go to Highcombe as seldom as possible; only when there was actually something wanted, or important letters to post, or such a necessity as balanced the probable inducements to buy things that were not needed, or spend money that might have been spared. The natural consequence of this prudential regulation was that the little shop in the village which lay close to their gates had been encouraged to keep sundry kinds of goods not usually found in a little village shop, and that Minnie and Chatty very often passed that way in their daily walks. Old Mrs. Bagley had a good selection of shaded Berlin wools and a few silks, and even, when the fashion came in for that, crewels. She had Berlin patterns, and pieces of muslin stamped for that other curious kind of ornamentation which consisted in cutting holes and sewing them round. And she had beads of different sizes and colors, and in short quite a little case of things intended for the occupation of that superabundant leisure which ladies often have in the country. In the days with which we are concerned there were not so many activities possible as now. The village and parish were not so well looked after. There was no hospital nearer than the county hospital at Highcombe, and the "Union" was in the parish of Standingby, six miles off, too far to be visited; neither had it become the fashion then to visit hospitals and workhouses. The poor of the village were poor neighbors. The sick were nursed, with more or less advantage, at home. Beef tea and chicken broth flowed from the Warren, whenever it was necessary, into whatsoever cottage stood in need, and very good, wholesome calf's-foot jelly, though perhaps not quite so clear as that which came from the Highcombe confectioners. Everything was done in a neighborly way, without organization. Perhaps it was better, perhaps worse. In human affairs it is always so difficult to make certain. But at all events the young

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ladies had not so much to do. And lawn tennis had not been yet invented; croquet only was in the mild fervor of its first existence. Schools of cookery and ambulances were unknown. And needle-work, bead-work, muslin-work, flourished; crochet, even, was still pursued as a fine-art occupation. That period is as far back as the Crusades to the sympathetic reader, but to the Miss Warrenders it was the natural state of affairs. They went to Mrs. Bagley's often, in the dullness of the afternoon, to turn over the Berlin wools and the crochet cottons, to match a shade, or to find a size they wanted. The expenditure was not great, and it gave an object to their walk. "I must go out," they would say to each other, "for there is that pink to match;" or, "I shall be at a standstill with my antimacassar; my cotton is almost done." It was not the fault of Minnie and Chatty that they had nothing better to do.

Mrs. Bagley was old, but very lively, and capable, even while selling soap, or sugar, or a piece of bacon, or a tin teakettle, of seeing through her old spectacles whether the tint selected was one that matched. She was a woman who had "come through" much in her life. Her children had all grown up, and most of them were dead. Those who remained were married, with children of their own, making a great struggle to bring them up, as she herself had done in her day. Two daughters were widows, — one in the village, one at some distance off; and living with herself, dependent on her, yet not dependent altogether, was all that remained of another daughter, the one supposed to have been her favorite. It seemed to the others rather hard that granny should lavish all her benefits upon Eliza, while their own families got only little presents and helps now and then. But Lizzie was always the one with mother, they said, though goodness knows she had cost enough in her lifetime without leaving such a charge on granny's hands. Lizzie Bagley, who in her day had been the prettiest of the daughters, had married out of her own sphere, though it could not be said to be a very grand marriage. She had married a clerk, a sort of gentleman, — not like the ploughmen and country tradesmen who had fallen to the lot of her sisters. But he had never done well, had lost one situation after another, and had gone out finally to Canada, where he died, — he and his wife both; leaving their girl with foreign ways and a will of her own, such as the aunts thought (or at least said) does not develop on the home soil. As poor little Lizzie, however, had been away but two years, perhaps the blame did not entirely lie with Canada.

Her mother's beauty and her father's gentility had given to Lizzie many advantages over her cousins. She was prettier and far more "like a lady" than the best of them; a slim, straight little person, without the big joints and muscles of the race, and with blue eyes which were really blue, and not whity-gray. And instead of going out to service, as would have been natural, she had learned dressmaking, which was a fine-lady sort of a trade, and put nonsense into her head, and led her into vanity. To see her in the sitting-room behind the shop, with her hair so smooth, and her waist so small, and collars and cuffs as nice as any young lady's, was as gall and wormwood to the mothers of girls quite as good (they said) as Lizzie, and just as near to granny, but never cosseted and petted in that way. And what did granny expect was to become of her at the end? So long as she was sure of her 'ome, and so long as the young ladies at the Warren gave her a bit of work now and again, and Mrs. Wilberforce at the rectory had her in to make the children's things, all might be well enough. But the young ladies would marry, and the little Wilberforces would grow up, and granny — well, granny could not expect to live forever. And what would Miss Lizzie do

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then? This was what the aunts would say, shaking their heads. Mrs. Bagley, when she said anything at all in her own defense, declared that poor little Lizzie had no one to look to, neither father nor mother, and that if her own granny did n't take her up and do for her, who should? And besides, she did very well with her dressmaking. But nevertheless, by times, Mrs. Bagley had her own apprehensions, too.

Minnie and Chatty were fond of making expeditions into the shop, as has been said. They liked to have a talk with Lizzie, and to turn over her fashion-books, old and new, and perhaps to plan, next time they had new frocks, how the sleeves should be made. It was a pleasant "object" for their walk, a break in the monotony, and gave them something to talk about. They paid one of these visits on an afternoon shortly after the events which have been described. Chatty had occasion for a strip of muslin stamped for working, to complete some of her new underclothing which she had been making. The shop had one large square window, in which a great many different kinds of wares were exhibited, from bottles full of barley sugar and acid drops to bales of striped stuff for petticoats. Bunches of candles dangled from the roof, and nets of onions, and the old lady herself was weighing an ounce of tea for one of her poor customers when the young ladies came in. "Is Lizzie at home, Mrs. Bagley?" said Minnie. "Don't mind us, — we can look for what we want; and you must n't let your other customers wait."

"You 're always that good, miss," said the old woman. (Her dialect could be expressed only by much multiplication of vowels, and would not be a satisfactory representation even then, so that it is not necessary to trouble the eye of the reader with its peculiarities. A certain amount of mispronunciation may be taken for granted.) "If all the quality would be as considerate, it would be a fine thing for poor folks."

"Oh, but people with any sense would always be considerate! How is your mother, Sally? Is it for her you are buying the tea? Cocoa is much more nourishing; it would be an excellent thing for her."

"If you please, miss," said Sally, who was the purchaser, "mother do dearly love a cup of tea."

"You ought to tell her that the cocoa is far more nourishing," said Minnie. "It would do her a great deal more good."

"Ah, miss, but there is n't the heart in it that there is in a cup o' tea," said Mrs. Bagley. "It do set a body up when so be as you 're low. Coffee and cocoa and that 's fine and warming of a morning; but when the afternoon do come, and you feels low" —

"Why should you feel low more in the afternoon than in the morning, Mrs. Bagley? There 's no reason in that."

"Ain't there, miss? There 's a deal of 'uman nature, though. Not young ladies like you, that have everything as you want; but even my Lizzie, I find as she wants her tea badly afternoons."

"And so do we," said Chatty, "especially when we don't go out. Look here, this is just the same as the last we had. Mrs. Wilberforce had such a pretty pattern yesterday, — a pattern that made a great deal of appearance, and yet went so quick in working. She had done a quarter of a yard in a day."

"You 'll find it there, miss," said the old woman. "Mrs. Wilberforce don't get her patterns nowhere but from me. Lizzie chose it herself, last time she went to Highcombe. And they all do say as the child has real good taste, — better nor many a lady. Lizzie! Why, here 's the young ladies, and you never showing. Lizzie, child! She 's terribly taken up with a — with a — no, I can't call it a job, — with a hoffer she 's had."

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"An offer! Do you mean a real *Offer?*" cried the girls together, with excitement, both in a breath.

"Oh, not a hoffer of marriage, miss, if that's what you're thinking of, though she's had them, too. This is just as hard to make up her mind about. Not to me," said the old woman. "But perhaps I've give her too much of her own way, and now when I says, Don't, she up and says, Why, granny? It ain't always so easy to say why; but when your judgment's agin it, with reason or *without reason*, I'm always for following the judgment. Lizzie! Perhaps, miss, you'd give her your advice."

As this was said, Lizzie came out through the little glass door with a little muslin curtain veiling the lower panes, which opened into the room beyond. She made a curtsey, as in duty bound, to the young ladies, but she said with some petulance, "I ain't deaf, granny," as she did so.

"She has always got her little word to say for herself," the old woman replied, with a smile. She had opened the glass case which held the muslin patterns, and was turning them over with the tips of her fingers, — those fingers which had so many different kinds of goods to touch, and were not, perhaps, adapted for white muslin. "Look at this one, miss: it's bluebells that is, just for all the world like the bluebells in the woods in the month o' May."

"I've got the new Moniture, Miss Warrender, and there are some sweet things, — some sweetly pretty things," said Lizzie, holding up her paper. Minnie and Chatty, though they were such steady girls, were not above being fluttered by the Moniteur de la Mode. They both abandoned the muslin-work, and passed through the little door of the counter which Mrs. Bagley held open for them. The room behind, although perhaps not free from a slight perfume of the cheese and bacon which occupied the back part of the shop, was pleasant enough. It had a broad lattice window, looking over the pleasant fields, under which stood Lizzie's work-table, a large white wooden one, very clean and old, with signs of long scrubbing and the progress of time, scattered over with the litter of dressmaking. The floor was white deal, very clean also, with a bit of bright-colored carpet under Lizzie's chair. As it was the sitting-room and kitchen and all, there was a little fire in the grate.

"Now," said Mrs. Bagley, coming in after them, and shutting the door, — for there was no very lively traffic in the shop, — "the young ladies is young like yourself, not to take too great a liberty, and you think as I'm old and old-fashioned. Just you tell the young ladies straight off, and see what they'll have to say."

"It ain't of such dreadful consequence, granny. A person would think my life depended on it, to hear you speak. Sleeves are quite small this summer, as I said they would be; and if you'll look at this trimming, Miss Chatty, it is just the right thing for crape."

"People don't wear crape, Miss Muffler tells us, nearly so much as they used to do," said Miss Warrender, "or at least not nearly so long as they used to do. Six months, she says, for a parent."

"Your common dresses will be worn out by then, miss," said Lizzie. "I would n't put any on your winter frocks, if I was you: for black materials are always heavy, and crape don't show on those thick stuffs. I'd just have a piping for the best, and" —

"What's that," said Chatty, who was the most curious, "that has such a strong scent, and gilt-edged paper? You must have got some very grand correspondent, Lizzie."

Lizzie made a hasty movement to secure a letter which lay on the table, and appeared for a moment to intend to thrust it into her pocket. She changed her mind, however, with a slight scowl

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on her innocent-seeming countenance, and, reluctantly unfolding it, showed the date in large gilt letters: "The Elms, Underwood, Highcombe." Underwood was the name of the village. Minnie and Chatty repeated it aloud; and one recoiled a few steps, while the other turned upon Lizzie with wide-open, horrified eyes. "The Elms! Lizzie, you are not going there!"

"That 's what I say, miss," cried Mrs. Bagley, with delight; "that 's what I tells her. Out o' respect to her other customers she could n't go there!"

"To the Elms!" repeated Minnie. She became pale with the horror of the idea. "I can only say, Lizzie, that in that case mamma would certainly never employ you again. Charlotte and I might be sorry as having known you all our lives, but we could do nothing against mamma. And Mrs. Wilberforce, too," she added. "You may be sure she would do the same. The Elms! — why, no respectable person — I should think not even the Vidlers and the Drivers" —

"That is what I tells her, miss, — that 's exactly what I tells her; nobody, — much less madam at the Warren, or the young ladies as you 're so fond of: that 's what I tells her every day."

Lizzie, whose forehead had been puckered up all this time into a frown, which entirely changed the character of her soft face, here declared with some vehemence that she had never said she was going to the Elms, — never! Though when folks asked her civilly, and keeping a lady's-maid and all, and dressing beautiful, and nothing proved against them, who was she that she should say she would n't go? "And I thought it might be such a good thing for granny, who is always complaining of bad times, if she could get their custom. It 's a house where nothing is spared," said Lizzie; "even in the servants' hall the best tea and everything." She was fond of the young ladies, but at such an opportunity not to give them a gentle blow, in passing, was beyond the power of woman; for not even in the drawing-room did the gentlefolks at the Warren drink the best tea.

"I would n't have their custom, not if it was offered to me," said Mrs. Bagley, with vehemence. "And everybody knows as every single thing they have comes from Highcombe, if not London. I hope as an empty nest may n't be found some fine morning, and all the birds away. It would serve that nasty Molasis right, as is always taking the bread out of country folks' mouth."

"That 's just what I was thinking, granny," said the girl. "If I 'd gone it would have been chiefly for your sake. But since the young ladies and you are both so set against it, I can't, and there 's an end."

"I am sure she never meant it," said the younger sister. "She was only just flattered for a moment, — were n't you, Lizzie? — and pleased to think of some one new."

"That 's about the fact, that is," said the old woman. "Something new, — them lasses would just give their souls for something new."

"But Lizzie must know," said Miss Warrender, "that her old customers would never stand it. I was going to talk about some work, and of sending for her to come to the Warren two days next week. But if there is any idea of the — other place" —

"For goodness' sake, Lizzie, speak up, and say, No, miss, there ain't no thought of it!"

"Now I know you 're so strong against it, of course I can't, and there 's an end," said Lizzie; but she looked more angry than convinced.

X.

The girls went round by the rectory, on their way home. It was a large red

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brick house, taller almost than the church, which was a very old church, credibly dating from the thirteenth century, with a Norman arch to the chancel, which tourists came to see. The rectory was of the days of Anne, three stories high, with many twinkling windows in framework of white, and a great deal of ivy and other climbing plants covering the walls, through the interstices of which the old mellow red bricks showed cheerfully. The two Miss Warrenders did not stop to knock or ring, but opened the door from the outside, and went straight through the house, across the hall and a passage at the other end, to the garden beyond, where Mrs. Wilberforce sat under some great limes, with her little tea-table beside her. She was alone; that is, as near alone as she ever was, with only two of the little ones playing at her feet, and the Skye comfortably disposed on the cushions of a low wicker-work chair. The two sisters kissed her, and disturbed the children's game to kiss them, and displaced the little Skye, who did not like it at all. Mrs. Wilberforce was a little roundabout woman, with fair hair and a permanent pucker in her forehead. She was very well off, — she and all her belongings; the living was good, the parish small, the work not overpowering: but she never was able to shake off a visionary anxiety, the burden of some ancestral trouble, or the premonition of something to come. She was always afraid that something was going to happen: her husband to break down from overwork (which for clergymen, as for most other people in this generation, is the fashionable complaint), the parish to be invaded by Dissent and Socialism, the country to go to destruction. This latter, as being the greatest, and at the same time the most distant, possibility, a thing which might happen even without disturbing one's individual comfort, was most frequently in her thoughts; and she waited till it should occur, with always an anxious outlook for the first symptoms. She received Minnie and Chatty, who were her nearest neighbors, and whom she saw almost daily, with a tone of interest and attachment beyond the ordinary, as she had done ever since their father's death. Indeed, they had found this everywhere, a sort of natural compensation for their "great loss." They were surrounded by the respect and reawakened interest of all the people who were so familiar with them. A bereaved family have always this little advantage after a death.

"How are you, dears," Mrs. Wilberforce said, "and how is your dear mother?" Ordinarily Mrs. Warrender was spoken of as their mother, *toute courte*, without any endearing adjective.

"Mamma is quite wonderful," said Minnie. "She thinks of everything and looks after everything almost as if — nothing had ever happened."

"She keeps up on our account," said Chatty, "and for Theo's sake. It is so important, you know, to keep home a little bright — oh, I mean as little miserable as possible — for him."

"Bright, poor child!" said Mrs. Wilberforce pathetically. "You have not realized as yet what it is. When the excitement is all over, and you have settled down in your mourning, then is the time when you will feel it. I always tell people the first six weeks are nothing; you are so supported by the excitement. But afterwards, when everything falls into the old routine — I suppose, however, you are going away."

"Mamma said something about it: but we all preferred, you know" —

"You had much better go away. I told you so the first time I saw you after the sad event. And as Theo has all the Long before him before he requires to go back to Oxford, what is there to stop you?" Mrs. Wilberforce took great pleasure in settling other people's plans for them, and deciding what they were to do.

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"That was n't what we came to talk about," said the elder Miss Warrender, who was quite able to hold her own. "Mrs. Wilberforce, we have just come from old Mrs. Bagley's at the shop: and there we made quite a painful discovery. We said what we could, but perhaps it would be well if you would interfere. I think, indeed, you ought to interfere with authority: or even, perhaps, the rector" —

"What is it? I always thought that old body had a turn for Dissent. She will have got one of those people from Highcombe to come out and hold a meeting: that is how they always begin."

"Oh, no, — a great deal worse than that."

"Minnie means worse in our way of thinking," the younger sister explained.

"I don't know anything worse," said the clergyman's wife, "than the bringing in of Dissent to a united parish, such as ours has been. But I know it will come. I am always expecting to hear of it: things go so fast, nowadays. What with radicalism, and the poor people all having votes, and what you call progress, one never knows what to expect, except the worst. I always look for the worst. Well, what is it, then, if it is n't Dissent?"

Then Miss Warrender gave an account of the real state of affairs. "The letter was there on the table, dated the Elms, Underwood, Highcombe, as if — as if it were a county family; just as we put it ourselves on our paper."

"But far finer than ours: gilt, and such paper! — polished and shining, and a quarter of an inch thick. Oh, much finer than ours!"

"Ours, of course, will be black-edged for a long, long time to come; there could not be any comparison," said Minnie, with a sigh. "But think of the assurance of such people! I am so glad to have found you alone, for we could n't have talked about it before the rector. And I believe if we had n't gone in just at the right moment she would have accepted. I told her mamma would never employ her again."

"I never had very much opinion of that little thing," said Mrs. Wilberforce. "She is a great deal too fine. If her grandmother had been a sensible person, she would have put a stop to all those feathers and flowers and things."

"Still," said Minnie, with some severity, "a young woman who is a dressmaker, and gets the fashion-books, and is perhaps in the way of temptation, may wear a feather in her hat — but that is not to say that she should encourage immorality, and make for anybody who asks her, especially considering the way we have all taken her up."

"Who is it that encourages immorality?" said a different voice, over Mrs. Wilberforce's head: — quite a different voice; a man's voice, for one thing, which always changes the atmosphere a little. It was the rector himself, who came across the lawn in the ease of a shooting-coat, with his hands in his pockets. He wore a long coat when he went out in the parish, but at home there can be no doubt that he liked to be at his ease. He was a man who was too easy in general, and might perhaps, if his wife had not scented harm from the beginning, have compromised himself by calling at the Elms.

"Oh, please!" cried Minnie, with a blush. "Mrs. Wilberforce will tell you. We really have not time to stay any longer. Not any tea, thank you. We must be running away."

"There is nothing to be so sensitive about," said the clergyman's wife. "Of course Herbert knows that you must know: you are not babies. It is about Lizzie Hampson, the dressmaker, who has been asked to go and work at the Elms."

"Oh!" said the rector. He showed himself wonderfully reasonable, — more reasonable than any one could have expected. "I would n't let her go there,

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if I were you. It 's not a fit place for a girl."

"We are perfectly well aware of that," said Mrs. Wilberforce. "I warned you from the beginning. But the thing is, who is to prevent her from going? Minnie has told her plainly, it appears, and I will speak to her, and as her clergyman I should think it was your duty to say a word; but whether we shall succeed, that is a different matter. These creatures seem to have a sort of real attraction for everything that is wrong."

"We all have that, I 'm afraid, my dear."

"But not all in that way. There may be a bias, but it does n't take the same form. Do sit down, girls, and take your tea, like reasonable creatures. She shall never enter the rectory, of course, if — and if you are sure Mrs. Warrender will back me up. But you know she is very indulgent, — more indulgent than I should be in her place. There was that story, you know, about Fanny, the laundry-maid. I don't think we shall do much if your dear mother relents, and says the girl is penitent as soon as she cries. She ought to know girls better than that. A little thing makes them cry: but penitence, — that is getting *rarer and rarer* every day."

"There would be no need for penitence in this case. The girl is a very respectable girl. Don't let her go there, that 's all, and give me a cup of tea."

"Is n't that like a man!" cried Mrs. Wilberforce. "Don't let her go there, and give him a cup of tea! — the one just as easy as the other. I am sure I tell you often enough, Herbert, what with all that is done for them and said about them, the poor people are getting more and more unmanageable every day."

"Our family has always been liberal," said Minnie. "I think the poor people have their rights just as we have. They ought to be educated, and all that."

"Very well," said the other lady; "when you have educated them up to thinking themselves as good — oh, what am I saying? far better — than their betters, you 'll see what will come of it. I for one am quite prepared. I pity the people who deceive themselves. Herbert chooses to laugh, but I can't laugh; it is much too serious for that."

"There will be peace in our days," said the rector; "and after all, Fanny, we can't have a revolution coming because Lizzie Hampson" —

"Lizzie Hampson," said his wife solemnly, "is a sign of the times. She may be nothing in herself, — none of them are anything in themselves, — but I call her a sign of the times."

"What a grand name for a little girl!" he said, with a laugh. But he added seriously, "I wish that house belonged to Theo, or some one we could bring influence to bear upon; but what does a city man care? I wish we could do as the Americans do, and put rollers under it, and cart it away out of the parish."

"Can the Americans do that?"

"They say so. They can do every sort of wonderful thing, I believe."

"And that is what we are coming to!" said Mrs. Wilberforce, with an air of indignant severity, as if this had been the most dreadful accusation in the world.

"I suppose," said the rector, strolling with the young ladies to the gate, "that Theo holds by the family politics. I wonder whether he has given any attention to public questions? At his age a young fellow either does — or he does not," he added, with a laugh. "Oxford often makes a change."

"We don't approve of ladies taking any part in politics," said Minnie, "and I am sure I have never mentioned the subject to Theo."

"But you know, Minnie, mamma said that Theo was — well, I don't remember what she said he was: but certainly not the same as he was brought up."

"Then let us hope he has become a Conservative. Landholders ought to be,

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and the clergy must," said the rector, with a sigh. Then he remembered that this was not a style of conversation likely to commend itself to the two girls. "I hope we shall see you back next Sunday at the Sunday-school," he said. "Of course I would not hurry you, if you found it too much; but a little work in moderation I have always thought was the very best thing for a grief like yours. Dear Mrs. Warrender, too," he added softly. He had not been in the habit of calling her dear Mrs. Warrender; but it seemed a term that was appropriate where there had been a death. "I hope she does not quite shut herself up."

"Mamma has been with Lady Markland several times," said Minnie, with a mixture of disapproval and satisfaction. "Naturally, we have been so much thrown together since" —

"To be sure. What a sad thing! — twice in one house, within a week, was it not, the two deaths?"

"Just a week," said Chatty, who loved to be exact.

"But you know Lord Markland was no relation," added Minnie, too conscientious to take to herself the credit of a grief which was not hers. "It was not as if we felt it in that way."

"It was a dreadful thing to happen in one's house, all the same. And Theo, I hear, goes a great deal to Markland. Oh, it is quite natural. He had so much to do for her from the first. And I hear she is a very attractive sort of woman, though I don't know much of her, for my own part."

"Attractive? Well, perhaps she may be attractive, to some people," said Minnie; "but when a woman has been married so long as she has, one never thinks of her in that light — and her attractiveness has nothing to do with Theo," she added, with some severity.

"Oh, no, I suppose not," said the rector. "Tell him I hope we shall soon see him here, for I expect his friend Dick Cavendish in the end of the week. You remember Cavendish? He told me he had met you at Oxford."

"Oh, yes," replied Chatty quickly. Minnie, who was not accustomed to be forestalled in speech, trod upon this little exclamation, as it were, and extinguished it. "Cavendish! I am not sure. I think I do recollect the name," she said.

And then they shook hands with the rector across the gate, and went upon their way. But it was not for the first moment quite a peaceful way. "You were dreadfully ready to say you remembered Mr. Cavendish," said the elder sister. "What do you know of Mr. Cavendish? If I were you, I would not speak so fast, as if Mr. Cavendish were of any importance."

"Oh, no, he is of no importance; only I do recollect him quite well. He gave us tea. He was very" —

"He was exactly like other young men," said Miss Warrender. And then they proceeded in silence, Chatty having no desire to contest the statement. She did not know very much about young men.

Their way lay across the end of the village street, beyond which the trees of the Warren overshadowed everything. There was only a fence on that side of the grounds, and to look through it was like looking into the outskirts of a forest. The rabbits ran about by hundreds among the roots of the trees. The birds sang as if in their own kingdom and secure possession. To this gentle savagery and dominion of nature the Miss Warrenders were accustomed; and in the freshness of the early summer it was sweet. They went on without speaking, for some time, and then it seemed wise to the younger sister to forestall further remark by the introduction of a new subject, which, however, was not a usual proceeding on Chatty's part.

"Minnie," she said, "do you know what the rector meant when he was speaking of Lady Markland, — that she

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was an attractive woman? You took him up rather sharply."

"No, I did n't," said Minnie, with that freedom of speech which is so pleasant among near relations. "I said she was rather old for that."

"She is scarcely any older than you. I know that from the peerage. I looked her up."

"So did I," said Miss Warrender. "That does not make her a day younger or more attractive. She is four years older than Theo: therefore she is as if she were not to him. Four years is a dreadful difference when it is on the wrong side."

Chatty was ridiculously simple for a person of three and twenty. She said, "I cannot think what that has to do with it. The rector is really very silly at times in what he says."

"I don't see that he is silly. What he means is that Lady Markland will amuse herself with Theo, and that he will fall in love with her. I should say, for my part, that it is very likely. I have seen a great many things of the kind, though you never open your eyes. He is always going to Markland to see what he can do, if there is anything she wants. He is almost sure to fall in love with her."

"Minnie, a married woman!"

"Oh, you little simpleton! She is not a married woman, she is a widow; and she is left extremely well off and with everything in her hands, — that is to say, she would be very well off if there was any money. A widow is in the best position of any woman. She can do what she likes, and nobody has any right to object."

"Oh, Minnie!" protested the younger sister again.

"You can ask mamma, if you don't believe me. But of course she would not have anything to say to Theo," Miss Warrender said.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

TIME IN SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES.

I PROPOSE to analyze the plays of Shakespeare for the purpose of indicating the lapse of time which accompanies the action of each of them. Separate dramas have occasionally been examined with this end in view, but I am not aware that any attempt has been made to bring together within a narrow compass the results of an inquiry concerning the dramatist's entire treatment of the element of time. I mean to refrain as nearly as may be from theories and speculations, and to confine myself to the faithful discovery and simple setting forth of the poet's own plan as it is unfolded in his text.

Certain critics have undertaken to forestall such an examination by predicting its worthlessness. Our most distinguished American commentator, Mr. Richard Grant White, is one of the chief of these, his reasoning being simply this: that, as Shakespeare is obviously careless with regard to all such matters of form, it is vain to search his plays for evidences of intention. But my precise object is to find out just how careless Shakespeare was, and just how careful, in the particular matter under consideration. I do not believe such a question is to be settled by begging it; and though I share the general admiration for Mr. White's brilliant scholarship, I cannot allow myself to be diverted from my purpose by what he has written on this point, especially as he has taken for his special text the play of Hamlet, in which Shakespeare has

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marked the progress of time with exceptional distinctness.

All students of the master-poet are agreed in recognizing the extraordinarily efficient quality of his genius. Whatever he willed to do he could do. Often he was indifferent as to matters of detail, but when he chose to be scrupulous his fineness was a marvel to the most exacting. The fact and the force of his intention are to be inferred, as in the case of any other human agent, from the character of his work. A rapid reading of his plays will discover that he paid little regard to the "unities" of the classic dramatists, and that he seldom took pains to placard his scenes with statements concerning the progress of the action. And his dramas have come down to us unaccompanied by authentic programmes setting forth the periods of time supposed to elapse between the scenes, except in some rare instance where a "chorus" plays the part of interpreter. But though he disregarded the fashion of the ancients and never knew the method of the moderns, it will be made to appear that in this as in various other matters he had his own way of working, and that the movement of time in his plays is often visible to eyes that are patient enough to exercise their function of seeing. The general result of an examination on the point in question might indeed be safely prophesied by any careful student of Shakespeare's method as a playwright: it could be guessed in advance that in a few of his dramas he would be very clear and exact in displaying the passage of time in the action; that in many other pieces he would show it with a distinctness sufficient for practical purposes; that in many he would give few or no indications of it. Upon investigation it is found that the Shakespearean dramas may be classified in just this way. The first class includes only the Comedy of Errors, Tempest, Romeo and Juliet, and Hamlet. The second class embraces a majority of the comedies and Othello. In the third class are all the historical plays (with which I reckon Lear and Macbeth and the Roman tragedies, except Titus Andronicus, which I have not taken into account); a few of the comedies, mostly of the earlier period; Pericles, Timon, and Troilus and Cressida. This is a rough division, and will need much explanation and perhaps some modification, as we go along. For convenience, I shall deal wholly with the comedies in this paper.

Grouping the comedies in the manner just indicated, I place in the first class, as was said above, the Comedy of Errors and The Tempest, in which the progress of time is marked with minute precision; in the second class, A Midsummer Night's Dream, the Merchant of Venice, the Merry Wives of Windsor, Twelfth Night, Much Ado About Nothing, As You Like It, Measure for Measure, and the Winter's Tale, in all of which the time is shown with substantial fullness and clearness; in the third class, the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labor's Lost, the Taming of the Shrew, All's Well That Ends Well and Cymbeline, with Pericles and Troilus and Cressida, in which the lapse of time is indicated scantily, obscurely, or not at all.

I. Entering upon the consideration of these groups in their order, I ask my readers to note at the outset the interesting fact that there are but two of Shakespeare's plays in which the action is confined within a single day. One of these, the Comedy of Errors, stands unquestionably among the earliest of his dramatic compositions; the other, The Tempest, is doubtless one of his very latest. The former shows more of a disposition to imitate the classical playwrights than appears in any other of his pieces; the latter displays Shakespeare's untrammeled genius in its most matured and characteristic shapes. Yet though so widely different from each

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other in all matters of substance and in nearly all matters of form, the two dramas are alike in this, that they alone tell their stories with such succinctness in point of time as almost to come within the bounds permitted by the strict classical canon. Each of them covers but a portion of one day. In Scene 1, Act I., of the Comedy of Errors, old Ægeon is condemned to death, in default of a ransom of one thousand marks; the Duke limiting to the prisoner "this day" in which to raise the sum. The hour of the imposition of the sentence is early, for in the last scene of the play the Duke alludes to the "morning story" of Ægeon. Scene 2 begins not long after the midday dinner-time of Antipholus of Ephesus; his Dromio — after the meal had been kept waiting so long that "the capon" has "burned" and the "pig" fallen "from the spit" — having been sent by Adriana to hunt up the tardy master of the house. In the same scene the "merchant" friend of Antipholus of Syracuse promises to meet the latter at five o'clock P. M. The hour of Scene 1, Act II., is two P. M., as indicated by a remark of Adriana. Scene 2, Act II., follows close upon the preceding, or is partly contemporaneous with it, — it being "not half an hour" since one of the interviews of Scene 2, Act I. Scene 1, Act III., sharply succeeds, and shows Antipholus of Ephesus on his way home, conscious that he is late for dinner and apprehensive about his wife's temper, so that it is now about half past two; and in the same scene, Angelo agrees to meet him "an hour hence." The "hour hence," 3.30 P. M., is reached in the last scene of Act III., when Angelo tries to keep his appointment. In Scene 1, Act IV., it still lacks something of five o'clock, and Angelo is begging of his creditor a few minutes' delay, that he may collect of Antipholus of Ephesus the sum "promised" to be paid at five. The short scenes 2, 3, and 4 of the same act are either contemporaneous, or fit snugly in after the preceding. In Scene 1 of Act V. "the dial points at five;" the characters all come together, mostly by appointment; the near doom of Ægeon is once more proclaimed, the day having expired without the appearance of a friend to advance his ransom, and in a few minutes everything is happily ended. It would not be unwarrantable to say that the last four acts are shown by Shakespeare's text to occupy about an hour apiece, the second act opening at two P. M., while the first act covers a part of the forenoon and a few minutes between one and two P. M.

The action of The Tempest consumes about four hours. The moment of the shipwreck, with which the comedy opens, is not fixed precisely in the scene itself, but on almost the last page of the fifth act the Boatswain, now restored to reason and reverence, announces,

> "Our ship,
> Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,
> Is tight and yare."

Everything in The Tempest moves with great speed, though there is seldom any appearance of hurry; indeed, almost every incident in the piece is supposed to be fitted to every other by the magic of Prospero. In Scene 2, Act I., after Prospero's disclosure to Miranda of their checkered past, Ariel appears, and it is two o'clock; for to his master's inquiry about "the time o' day" the fine spirit replies that it is "past the mid-season," to which Prospero adds, —

> "*At least two glasses;* the time 'twixt six and now
> Must by us both be spent most preciously."

So that within the scant four sequent hours Ferdinand is captured by Prospero, and enslaves and is enslaved by Miranda; Antonio and Sebastian plot against the life of the King of Naples, and are foiled by Ariel; Caliban makes acquaintance with Stephano and Trinculo, and learns the joys, audacities, and inadequacies of drunkenness and the self-disgust of returned sobriety; and

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there is a handsome margin of time left for Prospero to use in entertaining the newly betrothed couple with rare private theatricals, and afterward in lecturing his prostrate foes with magnificent length and splendor of diction. Some of the hints of the progress of the time are delicate, and all are interesting. In Scene 2, Act I., Caliban, who has apparently made a very long forenoon over his wood-gathering, — a branch of industry to which Prospero seems to have given much vicarious attention, — is snarling about his dinner, the hour (past two P. M.) being, of course, disgustingly late for that meal. In Scene 2, Act III., Caliban possesses Stephano with a plan for murdering Prospero during his master's afternoon nap, which will be "within a half hour." The fifth act and final scene opens, as Ariel informs Prospero, "on the sixth hour," and Ferdinand is presented to his father as the accepted lover of a maid with whom his "eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours." The shadows of evening begin to fall upon the close of the scene which ends the eventful afternoon. Prospero invites the gentlefolk to lodge with him until the next morning, and they enter his cell prepared to spend "some part of the night" in hearing the story of his thirteen years' exile; while Ariel, it is reasonable to suppose, flies off to take a twilight dash upon a bat's back, in anticipation of a speedy return to elemental freedom.

II. The second group of comedies exhibits the method of dealing with the question of time which Shakespeare practiced in a majority of his non-historical plays. It is not improbable that he was familiar with the strict rule of the classic Greek authors, and that he rejected it, with more or less deliberation, as unsuitable to his own theory of dramatic composition, or to the bent of his own genius. The only "unities" which he was scrupulous to preserve were emotional or moral. Continuous vivacity in his stories and scope for full life and free illustration in his personages were the ends which he perpetually sought to attain. If the plot was full of dramatic interest, — above all, if it gave ample room for the play and progress of human passion and the display and development of human character, — he was willing that it should sometimes fly about with his hearers, as if it were a magical Persian carpet. Yet in his pieces there is seldom any failure of entire coherence in the plot, as there is almost never any failure of self-consistency in the persons. The movement in the classic play of ancient Greece is all, as it were, upon one broad plane; in the Shakespearean drama it runs upon vast ascending spirals. On the other hand, Shakespeare knew the frequent value of concentration both in time and place, and exemplified his knowledge when it suited his purpose so to do. His own will was his law; but his will was ever guided by his sense of dramatic propriety or necessity. One strong inclination of his mind constantly interfered with any strict compliance on his part with the canon of dramatic unities: he seems nearly always to have desired that his prominent characters should act out in their own persons, as far as might be, every important event of the story; he could not abide that any essential part of their doings should be delivered at second hand. Consequently, his chief personages do not often contribute directly to the plot by telling or suffering others to tell what has happened to them; they *show* it all to the eyes of the spectator. This was in direct opposition to the theory and practice of the ancient dramatists. In long plays of an elevated order, it is, in fact, generally impossible that the unities should be preserved without a vast amount of introductory or parenthetic narrative. The mental habit just named, which in Shakespeare has almost the potency of an absolute law, works, as we shall see, im-

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portant results upon the scheme of time in his plays. If an ancient Greek — or, for that matter, a modern Frenchman, of the higher classic tendency — had dramatized the story of Othello, he would have opened his play with the third scene of Shakespeare's third act, and would have narrated through the mouths of some of the *dramatis personarum* the history of the Moor's elopement and wedding, of his summons before the Venetian magnificoes, of Brabantio's alienation from Desdemona, and of Cassio's lieutenancy and degradation. If Shakespeare had written The Tempest in his usual mood, — though of course it is easy to suggest reasons why his animus should have been just what it was in the case of this particular comedy, — the piece would have begun, not with the shipwreck of the usurping Antonio and the King of Naples upon an undiscovered island, but with at least one whole act in Milan, in which the deposing of Prospero and his expulsion from his dukedom would have been displayed; and very likely a second act — which certainly would have been extremely interesting — might have shown Prospero's first encounters with Ariel and Caliban, and the application of the varied arts and incantations by which he persuaded or compelled their obedience. Now this habit in dramatic construction by no means results either in a constant or in a general disregard by Shakespeare of the element of time, or in a disposition to refuse to indicate the lapse of time to the spectator; but it effects a want of uniformity among the different plays, the movement being by a series of throbs and checks, begun and intermitted at various points, according to the poet's judgment of the needs of each drama. Yet there is a certain marked similarity of treatment of the plot in a good many pieces, which makes it possible to speak of half a dozen or more of them as conforming pretty closely to one constructive type. In the comedies and tragedies of this type Shakespeare devotes his first act — or, perhaps, as in Twelfth Night and Measure for Measure, only a few opening scenes — to the introduction of some of his chief personages, and the presentation of the basis event or events upon which the main structure of the drama is to be reared. This opening act or scene seldom covers more than a few days, and sometimes occupies but a few hours. An interval in time, varying in length but never very long, next occurs, during which the characters sustain some important readjustments; and then, the terms of the problem of the piece having been stated, the solution is worked out continuously and rapidly. It is as if in a musical work the theme were first simply stated in a few strong chords, a rest of some bars followed, and then, with new resolutions of the initial harmony, the composition were developed to its close without a break. The length of the interval of time just named is in general not explicitly stated, though sometimes, as in Twelfth Night and Hamlet, pains are taken before the end of the drama is reached to indicate its extent. The lapse of time after the interval is usually made clear, and in some instances is set down with minute precision. Of this type are Hamlet, Measure for Measure, As You Like It, Twelfth Night, and, with some variation, the Merchant of Venice and the Winter's Tale. Othello may also fairly be said to belong to the same order, although in its action there are two undetermined intervals which precede the final rush of the plot to its fierce conclusion. It will be correctly inferred that Shakespeare had no deep respect for the division lines of the acts with which his plays are given to us, and that his cæsural pauses were made nearly as often in the midst of an act as at its close.

A Midsummer Night's Dream is not of the type which has just been described, and to which most of the sec-

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ond class belong, and if the great poet had not elected to seem to nod a bit in its construction it would hold an honorable place in my first group. It is, however, the only one of Shakespeare's plays in which I have discovered an inexplicable variance between the different parts of his scheme of time.[1] In the very first lines of this comedy the Duke of Athens, Theseus, — a gentleman as protean in his political relations as in his love affairs, — laments to Hippolyta, the buskined Queen of Amazons, whom he has won with his sword, that their wedding must be delayed until "*four* happy days bring in another moon;" to which his betrothed soothingly and gracefully replies, —

> "Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
> Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
> And then the moon, like to a silver bow
> New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
> Of our solemnities."

The date of their wedding having been thus fixed by the high contracting parties, old Egeus enters, "full of vexation," to complain that his daughter Hermia will not respect his choice of Demetrius as her husband, but persists in clinging to Lysander, a youth after her own heart; and Hermia is then and there warned by the Duke that "by the next new moon," "the sealing day betwixt" his love and him, she must be prepared to elect whether she will obey her father, surrender her life to "chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon" as a votaress of Diana, or die the death of a disobedient child. The important date for which everything is thus fixed must have been, even by the ancient process of princely arithmetic, with all its cheerful counting at both ends, at least three days distant, as we should reckon it. But the play proceeds to cut the time down by a full twenty-four hours. Fixing our *punctum temporis* in the first scene of Act I., we find that Lysander and Hermia then arrange to elope "to-morrow night," their trysting-place being a certain wood a league without the town. Near the end of the scene they disclose their purpose to the woe-begone Helena, who has just entered, full of her own heart-grief, and she at once resolves to curry a little miserable favor with her unkind Demetrius by revealing their scheme to him. Scene 2, which succeeds, is plainly contemporaneous with Scene 1, or follows it closely. Here the hard-handed craftsmen of Athens make the original cast of parts in the "lamentable comedy" of Pyramus and Thisbe, and the last word of Quince, their stage manager and prompter, is an appointment to meet "to-morrow night" in the palace wood for a moonlight rehearsal. It is this same "to-morrow night" which teems with wonders for all the chief persons of the piece; the whole of Acts II. and III. is included within it, and in Scene 1 of Act IV. day breaks upon the following morn. This is the night of midsummer dreams and fancies and fairies, of whose enchantment, heightened sometimes by melodies of great musicians, the world has drunk without satiety for more than two centuries. Within this night Puck works all his delicious unmalicious mischief, and makes "all well again;" Oberon and Titania renew their dainty quarrels and their love; and Bottom tastes the doubtful joys of empire in fairyland and in a fairy queen's heart. It is a single night, as is said over and over again by the text in divers ways. But scarcely has the sequent morning dawned in Act IV. when Theseus, out a-hunting, discovers the pairs of lovers asleep upon the ground, awakens them with his horns, and judicially informs Hermia that the day of his marriage and her fateful choice has arrived; and nobody contradicts him, or asks his grace to count up the time once more on his ducal fingers. Scene 2 of Act IV. is in the afternoon of the same day,

[1] The reader is again asked to note that Titus Andronicus is not considered in these articles.

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— all the couples having been married, and "the Duke having dined," — and shows Bottom's return from dreamland, and the preparation of the humble actors for immediate departure to the palace; and Act V. devotes the "long age of three hours between after supper and bedtime" to the "tragical mirth" of Pyramus and Thisbe, followed, when the palace is hushed, by the appearance of the fairies and their blessing of the bride-beds. Parts of three successive days have therefore been occupied in the action, and a whole day has somehow dropped out. Nice customs courtesied to great kings in Henry V.'s time, and perhaps in the imperial age of Theseus the calendars made similar obeisance. But on the whole, I think we must believe that the explanation lies in the nature of the play, whose characters, even when clothed with human flesh and blood, have little solidity or reality. I fancy that Shakespeare would smilingly plead guilty as an accessory after the fact to the blunder, and charge the principal fault upon Puck and his crew, who would doubtless rejoice in the annihilation of a mortal's day. If this will not suffice, the problem must remain unsolved in these pages, and may be laid aside in company with the vexing questions, what became of the fathers and fathers-in-law, whose parts were carefully assigned at the first meeting of the troupe, and how Mr. N. Bottom, the leading man of the Quince "combination," could have achieved triumphant success in the exacting character of Pyramus without a single full rehearsal.

The first two acts of the Merchant of Venice occupy a few days, — three, or perhaps four, being the number nearest to the indications of the text. In these scenes the separate currents of Bassanio's and Portia's lives are shown in a sort of irregular alternation, so to speak, until at the close of the last dialogue of the second act the streams meet and join. The first act covers a part of a single day, with scenes laid both at Venice and Belmont, and the syncopation of scenes helps to mark the progress of time. Scene 1 of Act I., wherein Bassanio first discloses to Antonio his pecuniary needs and his designs on Portia's hand, is in the forenoon; for within it appointments for dinner are made by Lorenzo and the others, and its last word is Antonio's suggestion that both he and Bassanio shall go "presently" and inquire what can be done among the money-lenders. Scene 2 of Act I. gives the charming dialogue between Portia and Nerissa, in which the golden-haired mistress of Belmont displays her intuitive wit, her distaste for her present suitors, and her inclination toward Bassanio; and just at its close a servant announces that the Prince of Morocco will arrive "to-night." Scene 3 of Act I. presents Bassanio's and Antonio's famous first interview with Shylock: a usurer has soon been found; it still lacks of the hour for dinner, and Bassanio's courteous invitation to the Jew to share the meal with him is given and received in the fashion with which every one is familiar.[1] Scene 1 of Act II. is laid in Belmont, and discloses the Prince of Morocco as an active suitor. It is not on the evening of his arrival named in Scene 2, Act I., but is probably on the next morning, and at the moment, as the text fairly shows, of his first formal reception by Portia, for "after dinner" his "hazard" is to be made. Scene 2 returns to Venice, and exhibits the delightful encounter of Launcelot and his father and the entrance of the former into the service of Bassanio, who has made prompt use of his borrowed purse in enlarging his retinue and in arranging a great supper and a departure to Bel-

1 Shylock's violent refusal having particular relation to the danger of encountering the forbidden dish of pork, it may be inferred that the fare of a "supper" was much less substantial than that of a midday meal, inasmuch as within a few hours the Jew attends Bassanio's evening entertainment.

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mont, all for that evening. The short scenes which follow cover parts of the same afternoon and night; and in Scene 6, after Bassanio's supper and the elopement of Jessica and Lorenzo, the hour being "nine o'clock" and Gratiano stayed for, the purposed mask is given up, and Bassanio hastily sets sail, in order to take advantage of the wind, which has "come about" to a favorable quarter. Scene 7 is in Belmont, and puts a beautiful end to the second day of the action of the comedy with the Prince of Morocco's fiery but fruitless attack upon the caskets. The interval between the point just reached and the close of the second act occupies as much time as would suffice for Bassanio's voyage to Belmont, and there is every reason to suppose would not exceed a couple of days. The interim is partially occupied in the comedy by Scene 8 in Venice, wherein Salarino and Salanio discuss the effect of Jessica's elopement upon her father, his unsuccessful attempt, after his discovery of her flight, to stop Bassanio's ship, and the alarming news about one of Antonio's mercantile ventures; and by Scene 9 at Belmont, where the Prince of Arragon exhibits his "deliberate" folly among the caskets, the latter scene and second act concluding with the announcement of Bassanio's arrival at Portia's house. There is now an interval of almost exactly three months, agreeing with the time for payment and forfeiture stipulated in the memorable bond, and somewhere within this period are the great interviews (Scene 1, Act III.) between Salanio, Salarino, and Shylock, and Tubal and Shylock, — the Jew's direction to his agent, at the close of the scene, to "fee an officer and bespeak him a fortnight before" the bond falls due, tending to show that the three months have nearly expired. In the latter part of the "casket scene" of Bassanio and Portia (Scene 2, Act III.) tidings arrive over Antonio's hand that the bond to the Jew is forfeit. The three full months which the royal friend and merchant has silently spent in the shadow of deepening anxiety Bassanio has passed in the sunlight of Portia's eyes, and his mistress even now tries to persuade him "to pause a day or two" longer before he hazards. Upon the same scene, just after Bassanio has made his choice of the leaden casket, Lorenzo and his runaway bride enter. They also have passed the ninety days in the gayest fashion, have spent and traveled much, and the report of some of their costly doings in Genoa at play and monkey-buying has given extreme pain to the lady's father. From this point to the end of the play the action occupies a few days, probably three or four at most; the time spent being just so much as an ardent husband, separated from his wife on their wedding-day, will allow to be consumed, — which is, of course, only what will suffice to reach Venice, attend court, and return to Belmont. Immediately after her new husband's departure, in Scene 4, Act III., Portia dispatches her faithful Balthazar to her cousin, Doctor Bellario, at Padua, and instructs the serving-man to bring the notes and garments which he shall receive from the doctor, "with imagined speed,"

> "Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
> Which trades to Venice;"

she adds, —

> "Waste no time in words,
> But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee:"

all of which looks much as if the lovely lady did not visit Padua and her learned cousin at all, but got her instructions from him by letter and committed them to memory, while she donned her doctor's habit, *en route* from Belmont to Venice. But there is no occasion to be shocked at this. Doctor Bellario seems to have assumed the responsibility for all the egregious lying, and the matter is to be taken as one of the "properties" of the scene, as Rosalind's unpenetrated disguise and many other things in the drama are to be regarded, — as a part of the

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picturesque trappings of a romantic story upon which it would be foolish to bring a microscope to bear. That the distance from Belmont to Venice was short may be inferred from the gallant Bassanio's vow to his young wife, that until their reunion he will not take a night's rest in bed (Act III., Scene 2, *ad finem*). The trial scene (Act IV., Scene 1) occupies a long forenoon, and ends with the Duke's request to Portia to dine with him. Scene 2 of the same act succeeds closely, and in it Portia, having refused Bassanio's invitation to dinner and obtained his ring, sets out "to-night" for Belmont, where she undertakes to arrive "a day before" her husband. She seems a little to have retarded her pace when near her home, and a message conveying her intent precedes her arrival there, which antedates Bassanio's but a few minutes. When the comedy ends it is "but two hours to-day," and the happy night of the final scene may well be believed to be that of the day following the trial in Venice.

The action of the Merry Wives of Windsor apparently occupies portions of four successive days. The time is not shown with mathematical precision, but is indicated plainly enough in Shakespeare's usual fashion. Beginning at Scene 1 of Act I., the hour is in the forenoon. Falstaff meets Justice Shallow, Master Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans, and all go into Page's to dinner, where their host hopes they will "drink down all unkindness." At this dinner Falstaff makes his imagined conquest of the merry wives. Scene 2 is near the end of the dinner, when there 's still "pippins and cheese to come." Scene 3 takes place in the Garter Inn. It is later in the same day, for Falstaff "even now" had "good eyes" of the two ladies, and with characteristic swiftness in purpose and pursuit he at once writes his seductive letters, and in the same scene dispatches them to Mistress Ford and Mistress Page. In Scene 1, Act II., it is still the same day. Mistress Page has just received her letter, and in the first flush of her amused disgust is visited by Mistress Ford, who comes to tell of the fat knight's wooing of herself. The pair straightway begin to plot their revenge, and with the close of this scene the first day ends, the last word being the utterance of Ford's jealous resolve to visit Falstaff in disguise. The second day begins with Scene 2, Act II. It is early in the forenoon, for Ford, under the name of Brook, sends up to Falstaff "a morning's draft of sack." Mrs. Quickly arrives directly afterward, with her "good morrow" to his "worship" and a message from Mrs. Ford appointing an interview between ten and eleven o'clock, A. M., when "her husband will be absence from his house." The last scene of Act II. and the first two of Act III. fit in after this interview, and include the abortive attempts at a duel between Dr. Caius and Sir Hugh, Ford's angry self-communing, and his insistence to his friends that they shall forthwith accompany him to his house, where he expects to surprise his wife and Falstaff. Scene 3 is at the hour and place of Falstaff's rendezvous with Mistress Ford, includes his buck-basket adventure, and ends with Ford's discomfiture and his invitation to his party to stay to dinner. In the same scene an appointment is made by all the gentlemen of the company to go "a-birding" with Page "to-morrow morning." Scene 5 of Act III. concludes the second day. Master Brook has been bidden early in the day to visit Falstaff again "soon at night," in order to hear the story of the latter's success with Mrs. Ford. The night and visitor arrive, and Falstaff gives his masterly account of his launch "hissing hot" into the Thames. Earlier in the same scene the fat knight has been pacified by Mrs. Quickly, and has consented to another meeting with Mistress Ford "to-morrow morning between eight and nine," when the husbands have "gone a-birding."

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In Scene 2, Act IV., the morning of the third day begins with the second interview of Falstaff and Mrs. Ford by appointment at the early hour just named; and presently Falstaff is forced to disguise himself as the aunt of Mrs. Ford's maid, "the fat woman of Brentford," and gets the beating whose blows yet resound through the halls of fame. In Scene 4, Act IV., Ford has been told the whole truth, and all put their wits together against Falstaff, to whom a message is "straight" to be sent to meet the merry wives in the park at midnight. Scene 5 of the act ends the third day, Falstaff having arrived at his inn, and doffed the feminine attire in which he was "beaten into all the colors of the rainbow." The last scene of the act is on the fourth and final day, and in it Fenton prevails upon mine Host of the Garter to assist in his elopement with Anne Page from Herne's oak "to-night twixt twelve and one." The first scene of Act V. makes the connection of time entirely plain. Mrs. Quickly, having returned to the charge upon Falstaff which she began the day before (Act IV., Scene 5 ad finem), has overcome his objections to the new idea of "the two parties," and he promises to meet them at the oak at midnight; and in answer to Ford's inquiry, "Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?" he gives a brief but deliciously humorous account of his last mishap. The three succeeding scenes are at different hours of the evening, and the fourth day closes in Windsor Park, soon after midnight, with the last merry revenge of the merry wives, the discomfiture of Master Slender and Dr. Caius, and the secret marriage of Anne Page to the elegant and mysterious Fenton, who forestalls his parents-in-law by administering to them a serious lecture in advance upon the wickedness of their mercenary spirit.

The lapse of time in Twelfth Night has exceptional interest. The scheme of the play seems at first a little involved, but is really simple, and in order to be understood and enjoyed needs only to be examined with care and patience. The action between its extreme points includes a space of three months and a few days, the longer period being exactly the length of Viola's service in the court of Orsino (*vide* the Duke's speech to Antonio, Act V., Scene 1 *ad init.*); but from Scene 4 of Act I. the whole time actually occupied is but a part of two days, the second of which is packed as full of incident as an egg is full of meat. The first two scenes of the comedy are like chords severed from each other by a rather long rest, yet bound to each other by the laws of harmonic sequence. In the first the Duke is introduced, and his virile but fantastic passion for Olivia and the lady's year-old grief and seclusion are described in a few short meaning-laden sentences. In the second scene Viola appears, just delivered from the perils of shipwreck, and takes her resolution to go to the nearest city of Illyria, and in the guise of "an eunuch" to enter the service of its ruler. The third scene makes the spectator acquainted with Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, two gentlemen whom every one would keep among his friends even if he were forced to spare several better men in consequence. The position of this scene in the time of the action is not marked, and the whole of it is designed to strike another note important to the color of the entire harmony. With Scene 4 the effectual movement of the piece begins. Viola is in man's attire, and in tendance, under the name of Cesario, upon Orsino. Three months have passed, as was said above. Valentine remarks, "If the Duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three *days*, and already you are no stranger." But these three days of knowledge obviously and naturally mean

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three days within which Orsino has known Viola with some intimacy. I regard this touch as in every respect fine and true. Nothing could be more probable than that three months should pass, after Viola's entrance into the Duke's household, before a man so absorbed as Orsino "in self-affairs," and in the day-dreams of a poetic nature and an unrewarded passion, would fairly note the beauty of her face and speech, sever her from the crowd of his undistinguished followers, and begin to please himself with her separate companionship and conversation; but such an acquaintance once begun between two such persons would advance rapidly, and I find the long interval of time during which Viola remains practically silent and unnoticed an important, almost essential, factor in her development. There is little of Rosalind, little of Olivia, in her "tender-hefted" nature, which is at once most reserved and shy, as well as sweet. Love, especially if unrequited, must needs be a plant of slow growth in such a soul; must be quite incapable of putting forth, like Juliet's, into leaf and bud and flower and fruit within the compass of a few tense hours. It is not three days, but three months of quiet, unnoticed observation of the Duke, within which her affection has slowly rooted itself in her heart and taken possession of the very depths of her spirit. And in this scene the great change has already taken place: even in the face of his liberally avowed passion for another, Viola is constrained to admit to herself that, "whoe'er" she "wooes" in his behalf, herself "would be his wife." Here we find Viola first employed as an ambassador of love from the Duke to Olivia. Scene 5 succeeds, with an interval of but a few hours or minutes, and Viola stands before Olivia, gives her message, and at once infects the Countess with, "the plague" of her "perfections." She is allowed to depart, and then Malvolio is made to run after her with a request that "the youth will come this way to-morrow." Scene 1 of Act II., which follows, is of the utmost importance in fixing the time of the action. Viola's brother, Sebastian, appears upon the seacoast in company with Antonio, who has saved his life from the shipwreck which engulfed both brother and sister. They have lived together in the closest intimacy for "three months" (vide Antonio's speech to the Duke, Act V., Scene 1, *ubi supra*), and now Sebastian takes leave of his preserver and sets out for Orsino's court, which is distant by not many hours' travel. This scene Shakespeare has taken pains to rivet into the very substance of the action which concerns Viola by inserting it between Viola's departure from Olivia and Malvolio's overtaking the fair youth and delivering his message. Scene 3 of Act II. is filled with the delicious merry-making of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown. That its time is the night of the same day is directly in evidence, for Maria says that Olivia "is much out of quiet," "since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady;" and with Sir Toby's memorable line, the succinct utterance of magnificent revelry, victorious over time and space, "'T is too late to go to bed now," the first day of the quick movement of Twelfth Night ends. The action of all the rest of the comedy takes place within the next twenty-four hours, the incidents being packed together solidly and swiftly, but with extreme and scrupulous neatness. Scene 4 of Act II. is in the morning, — the Duke bidding his courtiers "good-morrow" at its outset, — and Viola is once more bidden to go to Olivia "in haste." In Scene 5 the conspiracy against Malvolio begins active operations: the decoy letter is dropped in his path, and achieves its end. In Scene 1, Act III., Viola arrives in Olivia's garden, and takes part in a second interview, wherein the Countess throws off disguise, and vainly solicits for Cesa-

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rio's love. Scene 2 follows immediately, Sir Andrew complaining of the favors which he has just seen Olivia do "i' the orchard" to the Count's serving-man. In Scene 3 of the same act Sebastian and Antonio again appear; the latter, moved by affection, having closely followed his young friend from the seacoast to the city. The hour is not late in the forenoon, for Sebastian speaks of its being "long to night," and when they part Antonio purposes "bespeaking their diet" at the Elephant. In Scene 4, Malvolio, who in the last scene of the previous act had proposed to be "in yellow stockings and cross-gartered even with the swiftness of putting on," has donned his new and strange attire, and causes his mistress great astonishment and alarm. Within the same scene, — "more matter for a May morning," as Fabian says, — Sir Andrew produces his celebrated challenge to the Duke's serving-man, which Sir Toby undertakes to deliver; and, "jump" upon this, Viola, recalled before she has regained the Duke's mansion by a servant specially dispatched by Olivia for that purpose, once more sets out for home after once more repelling Olivia's advances. It is at this point that Viola is made to undergo Sir Andrew's challenge, and is kept from telling "how much" she "lacks of a man" only by the appearance of Antonio, who, mistaking her for her brother, draws in her behalf; and now "not half an hour" has elapsed since the parting of Antonio and Sebastian, in the previous scene. (Again see Antonio's long speech in Act V.) In Scene 1 of Act IV. the Clown and Sebastian meet, and it appears that Olivia, whose new passion knows no patience and "bides no denay," has scarcely suffered Viola to leave her sight before she has for the second time dispatched a messenger to bid Cesario return to speak with her. The result of this encounter is the Countess's meeting with Sebastian, and his somewhat dazed but quite prompt acceptance of her overtures; the culmination, two scenes later, being her appearance with a priest, and the performance of a solemn betrothal service "in the chantry by." Act V. is all in one scene, and the time which elapses from the ceremony just named to Olivia's meeting with Viola — now mistaken by the former for her affianced husband — is so short that the Friar can say that since then "toward his grave" he has "traveled but two hours." The various odds and ends of the time have been vigorously employed by the other characters in ways which need not be particularly noted. Sir Toby Belch has used the probable nearness of Sir Topas, a pliable ecclesiastic, to reward Maria's cleverness by marrying her; after which he gets drunk and has a glorious fight with Sebastian. Mr. Richard Grant White has recently spoken of this part of Sir Toby's career rather slightingly, as if it were improbable and did not fit neatly into the day. The entire affair seems to me, on the contrary, exquisitely appropriate: with just such speed would the gallant knight have married when once he had made up his mind; with just such festivities would he have rejoiced to crown the nuptial rite; and there is abundant room in the time of the action to slip in such a twelfth-night marriage, — "ay, and twenty such." From the morning till the evening, when everything except Malvolio's temper is set right, this has been a long and full day, but by nothing too long or full either for the constructer's art or the spectator's delight.

The extent of time in Much Ado About Nothing is nine days; but nearly all the action takes place during parts of four days. The entire first act and the first scene of the second act are included within a single twenty-four hours. In the last speech of Scene 1, Act I., Don Pedro agrees with Claudio to woo fair Hero in his name at the "revel" which is to be "to-night." The second

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and third scenes succeed with intervals of but a few hours; in the third scene the supple Borachio feeds the spleen of his tart master, Don John, with news about Hero and Claudio, gathered at the "great supper," which is still in progress. Scene 1 of Act II. carries the action directly on: it is just after the supper, and Leonato is inquiring about Don John's absence from the feast. The masked ball follows, with its merry encounter of wits, sharp and blunt, and the renewal with threefold bitterness of the war between Beatrice and Benedick. In this scene the wedding-day of Claudio and Hero is fixed "on Monday next, which is hence a just seven night;" and the day ends with the framing of the plot by Don Pedro and the others "to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other." The second and third scenes of Act II. are not exactly fixed in time, though one may shrewdly guess that the former is very near the first day of the piece, inasmuch as Don John's gossip-greedy ears have only just now been assured of the certainty of the proposed marriage. In the third scene the amiable conspirators begin operations against Benedick's hard heart. It is perhaps fair to conjecture that several days have passed since the conception of their scheme, because the attack upon Beatrice would naturally follow as soon as might be, lest device should be dulled by coldness or delay. And Beatrice's heart is assailed in the next scene (Scene 1, Act III.), which takes place on the day before that fixed for the wedding; for Hero takes counsel with Ursula about the attire which is "best to furnish" her "to-morrow." Scenes 2 and 3 also fall on the day before the wedding. In the former, Don John, preserving his malicious purpose, asks his half-brother and Claudio to spy that night upon an encounter between himself and Hero under her chamber window, and Claudio resolves if he "sees anything to-night why" he "should not marry her to-morrow" he will shame her before the congregation. Scene 3 is on the night of the same day. The honest watchmen, headed by Dogberry and Verges, have come together, and presently overhear the whispered talk of Borachio, who is telling Conrade the tale of the infamous fraud which he has just perpetrated at the instance of Don John's thousand ducats. The next day, being that originally fixed for the wedding, covers all the rest of the play except the final scene of Act V. In Scene 4, Act III., it being "almost five o'clock" in the morning, Hero is attiring herself for church, Beatrice is roused, and presently the Prince and his suite call "to fetch the bride to church." In Scene 5, Act III., as Leonato is stayed for to give away the bride, Dogberry appears, with his muddled story of his arrest of "two aspicious persons," and is told with impatient condescension that he may himself "take the examination" of his prisoners "this morning." Then follows the scene in the church (Scene 1, Act IV.), where Claudio refuses and accuses his bride at the altar. Scene 2 shows the excellent wit of Dogberry in the examination of Borachio and Conrade, and closes with the Sexton's direction that the prisoners be brought to Leonato. There is an interval of a few hours or minutes, and towards evening Act V. begins, the characters saluting each other with "good den." Presently the watch appear with their prisoners, and in a moment Hero's injured innocence is demonstrated to the remorseful young gentlemen. Claudio forthwith resolves to spend the night in paying honor to the memory of Hero, and engages to meet Leonato and marry Antonio's daughter "to-morrow morning." Scene 2, Act V., between Benedick and Beatrice, is but a few minutes later, and the eventful day ends with the obituary rites paid by Claudio to his slander-slain mistress. The final

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scene is on the following morning, as had been arranged. Hero, who has been dead to Claudio and the Prince but for the twenty-four hours during which "her slander lived," returns to life and love, and the "too wise" Benedick and Beatrice put forth together upon the matrimonial voyage, which it is safe to predict will be marred by some serious squalls and storms.

As You Like It opens in Oliver's orchard, and its first scene stands by itself, occupying a part of the first day of the action of the piece. "To-morrow," before the new Duke, Charles, the professional athlete, is to "wrestle for his credit," as in this scene he warns Orlando's malevolent brother. The second day, therefore, is that of the second scene, in which Orlando trips up the wrestler's heels and Rosalind's heart, both in an instant. The third scene closely follows the encounter of the lovers, and is occupied with Celia's prompt teasing of her friend, then with the usurping Duke's appearance and sentence of banishment upon Rosalind, and finally with the resolution of the young maids to go into exile together. Scene 1, Act II., is with the Banished Duke in the forest of Arden, and makes a new starting-point of interest, in the fashion already discussed. Scene 2 of this act marks the beginning of the third day of the regular action, inasmuch as the attendant ladies in the palace have just found Celia's "bed untreasured of their mistress." The following scene also belongs to the third day, for in it Orlando, just returned from the short journey to court, meets Adam before Oliver's house, and with the old man sets forth for the forest, to which all roads in As You Like It lead. There are divers unknown intervals, all quite short, between the scenes which succeed until Scene 4 of Act III. is reached. Shakespeare does not inform us how long Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone were in making the journey, the close of which in Scene 4, Act II., finds them so weary in spirits and in legs; nor how much time Orlando and Adam consumed upon the way; nor what period elapsed before the usurper, Frederick, turned Oliver out-of-doors to bring back Orlando, "dead or living," to his court; nor how long Orlando lived in the forest before he began to abuse the "young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks," and to hang "odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles." But many slight hints in the text show that these periods were very short. In Scene 2, Act III., Orlando first sees Rosalind in her disguise, and then and there makes that contract for substituted wooing, the story of which, at the end of three centuries, comes filled with the scent of the wild rose and the note of the nightingale, and both as fresh and sweet as if they were breathed out but yesterday. An undisclosed interval then occurs, which is doubtless filled by Rosalind with love-making and by Orlando with love-thinking. Rosalind evidently fritters away no part of the time in cultivating acquaintance with her father, the Banished Duke, though she meets him once, and bestows some of her sweet sauciness upon him; not that she lacked filial affection, but that she was in a state of mind which many maidens have experienced, though not many have had the courage to put it frankly into words, and say there is no use in "talking of fathers" "when there is such a man as Orlando." The interval is a short one, we may be sure, for Rosalind's heart beats as fast as her wit moves and her tongue trips; and Orlando has been well and much, if briefly, tutored in the art of love when Scene 4 of Act III. opens, and with it the actual last day but one of the comedy. Scenes 4 and 5 of Act III., the whole of Act IV., and the whole of Act V. except its final scene are compressed within this one day, the progress of which is marked almost to the point of distinguishing its hours. Scene 4,

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Act III., opens at about the hour of ten in the forenoon, — as will be presently verified, — with Rosalind's lament over Orlando's broken promise to "come this morning;" thence Rosalind, Celia, and Corin pass directly to Scene 5, and the contemplation of the misery of Silvius and the coquetry of Phebe; and in Scene 1 of Act IV. Orlando appears, and in response to Rosalind's peevish "How now, Orlando! where have you been all this while?" replies that he comes "within an hour of" his "promise." This enchanting scene begins at about eleven and ends at noon, when Orlando departs to attend the Duke at dinner, promising to be with Rosalind again by two o'clock. The two hours which follow, though not included in the action of the play, are very important. After dinner, Orlando, "chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy," takes a walk in the forest, discovers Oliver asleep upon the ground, and saves him, at the cost of a wound, from the paw of the "sucked and hungry lioness;" and, upon Oliver's showing a sudden but complete change of heart, the brothers are reconciled. The story of this adventure is told by the elder brother to Rosalind and Celia in an interview which begins in the latter part of Scene 3, Act IV., the opening hour of which — as fixed by Rosalind, again impatient of her lover's tardiness — was "past two o'clock;" and by the time Rosalind has revived from her counterfeit of faintness the afternoon must be pretty well advanced. In Scene 1 of Act V. it is "good even," and at the same time, or a little later, in the sequent scene Rosalind tells Orlando the tale of Oliver's and Celia's love, which, beginning in an introduction a few hours before, has developed with such extraordinary rapidity that Rosalind plainly feels called upon to make a little humorous apology for it ("Your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved," etc.); and the scene closes with Rosalind's promise to make everything "on the morrow" as everybody likes it. Scene 3 comes as a queer little postscript. "To-morrow" is to be "the joyful day" also for Touchstone and Audrey, and with some of the Clown's exquisite fooling the night falls and the great day ends. In the last scene of Act V. the famous "to-morrow" and promise-keeping Rosalind arrive together. Her tongue now for the first time finds but little to do, — it being remembered that she has a last opportunity in the epilogue, — and with five charming words, where, if her heart were less full, a hundred would not have sufficed, she makes her lover and her father happy.

The time in Measure for Measure is for the most part distinctly marked, although the repeated and important "to-morrows" are at first rather confusing, and need to be closely scrutinized. Scene 1 of Act I. stands by itself, and is devoted to the Duke's announcement of his temporary retirement from the government of Vienna, and to the commissioning of Angelo as regent during his absence. There is then an unknown interval, which may be safely surmised to be a few weeks long, for within it Angelo, "still newly in his seat," begins the sharp enforcement of laws nineteen years obsolete (Scene 3, Act I.), while the Duke is supposed to have reached Poland (Scene 4, Act I.), or to be "with the Emperor of Russia," or "in Rome" (Scene 2, Act III.). After the opening scene the remainder of the action occupies parts of four consecutive days, being greatly condensed, and on the second day much hurried. Scenes 2 and 3 of Act I. are early in the morning. Claudio is on the way to prison, and begs Lucio to seek Isabella, who "this day should the cloister enter," and urge her mediation with Angelo. Lucio promises to be at the nunnery "within two hours," and his interview with Isabella is described in Scene 5, where she agrees to go about the business "straight, no

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longer staying but to give the mother notice of" her "affair." In Scene 1, Act II., — the hour of which is eleven A. M. (see remark of the justice near the end), — Angelo directs the provost to put Claudio to death "by nine to-morrow morning." In Scene 2 Isabella appears before the deputy, makes her plea for her brother's life, and so far prevails that Angelo instructs her to come again for a final answer "to-morrow at any time 'fore noon." The provost is present at this interview, and of course notes the reprieve of his prisoner. And with this the first of the three days ends. The following scene is in the prison, and takes place early the next morning. In it the provost tells the Duke he "thinks" that Claudio must die "to-morrow;" the idea plainly being that the provost has no faith in the efficacy of Isabella's intercession, and believes that within a short space after her appointed interview the order for execution will be renewed. Scene 4 of Act II. follows closely at some "time 'fore noon," and shows the great interview between Angelo and Isabella, in which the deputy asks the sacrifice of her purity as the price of her brother's life. Angelo requires her answer by to-morrow at farthest, and, burning with noble shame, she goes straight from him to Claudio, with whom, in Scene 1 of Act III., she has the memorable conference, in which his weak love of life above honor causes her to disown him as a brother. In this interview Isabella puts Angelo's base proposition more specifically than it appeared in the former scene, and lets Claudio know

> "This night 's the time
> That I should do what I abhor to name,
> Or else thou diest to-morrow."

By the lurid light of these lines the movement in time of nearly all the rest of the action can be clearly discerned. Early in this same scene the disguised Duke is having the last words of the talk with Claudio, upon which he was about to enter in Scene 3 of Act II.; and after the angry parting of Isabella and her brother, he persuades her to adopt the extraordinary plan by which she is to promise an appointment to Angelo for "this night," and to substitute in her stead, under cover of darkness, the forlorn Mariana of the moated grange, who had been betrothed to Angelo, and who probably had no idea that her wretched state of mind was to be an inspiration to the leading poet of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Scene 2 of Act III. and Scene 1 of Act IV. follow directly, and in the latter it is already so late that "the vaporous night approaches." Scene 2 of Act IV. opens in the prison on the hour of "dead midnight" at the end of the second day, and extends to "almost morning" of the third day. Angelo has already met the pseudo-Isabella, and too false to be true even to his own covenant of wickedness has broken his plighted word, and ordered the execution of Claudio at eight in the morning; and while the provost is so informing the Duke, another messenger arrives from the deputy, now feverish to hasten his infamous work, that whatsoever "may be heard to the contrary" Claudio is to be executed by four A. M., and his head delivered to Angelo by five. The following scene (Scene 3 of Act IV.) reaches to four A. M., the "hour prefixed by Angelo," and sees the perfecting of the device to deceive the deputy about Claudio. In this scene the disguised Duke says that "the Duke comes home to-morrow," and that the deputy and Escalus have been instructed then "to meet him at the city gates to give up their power." Scene 4 is in the evening of the third day, and shows the deputy and Escalus amazedly discussing the near return of their superior. The early morning of the fourth and last day begins in Scene 5 of Act IV., and the remainder of the play is within the same twenty-four hours, the succession of scenes in time being entirely clear.

The opening scene in the Winter's

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Tale is introductory, and of no particular position in time, its object being simply to present the popular opinion of the strong affection between Leontes, King of Sicilia, and Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and of the hospitable delight of the former in the nine months' visit of the latter. In Scene 2 the action really begins, and Leontes' outrageous jealousy of his noble wife, Hermione, is indicated, while yet an invitation to a longer stay is pressed upon Polixenes with hypocritical zeal. Before the scene ends Polixenes has been warned by the honorable Camillo, of Sicilia's design against his life, and it is arranged that the King of Bohemia and his informant shall flee that very night. Thus ends the first act and the first day of the action. Scene 1 of Act II. takes place the next morning, apparently. Leontes has just got word of the disappearance of Polixenes and Camillo, and straightway makes public the infamous charge against the queen, and sends her to prison. Thereupon occurs an interval of twenty-three days, occupied by the journey of Leontes' messengers to consult the oracle at Delphos. Within this time Hermione gives birth in prison to a daughter, who in Scene 2 of Act II. is taken by Paulina, and is presented directly afterward to the king in the following scene. In the latter scene, also, Leontes disowns the infant, and orders Antigonus to expose it "strangely, in some place where chance may nurse or end it;" and at the close of the interview it is announced that the messengers from Delphos have returned, after spending twenty-three days in the embassy on which Leontes had dispatched them. The trial of Hermione follows in Scene 2 of Act III., after the lapse of a very few days, as may be inferred both from the haste of Leontes' jealous rage and from the queen's gentle complaint that she has been hurried from the bed of childbirth into the open air before she has "got strength of limit." The exculpation of the queen, the death of the young prince, the king's repentance, and his woe at the news that Hermione has also passed away follow each other rapidly in this scene. Then there is an interval long enough for the unhappy Antigonus to travel with a baby in his arms from Sicilia to Bohemia; and from the final scene of Act III., after leaving the infant to its fate, he hastily departs, pursued by a bear, which, as we are later informed by one of the young child's deliverers, soon made a meal of him. Between Acts III. and IV., as the chorus tells us, sixteen years elapse, during which the infant princess Perdita grows into delicate maidenly beauty, adorning the house of the old Shepherd who rescued her from her perilous position. The time of the three scenes of Act IV., all of which are placed in Bohemia, is not distinctly shown, but evidently does not exceed two or three days. The resolution of King Polixenes to spy upon his son Florizel's wooing of Perdita; the appearance of Autolycus, — that charming "snapper up of unconsidered trifles," — and his larceny from the person of the Clown, Perdita's foster-brother, who is on his way to buy dainties for the sheep-shearing feast; the incidents of the feast itself, with Polixenes' entrance and charge to his son to break off all intimacy with Perdita, — these all follow closely upon one another's heels, and are concluded at the end of the last scene of Act IV. with the flight of Florizel and Perdita to Sicilia. A journey is made by most of the characters from Bohemia to Sicilia between the fourth and fifth acts; and then occur the meetings between the runaway lovers and the King of Sicily; the appearance of Polixenes with the old Shepherd and Clown, who reveal the facts of Perdita's birth, and, helped by Paulina's memory and intelligence, prove the identity of the foundling with the daughter of Leontes; and finally Hermione's sculpturesque return to life, the reverence of her

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long contrite husband, and the sweetness of her daughter's love. These events are included within the three scenes of Act V., and occupy but a single day. Scene 1 runs directly — after the occurrences which are described in Scene 2 — into Scene 3; and a firm nexus of the time is made in the second scene by the simple-hearted remark of the Clown, that he has been "a gentleman born" "any time these four hours." Thus it appears that, though the multiform incidents of the Winter's Tale are spread over a period of more than sixteen years, the time consumed by their action within the play is in the aggregate only about a week; and there is some satisfaction for the curious in the knowledge that in the final scene the young couple, Florizel and Perdita, are respectively twenty-one and sixteen years of age, and that Leontes is forty-four.

Henry A. Clapp.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

FIRST OPENING.

I.

PREPARATIONS.

It is impossible to begin a story which must of necessity tax the powers of belief of readers unacquainted with the class of facts to which its central point of interest belongs without some words in the nature of introduction. Readers of Charles Lamb remember that Sarah Battle insisted on a clean-swept hearth before sitting down to her favorite game of whist.

The narrator wishes to sweep the hearth, as it were, in these opening pages before sitting down to tell his story. He does not intend to frighten the reader away by prolix explanation, but he does mean to warn him against hasty judgments when facts are related which are not within the range of every-day experience. Did he ever see the Siamese twins, or any pair like them? Probably not, yet he feels sure that Chang and Eng really existed; and if he has taken the trouble to inquire, he has satisfied himself that similar cases have been recorded by credible witnesses, though at long intervals and in countries far apart from each other.

This is the first sweep of the brush, to clear the hearth of the skepticism and incredulity which must be got out of the way before we can begin to tell and to listen in peace with ourselves and each other.

One more stroke of the brush is needed before the stage will be ready for the chief characters and the leading circumstances to which the reader's attention is invited. If the principal personages made their entrance at once, the reader would have to create for himself the whole scenery of their surrounding conditions. In point of fact, no matter how a story is begun, many of its readers have already shaped its chief actors out of any hint the author may have dropped, and provided from their own resources a locality and a set of outward conditions to environ these imagined personalities. These are all to be brushed away, and the actual surroundings of the subject of the narrative represented as they were, at the risk of detaining the reader a little while from the events most likely to interest him. The choicest egg that ever was laid was not so big as the nest that held it. If a story were so interesting that a maiden would rather

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hear it than listen to the praise of her own beauty, or a poet would rather read it than recite his own verses, still it would have to be wrapped in some tissue of circumstance, or it would lose half its effectiveness.

It may not be easy to find the exact locality referred to in this narrative by looking into the first gazetteer that is at hand. Recent experiences have shown that it is unsafe to be too exact in designating places and the people who live in them. There are, it may be added, so many advertisements disguised under the form of stories and other literary productions that one naturally desires to avoid the suspicion of being employed by the enterprising proprietors of this or that celebrated resort to use his gifts for their especial benefit. There are no doubt many persons who remember the old sign and the old tavern and its four chief personages presently to be mentioned. It is to be hoped that they will not furnish the public with a key to this narrative, and perhaps bring trouble to the writer of it, as has happened to other authors. If the real names are a little altered, it need not interfere with the important facts relating to those who bear them. It might not be safe to tell a damaging story about John or James Smythe; but if the slight change is made of spelling the name Smith, the Smythes would never think of bringing an action, as if the allusion related to any of them. The same gulf of family distinction separates the Thomsons from the Thompsons with a *p*.

There are few pleasanter places in the Northern States for a summer residence than that known from the first period of its settlement by the name of Arrowhead Village. The Indians had found it out, as the relics they left behind them abundantly testified. The commonest of these were those chipped stones which are the medals of barbarism, and from which the place took its name, — the heads of arrows, of various sizes, material, and patterns: some small enough for killing fish and little birds, some large enough for such game as the moose and the bear, to say nothing of the hostile Indian and the white settler; some of flint, now and then one of white quartz, and others of variously colored jasper. The Indians must have lived here for many generations, and it must have been a kind of factory village of the stone age, — which lasted up to near the present time, if we may judge from the fact that many of these relics are met with close to the surface of the ground.

No wonder they found this a pleasant residence, for it is to-day one of the most attractive of all summer resorts; so inviting, indeed, that those who know it do not like to say too much about it, lest the swarms of tourists should make it unendurable to those who love it for itself, and not as a centre of fashionable display and extra-mural cockneyism.

There is the lake, in the first place, — Cedar Lake, — about five miles long, and from half a mile to a mile and a half wide, stretching from north to south. Near the northern extremity are the buildings of Stoughton University, a flourishing young college with an ambitious name, but well equipped and promising, the grounds of which reach the water. At the southern end of the lake are the edifices of the Corinna Institute, a favorite school for young ladies, where large numbers of the daughters of America are fitted, so far as education can do it, for all stations in life, from camping out with a husband at the mines in Nevada to acting the part of chief lady of the land at the White House in Washington.

Midway between the two extremities, on the eastern shore of the lake, is a valley between two hills, which come down to the very edge of the lake, leaving only room enough for a road between their base and the water. This valley, half a mile in width, has been long set-

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tled, and here for a century or more has stood the old Anchor Tavern. A famous place it was so long as its sign swung at the side of the road: famous for its landlord, portly, paternal, whose welcome to a guest that looked worthy of the attention was like that of a parent to a returning prodigal, and whose parting words were almost as good as a marriage benediction; famous for its landlady, ample in person, motherly, seeing to the whole household with her own eyes, mistress of all culinary secrets that Northern kitchens are most proud of; famous also for its ancient servant, as city people would call her, — help, as she was called in the tavern and would have called herself, — the unchanging, seemingly immortal Miranda, who cared for the guests as if she were their nursing mother, and pressed the specially favorite delicacies on their attention as a connoisseur calls the wandering eyes of an amateur to the beauties of a picture. Who that has ever been at the old Anchor Tavern forgets Miranda's

"A little of this fricassee? — it is vér-y nice;"

or

"Some of these cakes? You will find them vér-y good."

Nor would it be just to memory to forget that other notable and noted member of the household, — the unsleeping, unresting, omnipresent Pushee, ready for everybody and everything, everywhere within the limits of the establishment at all hours of the day and night. He fed, nobody could say accurately when or where. There were rumors of a "bunk," in which he lay down with his clothes on, but he seemed to be always wide awake, and at the service of as many guests at once as if there had been half a dozen of him.

So much for old reminiscences.

The landlord of the Anchor Tavern had taken down his sign. He had had the house thoroughly renovated and furnished it anew, and kept it open in summer for a few boarders. It happened more than once that the summer boarders were so much pleased with the place that they stayed on through the autumn, and some of them through the winter. The attractions of the village were really remarkable. Boating in summer, and skating in winter; ice-boats, too, which the wild ducks could hardly keep up with; fishing, for which the lake was renowned; varied and beautiful walks through the valley and up the hillsides; houses sheltered from the north and northeasterly winds, and refreshed in the hot summer days by the breeze which came over the water, — all this made the frame for a pleasing picture of rest and happiness. But there was a great deal more than this. There was a fine library in the little village, presented and richly endowed by a wealthy native of the place. There was a small permanent population of a superior character to that of an every-day country town; there was a pretty little Episcopal church, with a good-hearted rector, broad enough for the Bishop of the diocese to be a little afraid of, and hospitable to all outsiders, of whom, in the summer season, there were always some who wanted a place of worship to keep their religion from dying out during the heathen months, while the shepherds of the flocks to which they belonged were away from their empty folds.

What most helped to keep the place alive all through the year was the frequent coming together of the members of a certain literary association. Some time before the tavern took down its sign the landlord had built a hall, where many a ball had been held, to which the young folks of all the country round had resorted. It was still sometimes used for similar occasions, but it was especially notable as being the place of meeting of the famous PANSOPHIAN SOCIETY.

This association, the name of which

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might be invidiously interpreted as signifying that its members knew everything, had no such pretensions, but, as its Constitution said very plainly and modestly, held itself open to accept knowledge on any and all subjects from such as had knowledge to impart. Its President was the rector of the little chapel, a man who, in spite of the Thirty-Nine Articles, could stand fire from the widest-mouthed heretical blunderbuss without flinching or losing his temper. The hall of the old Anchor Tavern was a convenient place of meeting for the students and instructors of the University and the Institute. Sometimes in boat-loads, sometimes in carriage-loads, sometimes in processions of skaters, they came to the meetings in Pansophian Hall, as it was now commonly called.

These meetings had grown to be occasions of great interest. It was customary to have papers written by members of the Society, for the most part, but now and then by friends of the members, sometimes by the students of the College or the Institute, and in rarer instances by anonymous personages, whose papers, having been looked over and discussed by the Committee appointed for that purpose, were thought worth listening to. The variety of topics considered was very great. The young ladies of the village and the Institute had their favorite subjects, the young gentlemen a different set of topics, and the occasional outside contributors their own; so that one who happened to be admitted to a meeting never knew whether he was going to hear an account of recent arctic discoveries, or an essay on the freedom of the will, or a psychological experience, or a story, or even a poem.

Of late there had been a tendency to discuss the questions relating to the true status and the legitimate social functions of woman. The most conflicting views were held on the subject. Many of the young ladies and some of the University students were strong in defence of all the "woman's rights" doctrines. Some of these young people were extreme in their views. They had read about Semiramis and Boadicea and Queen Elizabeth, until they were ready, if they could get the chance, to vote for a woman as President of the United States or as General of the United States Army. They were even disposed to assert the physical equality of woman to man, on the strength of the rather questionable history of the Amazons, and especially of the story, believed to be authentic, of the female body-guard of the King of Dahomey, — females frightful enough to need no other weapon than their looks to scare off an army of Cossacks.

Miss Lurida Vincent, gold medallist of her year at the Corinna Institute, was the leader of these advocates of virile womanhood. It was rather singular that she should have elected to be the apostle of this extreme doctrine, for she was herself far better equipped with brain than muscles. In fact, she was a large-headed, large-eyed, long-eyelashed, slender-necked, slightly developed young woman; looking almost like a child at an age when many of the girls had reached their full stature and proportions. In her studies she was so far in advance of her different classes that there was always a wide gap between her and the second scholar. So fatal to all rivalry had she proved herself that she passed under the school name of *The Terror*. She learned so easily that she undervalued her own extraordinary gifts, and felt the deepest admiration for those of her friends endowed with faculties of an entirely different and almost opposite nature. After sitting at her desk until her head was hot and her feet were like ice, she would go and look at the blooming young girls exercising in the gymnasium of the school, and feel as if she would give all her knowledge, all her mathematics and strange tongues and history, all those accomplishments

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that made her the encyclopædia of every class she belonged to, if she could go through the series of difficult and graceful exercises which she saw her schoolmates delighting in.

One among them, especially, was the object of her admiration, as she was of all who knew her exceptional powers in the line for which nature had specially organized her. All the physical perfections which Miss Lurida had missed had been united in Miss Euthymia Tower, whose school name was *The Wonder*. Though of full womanly stature, there were several taller girls of her age. While all her contours and all her movements betrayed a fine muscular development, there was no lack of proportion, and her finely shaped hands and feet showed that her organization was one of those carefully finished masterpieces of nature which sculptors are always in search of, and find it hard to detect among the imperfect products of the living laboratory.

This girl of eighteen was more famous than she cared to be for her performances in the gymnasium. She commonly contented herself with the same exercises that her companions were accustomed to. Only her dumb-bells, with which she exercised easily and gracefully, were too heavy for most of the girls to do more with than lift them from the floor. She was fond of daring feats on the trapeze, and had to be checked in her indulgence in them. The Professor of gymnastics at the University came over to the Institute now and then, and it was a source of great excitement to watch some of the athletic exercises in which the young lady showed her remarkable muscular strength and skill in managing herself in the accomplishment of feats which looked impossible at first sight. How often The Terror had thought to herself that she would gladly give up all her knowledge of Greek and the differential and integral calculus if she could only perform the least of those feats which were mere play to The Wonder! Miss Euthymia was not behind the rest in her attainments in classical or mathematical knowledge, but she was one of the very best students in the out-door branches — botany, mineralogy, sketching from nature — to be found among the scholars of the Institute.

There was an eight-oared boat rowed by a crew of the young ladies, of which Miss Euthymia was the captain and pulled the bow oar. Poor little Lurida could not pull an oar, but on great occasions, when there were many boats out, she was wanted as coxswain, being a mere feather-weight, and quick-witted enough to serve well in the important office where brains are more needed than muscle.

There was also an eight-oared boat belonging to the University, and rowed by a picked crew of stalwart young fellows. The bow oar and captain of the University crew was a powerful young man, who, like the captain of the girls' boat, was a noted gymnast. He had had one or two quiet trials with Miss Euthymia, in which, according to the ultras of the woman's rights party, he had not vindicated the superiority of his sex in the way which might have been expected. Indeed, it was claimed that he let a cannon-ball drop when he ought to have caught it, and it was not disputed that he had been ingloriously knocked over by a sand-bag projected by the strong arms of the young maiden. This was of course a story that was widely told and laughingly listened to, and the captain of the University crew had become a little sensitive on the subject. When there was a talk, therefore, about a race between the champion boats of the two institutions there was immense excitement in both of them, as well as among the members of the Pansophian Society and all the good people of the village.

There were many objections to be overcome. Some thought it unladylike for the young maidens to take part in a

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competition which must attract many lookers-on, and which it seemed to them very hoydenish to venture upon. Some said it was a shame to let a crew of girls try their strength against an equal number of powerful young men. These objections were offset by the advocates of the race by the following arguments. They maintained that it was no more hoydenish to row a boat than it was to take a part in the calisthenic exercises, and that the girls had nothing to do with the young men's boat, except to keep as much ahead of it as possible. As to strength, the woman's righters believed that, weight for weight, their crew was as strong as the other, and of course due allowance would be made for the difference of weight and all other accidental hindrances. It was time to test the boasted superiority of masculine muscle. Here was a chance. If the girls beat, the whole country would know it, and after that female suffrage would be only a question of time. Such was the conclusion, from rather insufficient premises, it must be confessed; but if nature does nothing *per saltum*, — by jumps, — as the old adage has it, youth is very apt to take long leaps from a fact to a possible sequel or consequence. So it had come about that a contest between the two boat crews was looked forward to with an interest almost equal to that with which the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii was regarded.

The terms had been at last arranged between the two crews, after cautious protocols and many diplomatic discussions. It was so novel in its character that it naturally took a good deal of time to adjust it so as to be fair to both parties. The course must not be too long for the lighter and weaker crew, for the staying power of the young persons who made it up could not be safely reckoned upon. A certain advantage must be allowed them at the start, and this was a delicate matter to settle. The weather was another important consideration. June would be early enough, in all probability, and if the lake should be tolerably smooth the grand affair might come off some time in that month. Any roughness of the water would be unfavorable to the weaker crew. The rowing-course was on the eastern side of the lake, the starting-point being opposite the Anchor Tavern; from that three quarters of a mile to the south, where the turning-stake was fixed, so that the whole course of one mile and a half would bring the boats back to their starting-point.

The race was to be between the Algonquin, eight-oared boat with outriggers, rowed by young men, students of Stoughton University, and the Atalanta, also eight-oared and outrigger boat, by young ladies from the Corinna Institute. Their boat was three inches wider than the other, for various sufficient reasons, one of which was to make it a little less likely to go over and throw its crew into the water, which was a sound precaution, though all the girls could swim, and one at least, the bow oar, was a famous swimmer, who had pulled a drowning man out of the water after a hard struggle to keep him from carrying her down with him.

Though the coming trial had not been advertised in the papers, so as to draw together a rabble of betting men and ill-conditioned lookers-on, there was a considerable gathering, made up chiefly of the villagers and the students of the two institutions. Among them were a few who were disposed to add to their interest in the trial by small wagers. The bets were rather in favor of the "Quins," as the University boat was commonly called, except where the natural sympathy of the young ladies or the gallantry of some of the young men led them to risk their gloves or cigars, or whatever it might be, on the Atalantas. The elements of judgment were these: average weight of the Algonquins 157 pounds; average weight of the Atalan-

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tas 143 pounds; skill in practice about equal; advantage of the narrow boat equal to three lengths; whole distance allowed the Atalantas eight lengths, — a long stretch to be made up in a mile and a half.

And so both crews began practising for the grand trial.

II.

THE BOAT-RACE.

The 10th of June was a delicious summer day, — rather warm, but still and bright. The water was smooth, and the crews were in the best possible condition. All was expectation, and for some time nothing but expectation. No boat-race or regatta ever began at the time appointed for the start. Somebody breaks an oar, or somebody fails to appear in season, or something is the matter with a seat or an outrigger; or if there is no such excuse, the crew of one or both or all the boats to take part in the race must paddle about to get themselves ready for work, to the infinite weariness of all the spectators, who naturally ask why all this getting ready is not attended to beforehand. The Algonquins wore plain gray flannel suits and white caps. The young ladies were all in dark blue dresses, touched up with a red ribbon here and there, and wore light straw hats. The little coxswain of the Atalanta was the last to step on board. As she took her place she carefully deposited at her feet a white handkerchief wrapped about something or other, — perhaps a sponge, in case the boat should take in water.

At last the Algonquin shot out from the little nook where she lay, — long, narrow, shining, swift as a pickerel when he darts from the reedy shore. It was a beautiful sight to see the eight young fellows in their close-fitting suits, their brown muscular arms bare, bending their backs for the stroke and recovering, as if they were parts of a single machine.

"The gals can't stan' it agin them fellers," said the old blacksmith from the village.

"You wait till the gals get a-goin'," said the carpenter, who had often worked in the gymnasium of the Corinna Institute, and knew something of their muscular accomplishments. "Y' ought to see 'em climb ropes, and swing dumb-bells, and pull in them rowin'-machines. Ask Jake there whether they can't row a mild in double-quick time, — he knows all abaout it."

Jake was by profession a fisherman, and a fresh-water fisherman in a country village is inspector-general of all that goes on out-of-doors, being a lazy, wandering sort of fellow, whose study of the habits and habitats of fishes gives him a kind of shrewdness of observation, just as dealing in horses is an education of certain faculties, and breeds a race of men peculiarly cunning, suspicious, wary, and wide awake, with a rhetoric of appreciation and depreciation all its own.

Jake made his usual preliminary signal, and delivered himself to the following effect: —

"Wahl, I don' know jest what to say. I 've seed 'em both often enough when they was practisin', an' I tell ye the' wa'n't no slouch abaout neither on 'em. But them bōats is allfired long, 'n' eight on 'em stretched in a straight line eendways makes a consid'able piece aout 'f a mile 'n' a haaf. I 'd bate on them gals if it wa'n't that them fellers is naterally longer winded, as the gals 'll find aout by the time they git raound the stake 'n' over agin the big ellum. I 'll go ye a quarter on the pahnts agin the petticoats."

The fresh-water fisherman had expressed the prevailing belief that the young ladies were overmatched. Still there were not wanting those who thought the advantage allowed the "Lantas," as they called the Corinna boat-

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crew, was too great, and that it would be impossible for the "Quins" to make it up and go by them.

The Algonquins rowed up and down a few times before the spectators. They appeared in perfect training, neither too fat nor too fine, mettlesome as colts, steady as draught-horses, deep-breathed as oxen, disciplined to work together as symmetrically as a single sculler pulls his pair of oars. The fisherman offered to make his quarter fifty cents. No takers.

Five minutes passed, and all eyes were strained to the south, looking for the Atalanta. A clump of trees hid the edge of the lake along which the Corinna's boat was stealing towards the starting-point. Presently the long shell swept into view, with its blooming rowers, who, with their ample dresses, seemed to fill it almost as full as Raphael fills his skiff on the edge of the Lake of Galilee. But how steadily the Atalanta came on! — no rocking, no splashing, no apparent strain; the bow oar turning to look ahead every now and then, and directing her course, which seemed to be straight as an arrow, the beat of the strokes as true and regular as the pulse of the healthiest rower among them all. And if the sight of the other boat and its crew was beautiful, how lovely was the look of this! Eight young girls, — young ladies, for those who prefer that more dignified and less attractive expression, — all in the flush of youth, all in vigorous health; every muscle taught its duty; each rower alert, not to be a tenth of a second out of time, or let her oar dally with the water so as to lose an ounce of its propelling virtue; every eye kindling with the hope of victory. Each of the boats was cheered as it came in sight, and again as it crossed the starting-line before coming into position; but the cheers for the Atalanta were naturally the loudest, as the gallantry of one sex and the clear, high voices of the other gave it life and vigor.

"Take your places!" shouted the umpire, five minutes before the half hour. The two boats felt their way slowly and cautiously to their positions, which had been determined by careful measurement. After a little backing and filling they got in line, at the proper distance from each other, and sat motionless, their bodies bent forward, their arms outstretched, their oars in the water, waiting for the word.

"Go!" shouted the umpire.

Away sprang the Atalanta, and far behind her leaped the Algonquin, her oars bending like so many long Indian bows as their blades flashed through the water.

"A stern chase is a long chase," especially when one craft is a great distance behind the other. It looked as if it would be impossible for the rear boat to overcome the odds against it. Of course the Algonquin kept gaining, but could it possibly gain enough? That was the question. As the boats got farther and farther away, it became more and more difficult to determine what change there was in the interval between them. But when they came to rounding the stake it was easier to guess at the amount of space which had been gained. It was clear that something like half the distance, four lengths, as nearly as could be estimated, had been made up in rowing the first three quarters of a mile. Could the Algonquins do a little better than this in the second half of the race-course, they would be sure of winning.

The boats had turned the stake, and were coming in rapidly. Every minute the University boat was getting nearer the other.

"Go it, Quins!" shouted the students.

"Pull away, Lantas!" screamed the girls, who were crowding down to the edge of the water.

Nearer, — nearer, — the rear boat is pressing the other more and more closely, — a few more strokes, and they will

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be even, for there is but one length between them, and thirty rods will carry them to the line. It looks desperate for the Atalantas. The bow oar of the Algonquin turns his head. He sees the little coxswain leaning forward at every stroke, as if her trivial weight were of such mighty consequence, — but a few ounces might turn the scale of victory. As he turned he caught a glimpse of the stroke oar of the Atalanta. What a flash of loveliness it was! Her face was like the reddest of June roses, with the heat and the strain and the passion of expected triumph. The upper button of her close-fitting flannel suit had strangled her as her bosom heaved with exertion, and it had given way before the fierce clutch she made at it. The bow oar was a staunch and steady rower, but he was human. The blade of his oar lingered in the water; a little more and he would have caught a crab, and perhaps lost the race by his momentary bewilderment.

The boat, which seemed as if it had all the life and nervousness of a Derby three-year-old, felt the slight check, and all her men bent more vigorously to their oars. The Atalantas saw the movement, and made a spurt to keep their lead and gain upon it if they could. It was of no use. The strong arms of the young men were too much for the young maidens; only a few lengths remained to be rowed, and they would certainly pass the Atalanta before she could reach the line.

The little coxswain saw that it was all up with the girls' crew if she could not save them by some strategic device.

"Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirat?"

she whispered to herself, — for The Terror remembered her Virgil as she did everything else she ever studied. As she stooped, she lifted the handkerchief at her feet, and took from it a flaming bouquet. "Look!" she cried, and flung it just forward of the track of the Algonquin. The captain of the University boat turned his head, and there was the lovely vision which had a moment before bewitched him. The owner of all that loveliness must, he thought, have flung the bouquet. It was a challenge: how could he be such a coward as to decline accepting it! He was sure he could win the race now, and he would sweep past the line in triumph with the great bunch of flowers at the stem of his boat, proud as Van Tromp in the British channel with the broom at his mast-head.

He turned the boat's head a little by backing water. He came up with the floating flowers, and near enough to reach them. He stooped and snatched them up, with the loss perhaps of a second in all, — no more. He felt sure of his victory.

How can one tell the story of the finish in cold-blooded preterites? Are we not there ourselves? Are not our muscles straining with those of these sixteen young creatures, full of hot, fresh blood, nerves all tingling like so many tight-strained harp-strings, all their life concentrating itself in this passionate moment of supreme effort? No! We are seeing, not telling about what somebody else once saw!

— The bow of the Algonquin passes the stern of the Atalanta!

— The bow of the Algonquin is on a level with the middle of the Atalanta!

— Three more lengths' rowing and the college crew will pass the girls!

— "Hurrah for the Quins!" The Algonquin ranges up alongside of the Atalanta!

"Through with her!" shouts the captain of the Algonquin.

"Now, girls!" shrieks the captain of the Atalanta.

They near the line, every rower straining desperately, almost madly.

— Crack goes the oar of the Atalanta's captain, and up flash its splintered fragments, as the stem of her boat

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springs past the line, eighteen inches at least ahead of the Algonquin.

Hooraw for the Lantas! Hooraw for the Girls! Hooraw for the Institoot! shout a hundred voices.

"Hurrah for woman's rights and female suffrage!" pipes the small voice of The Terror, and there is loud laughing and cheering all round.

She had not studied her classical dictionary and her mythology for nothing. "I have paid off one old score," she said. "Set down my damask roses against the golden apples of Hippomenes!"

It was that one second lost in snatching up the bouquet which gave the race to the Atalantas.

III.

THE WHITE CANOE.

While the two boats were racing, other boats with lookers-on in them were rowing or sailing in the neighborhood of the race-course. The scene on the water was a gay one, for the young people in the boats were, many of them, acquainted with each other. There was a good deal of lively talk until the race became too exciting. Then many fell silent and some turned pale, until, as the boats neared the line, and still more as they crossed it, the shouts burst forth which showed how a cramp of attention finds its natural relief in a fit of convulsive exclamation.

But far away, on the other side of the lake, a birch-bark canoe was to be seen, in which sat a young man, who paddled it skilfully and swiftly. It was evident enough that he was watching the race *intently, but the spectators could see lit*tle more than that. One of them, however, who sat upon the stand, had a powerful spy-glass, and could distinguish his motions very minutely and exactly. It was seen by this curious observer that the young man had an opera-glass with him, which he used a good deal at intervals. The spectator thought he kept it directed to the girls' boat, chiefly, if not exclusively. He thought also that the opera-glass was more particularly pointed towards the bow of the boat, and came to the natural conclusion that the bow oar, Miss Euthymia Tower, captain of the Atalantas, "The Wonder" of the Corinna Institute, was the attraction which determined the direction of the instrument.

"Who is that in the canoe over there?" asked the owner of the spy-glass.

"That's just what we should like to know," answered the old landlord's wife. "He and his man boarded with us when they first came, but we could never find out anything about him only just his name and his ways of living. His name is Kirkwood, — Maurice Kirkwood, Esq., it used to come on his letters. As for his ways of living, he was the solitariest human being that I ever came across. His man carried his meals up to him. He used to stay in his room pretty much all day, but at night he would be off, walking, or riding on horseback, or paddling about in the lake, sometimes till nigh morning. There's something very strange about that Mr. Kirkwood. But there don't seem to be any harm in him. Only nobody can guess what his business is. They got up a story about him at one time. What do you think? They said he was a counterfeiter! And so they went one night to his room, when he was out, and that man of his was away too, and they carried keys, and opened pretty much everything; and they found — well, they found just nothing at all except writings and letters, — letters from places in America and in England, and some with Italian postmarks: that was all. Since that time the sheriff and his folks have let him alone and minded their own business. He was a gentleman, — anybody ought to have known that; and

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anybody that knew about his nice ways of living and behaving, and knew the kind of wear he had for his undercloth-ing, might have known it. I could have told those officers that they had better not bother him. I know the ways of real gentlemen and real ladies, and I know those fellows in store clothes that look a little too fine, — outside. Wait till washing-day comes ! "

The good lady had her own standards for testing humanity, and they were not wholly unworthy of consideration ; they were quite as much to be relied on as the judgments of the travelling phrenologist, who sent his accomplice on before him to study out the principal personages in the village, and in the light of these revelations interpreted the bumps, with very little regard to Gall and Spurzheim, or any other authorities.

Even with the small amount of information obtained by the search among his papers and effects the gossips of the village had constructed several distinct histories for the mysterious stranger. He was an agent of a great publishing house ; a leading contributor to several important periodicals ; the author of that anonymously published novel which had made so much talk ; the poet of a large clothing establishment ; a spy of the Italian, some said the Russian, some said the British, Government ; a proscribed refugee from some country where he had been plotting ; a schoolmaster without a school, a minister without a pulpit, an actor without an engagement ; in short, there was no end to the perfectly senseless stories that were told about him, from that which made him out an escaped convict to the whispered suggestion that he was the eccentric heir to a great English title and estate.

The one unquestionable fact was that of his extraordinary seclusion. Nobody in the village, no student in the University, knew his history. No young lady in the Corinna Institute had ever had a word from him. Sometimes, as the boats of the University or the Institute were returning at dusk, their rowers would see the canoe stealing into the shadows as they drew near it. Sometimes on a moonlight night, when a party of the young ladies were out upon the lake, they would see the white canoe gliding ghost-like in the distance. And it had happened more than once that when a boat's crew had been out with singers among them, while they were in the midst of a song, the white canoe would suddenly appear and rest upon the water, — not very near them, but within hearing distance, — and so remain until the singing was over, when it would steal away and be lost sight of in some inlet or behind some jutting rock.

Naturally enough, there was intense curiosity about this young man. The landlady had told her story, which explained nothing. There was nobody to be questioned about him except his servant, an Italian, whose name was Paolo, but who to the village was known as Mr. Paul.

Mr. Paul would have seemed the easiest person in the world to worm a secret out of. He was good-natured, child-like as a Heathen Chinee, talked freely with everybody in such English as he had at command, knew all the little people of the village, and was followed round by them partly from his personal attraction for them, and partly because he was apt to have a stick of candy or a handful of peanuts or other desirable luxury in his pocket for any of his little friends he met with. He had that wholesome, happy look, so uncommon in our arid countrymen, — a look hardly to be found except where figs and oranges ripen in the open air. A kindly climate to grow up in, a religion which takes your money and gives you a stamped ticket good at Saint Peter's box office, a roomy chest and a good pair of lungs in it, an honest digestive apparatus, a lively temperament, a cheerful acceptance of the place

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in life assigned to one by nature and circumstance, — these are conditions under which life may be quite comfortable to endure, and certainly is very pleasant to contemplate. All these conditions were united in Paolo. He was the easiest, pleasantest creature to talk with that one could ask for a companion. His southern vivacity, his amusing English, his simplicity and openness, made him friends everywhere.

It seemed as if it would be a very simple matter to get the history of his master out of this guileless and unsophisticated being. He had been tried by all the village experts. The rector had put a number of well-studied careless questions, which failed of their purpose. The old librarian of the town library had taken note of all the books he carried to his master, and asked about his studies and pursuits. Paolo found it hard to understand his English, apparently, and answered in the most irrelevant way. The leading gossip of the village tried her skill in pumping him for information. It was all in vain.

His master's way of life was peculiar, — in fact, eccentric. He had hired rooms in an old-fashioned three-story house. He had two rooms in the second and third stories of this old wooden building: his study in the second, his sleeping-room in the one above it. Paolo lived in the basement, where he had all the conveniences for cooking, and played the part of *chef* for his master and himself. This was only a part of his duty, for he was a man-of-all-work, purveyor, steward, chambermaid, — as universal in his services for one man as Pushee at the Anchor Tavern used to be for everybody.

It so happened that Paolo took a severe cold one winter's day, and had such threatening symptoms that he asked the baker, when he called, to send the village physician to see him. In the course of his visit the doctor naturally inquired about the health of Paolo's master.

"Signor Kirkwood well, — *molto bene*," said Paolo.

"Why does he keep out of sight as he does?" asked the doctor.

"He always so," replied Paolo. "*Una antipatia.*"

Whether Paolo was off his guard with the doctor, whether he revealed it to him as to a father confessor, or whether he thought it time that the reason of his master's seclusion should be known, the doctor did not feel sure. At any rate, Paolo was not disposed to make any further revelations. *Una antipatia*, — an antipathy, — that was all the doctor learned. He thought the matter over, and the more he reflected the more he was puzzled. What could an antipathy be that made a young man a recluse! Was it a dread of blue sky and open air, of the smell of flowers, or some electrical impression to which he was unnaturally sensitive?

Dr. Butts carried these questions home with him. His wife was a sensible, discreet woman, whom he could trust with many professional secrets. He told of Paolo's revelation, and talked it over with her in the light of his experience and her own; for she had known some curious cases of constitutional likes and aversions.

Mrs. Butts buried the information in the grave of her memory, where it lay for nearly a week. At the end of that time it emerged in a confidential whisper to her favorite sister-in-law, a perfectly safe person. Twenty-four hours later the story was all over the village that Maurice Kirkwood was the subject of a strange, mysterious, unheard-of antipathy to something, — nobody knew what; and the whole neighborhood naturally resolved itself into an unorganized committee of investigation.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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TWO HISTORIC AMERICANS.

THE present season brings us two biographical studies which easily suggest comparison and contrast. Each intends less a sketch of personal characteristics than an estimate of public position, but the two persons were so individual that their characters refuse to be relegated to a secondary consideration; they make the very places which the persons occupy. It is a pleasant task, therefore, to read from these studies the personal element, to form some conception of the figures thus presented to the eye, and to watch the lengthening shadows which they cast.

John Adams, regarded under the limitations of family life, stands as the head of a succession of vigorous personalities. It is not impossible that something more than hereditary influence has passed from him down the line; that the judgments which he formed and held with such tenacity have been part of the family possession ever since. Mr. Morse, at any rate, the first of the present generation to attempt a full-length portrait,[1] finds himself obliged to turn to the wall now and then the frame which contains John Adams's picture as painted by his grandson, although in the main he naturally is guided by it. The Adamses, however, have never lacked representation, since they have projected their own features with a good deal of energy from the pages of their diaries and correspondence. Mr. Morse reminds us that Adams was cast for the ministry as the one learned profession of his day, but that by his own choice he adopted law. "The figure," he adds, "of impetuous, dogmatic, combative, opinionated, energetic, practical, and withal liberal John Adams in a pulpit is exceedingly droll. He was much too big, too enterprising, too masterful, for such a cage." The law was held in disrepute, and his friends thought John Adams had made a sad mistake. It is curious how the position is reversed to-day. We may fancy a future biographer saying of some strong figure in American history, whose choice of a profession fell in the last fifth of this century, that to the dismay of his friends he took his gifts, his fine persuasive powers, his insight into the order of the universe, his practical sense, into what then seemed the sorry estate of the Christian ministry.

As it turned out, it was something more than the practice of law for which John Adams was intended. There was a profession of statesmanship then forming, at the head of which he was to stand. In truth, he summed in himself those political virtues which in the community about him issued in protest, revolt, and continuous organization. He was an incarnate New England. He was the best interpreter the country has ever seen of those English institutions which were transplanted into American soil and put forth new forms. A new and vigorous school of historical students is engaged in tracing the genesis of local institutions and political customs. It is doing scientifically what John Adams did by virtue of his political insight. His philosophy of the town-meeting remains the best statement of that democratic germ.

It was, however, in the line of practical statesmanship that Adams won his most enduring fame; not, indeed, the statesmanship which avails itself of men, but that which never loses sight of a political end and perceives the meaning of the larger movements. If Adams had had the tact and adroitness of Franklin, he would not have been so

[1] *John Adams.* By JOHN T. MORSE, JR. [American Statesmen Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

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rugged a figure in our history; but what is that but to say that Franklin and Adams each contributed forces which were united in Washington? Adams disliked Washington, and Mr. Morse has not sufficiently intimated this antagonism. It sprang naturally from the opposition of natures. How could this irritable, dogmatic, insistent, egotistic New Englander fail to fume in the presence of the self-controlled, heavily-weighted Virginian? Could there be a greater contrast in methods than that by which Washington managed the Jay treaty and Adams the French mission? Each did a patriotic deed. The results proved the wisdom of each measure; but while the English treaty was followed by no domestic catastrophe, the French mission was the occasion of the downfall of the Federalist party. Of course other influences were at work, but it is doubtful if any single disrupting power was so great as Adams's utter willfulness.

The contrasts which make John Adams's character so attractive to the large lover of his kind, so repellent to the merely fastidious, are not of great virtues and mean vices, but those of a robust nature which is entangled by its own petty weaknesses. We have sometimes wondered how the truly great woman whom he loved and honored bore with his impatient egotism. She must have seen him as he was, and as students to-day may know him. His own contemporaries, too near to avoid his faults, magnified them, and made a reluctant concession to his mastery. To his wife, who thought his greater thoughts, the violence of his jealousies doubtless seemed just, for the most part, and for the rest she may have given the charity which a wise love knows how to bestow. We suspect that in the turbulence of the passions of his time John Adams owed more than he has confessed to the faithfulness and serenity of his wife.

If John Adams was the progenitor of a line of marked men, all following with unequal paces in his steps, Emerson was the eminent close of a series of men from whom he drew characteristics refined by a long process of selection. Dr. Holmes [1] has touched with skill upon the race and class qualities which found their consummate flower in this last of a line of preachers, and any student of New England life is likely to halt before the interesting problem of Emerson's environment and derivation. John Adams had completed his public life when Emerson was born. The profession which he had refused, because he knew himself made for other things, was still the leading profession, and Emerson, growing up in its traditions, was to let it slip from his shoulders as a cloak when he should stand up under a self-ordination, or, if one chooses, under a laying-on of unseen hands. The descent from ministers was something more than a matter of hereditary influence; for Emerson's thought, even when iconoclastic, may fairly be taken as the outcome of that spirit of intellectualism which ministers more than any others had kept in flame in New England. As John Adams was the incarnation of the political New England, so Emerson was the finest product of the free-thinking New England, which had found no subject outside the range of its speculation. The two were both critical men. Adams came to the front in the crisis of political independence; Emerson, in the crisis of religious independence. Theodore Parker was the wind which stormed against the conventionally religious man, and only made him draw his cloak closer about him, while Emerson, shining and smiling, made him loosen his robes and bare himself to the outer air.

The visit of Emerson to England was the return of New England to the mother country in a more emphatic sort than was Hawthorne's. Never does England

[1] *Ralph Waldo Emerson.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. [American Men of Letters Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

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seem farther away from America than when one is reading English Traits. Below the surface of shrewd observation one may catch sight of the spirit of England driven across the Atlantic two hundred years before, given new environment, set upon the same questions but bidden ask them in the open air, and getting its answer in such wise as to make everything strange when revisiting its old haunts. The individuality of Emerson, testing and trying England, is sharp enough, if one looks only for that, but it is easy also to resolve it into a speakership for a new people.

It is, however, in the attitude of Emerson toward his own countrymen that his personality is most interesting. With all his written and spoken words concerning America, — and it is impossible to read his May Day without perceiving how great a relief to him was the return of peace after the separating war, — one fails to find the evidence of any passionate devotion to his country. The service which John Adams rendered in his loyalty to the nation, which he saw less by imagination than by an heroic, sturdy realization of the facts of human life about him, was such a service as racked the giver. Emerson, in speaking of the volume of Letters and Social Aims, which Schmidt introduced to the German public, used the expression "village thoughts." A piece of slightly conscious humility must not be taken too gravely, yet the estimate really does partially set off Emerson's defect on this side. He was at home in Concord. Anywhere else he was a stranger. Even Boston was a place to visit, though he gave that city an affection which is embodied in some noble verses. The occasional glimpses which Dr. Holmes gives of the poet on his travels in his own country serve to deepen the impression which one forms of the purely spectacular shape of the country in Mr. Emerson's vision. He was not indifferent to the struggles going on, and yet they were rather disturbances to his spirit than signs of a life which quickened his own pulse.

To some minds this may seem to lift Emerson above other men. In our judgment it separates him from them, to his own loss. It is precisely this passion of nationality which differentiates other seers and poets from Emerson. Milton had it. Carlyle had it. Tennyson has it. Victor Hugo has it. Goethe did not have it. The absence of this passion is indeed the sign of an inferior ethical apprehension. At any rate, the passion of country is never far removed from the passion of righteousness. The cry over Jerusalem was the last echo of those prophetic voices which make Israel and Israel's God to be joined by closer than human ties. When one collects his God from ethnic fragments he is very apt at the same time to distribute his country.

Dr. Holmes says finely that there was "a sweet seriousness in Emerson's voice that was infinitely soothing." "I remember," he adds, "that in the dreadful war-time, on one of the days of anguish and terror, I fell in with Governor Andrew, on his way to a lecture of Emerson's, where he was going, he said, to relieve the strain upon his mind. An hour passed in listening to that flow of thought, calm and clear as the diamond drops that distil from a mountain rock, was a true nepenthe for a careworn soul." This is the impression which Emerson's nature leaves most ineradicably on the mind. The serenity of his life and thought was a great gift to his countrymen. The smile which played about his features is the last token of his personal presence which they will forget. With what a striking contrast of mood these two historic Americans passed out of ken! Adams, stormy even in his reminiscence of life from the quiet harbor of old age; Emerson, unperturbed when receiving the angry criticism of his day, subsiding into a long reverie of peace.

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MISS THOMAS'S POEMS.

THERE is an informal social pleasure known as "talking it over." When the *débutante's* ball has ended, the guests have gone, and the lights are lowered, a few privileged familiars, who have assisted at the ceremony, sit down in a corner and enjoy the ball over again, in a mood not so critical as that which ruled when preparations were in process, nor so keen as when the hour's gayety kept one on the *qui vive*, but in a mellower, more relaxed frame. It is in some such spirit that we take up again the volume which contains the first collection of Miss Thomas's poems.[1] Ever since this writer's verse began to appear in The Atlantic, nearly four years ago, we have watched with unfeigned interest the illustration of her expanding power. Now that a rarely graceful book holds the poems which have been seen on The Atlantic pages and elsewhere, we congratulate ourselves on the charming *début*, and without too anxious a forecast of the poet's future take pleasure in noting the varied signs of a genuine success.

It may be said of the verse here gathered that it invites to more than one reading, and this is a test of poetry far more searching than at first appears. A story, to engage us, must be new; a poem must be old. We read new poems with some reluctance, as we hear new music with difficulty; but there are poems, as there are sonatas, which immediately take their place as something to be heard again. We encore the song, or the movement, not because we want to hear another of the same sort, but because we want to hear the very one we have just heard; and we glance over the programme with satisfaction when we find that we have not to try any experiments with our ears.

Now Miss Thomas's poems are of a kind which do not disclose all their beauty upon a first acquaintance. They are not riddles, which need to be read again in order to be understood, but they flower to the understanding as one watches them. The delicate fragrance is there, — that one perceives at the outset; but there is a subtlety of beauty which is not rudely to be torn from them, leaf by leaf. Indeed, there is a noticeable absence of what may be called quotable lines, or striking epithets. One remembers the whole poem, not some fragmentary felicity in it. We suspect the author learned this secret where she learned most of her wisdom, — from nature. She has listened until she has heard, not some solitary cry, some single bird, crushing the stillness with its wing, in Hake's fine phrase, but that pervading note which lies at the base of nature's harmony, of which stillness itself is a vocal chord. It is only now and then that poetry steps behind the veil and is alone with the goddess. It is Wordsworth's undying gift to verse that he sometimes thus betrays the sight hidden from the common eye, the sound that the outward ear does not hear. His Stepping Westward is a fine example of this sudden arrest of a movement which one knows only by its arrest. In this volume of Miss Thomas's there is a poem, Something Passes, which affects one in the same way. It is possible that the poet has herself mused in her mind on this theme. At any rate, her Patmos is a somewhat conscious expression of the truth that to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly.

Along with this rare revelation of the recesses of nature there is more which

[1] *A New Year's Masque, and Other Poems.* By EDITH M THOMAS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

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discloses the meaning in simple and familiar forms. Here again one thinks of Wordsworth in such poems as those To a Daisy and To the Small Celandine; only whereas there is pretty sure to creep in a reflection of the poet's mood in Wordsworth, such importations of personal feeling are rarer in Miss Thomas. There is a reticence about her verse, even when it touches upon possible occasions of experience, which betokens a true reverence for her art. The Birch Tree is a good illustration of her happy power in reading what may be called the symbolism of nature. Of the same sort are Wild Honey, The Grasshopper, Moss, and Oak-Corn. In each of these, and in others, there lurks the conception of a resolution of forces into spiritual forms. The charming conceit of the young oaks breaking through Merlin's slumbering power adds that personal element which the poet rightly feels is more akin to nature than when resident in stark humanity. The poem Nature is in some respects the sum of the poet's philosophy on this theme, and very terse and resolute is the expression. Not even poets may please themselves with the notion that they have a more intimate personal relation with nature than ruder men.

"Ye poets lean to her with strong desire,
And are beloved! Yet though ye all should die,
That live now in the favors of her eye,
For praising her with affluent, golden speech,
The best of you once gone, she would not reach
One sunbeam lower than the daisied mould,
Nor heed at all that ye were dark and cold!"

It is perhaps through this exclusion of the modern subjective notion of nature, by which the world only reflects the mood of the man, that Miss Thomas, with her subtle sense of will, has taken refuge both in fairy life and in classic fable. It is impossible that nature, whose every breath is a sign of life, should be incapable of receiving and giving sympathy, and therefore are children of her own created for this only. It is to be said of Miss Thomas's fairyland that she has discovered it; she has not invented it. The fairies brush lightly past as she sings of bee, or oak, or moss; now and then she catches a fuller glimpse, and gives a detailed picture, as in The Elfin Knight; but the most perfect of all her poems in this strain is the one entitled

A LIGHT ROUND.

Under the oak, and under the birk,
Dance a light round;
Under the May moon, treading a cirque
On the mossy ground!

Soft hand to hand, and oft lip to lip,
Dance a light round;
Thus it is that we fairies trip
O'er enchanted ground.

Now, where shall we find a mortal fair
Fit to be crowned?
And where shall we find a minstrel rare
To lead our light round?

A lady I know, both fair and good,
Fit to be crowned;
And a minstrel I know, in the heart of the wood,
Will lead your light round.

Bring her to us, the fair and the good, —
She shall be crowned;
Bring us the minstrel out of the wood,
To lead our light round.

Oh, the lady lies in her bower asleep,
With a strange wound;
And the minstrel is gone through the forest deep, —
He leads a light round.

Under the oak, and under the birk,
Break off our light round;
Fade all away in the morning mirk, —
Fade underground!

The words fall as featly as the trippings of fairies, and the art in the final stanza is flawless. One scarcely hears the movement at last. It is only to be likened to some diminuendo passage of violins.

The occasional appearance of themes drawn from Hellenic sources partially explains this attitude of Miss Thomas toward nature. She has read her Greek out-of-doors, and has followed the guidance of Greek art in her interpretation of nature. There has indeed been a reflex influence, for she has plainly made her native fields the haunts of dryads

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and naiads, and has not vainly sighed for some far-off Hymettus. A certain bookish air is given to her poetry by this admixture of Greek suggestion, but this impresses one only superficially. A closer observation shows so successful an interpenetration of fable and familiar nature that one is reminded in a measure of that frank use of Hellenic material which characterizes some of the Elizabethan writers, Ben Jonson being the most notable representative. The difference lies in the more complex and refined knowledge possible to a poet today who is steeped in antique learning, and also in the difference of the two ages. Miss Thomas has hinted at this in one of the most notable of her poems, The Reply of the Nineteenth Century to the Passionate Shepherd. Marlowe had sung to his oaten pipe,

"Come live with me, and be my love."

His poem is a lovely peep into Arcadia. There is not a word in it which belongs to Greece alone; there is scarcely a word which is not English in its suggestion; and yet the poem is penetrated by Hellenic air; it is the Greece of a poet's reconstruction. It is exquisitely artificial. Miss Thomas replies in words which are pathetic in their hopeless self-knowledge: —

"I am distrustful, veering, sad;
With subtle tongue I 'd drive thee mad:
And so, for very love of thee,
Shepherd, thy love I will not be."

This is the mood of the century, which vexes itself with riddles and is conscious of a more varied sensibility. It is only necessary to suspect that Marlowe was but playfully importunate, and straightway our modern poet, voicing the century, becomes worthier in her honest pathos.

There is another strain sometimes to be heard in these poems, which one may attend, if disposed to fear a too cold and impersonal quality in Miss Thomas's verse. It is found in such poems as Exiles, Omens, Life and Death, Across the World I Speak to Thee, — poems which are charged with feeling, not vague in expression, but based on dramatic experience which is only distantly hinted at. There are several poems which are distinctly dramatic in conception; there are some, also, which suggest that high sense of honor which it is the part of poetry to keep pure and undying as a vestal flame.

It is not strange that, with all this subtlety of feeling and thought, Miss Thomas should direct her poems occasionally at poetry itself. It belongs to a nature which is not content with a merely objective portraiture of the world to ask seriously, What is this power in me that sends me thus to the heart of things? There are poems in this volume which are born of solitude, — such solitude as the poet inevitably enters who is profoundly conscious of his vocation. Profoundly conscious, we say. Many a person is lightly conscious of poetic faculty, plays with the power, and by and by, it may be, discovers that the spring of poetry has dried away. But given a profound consciousness of poetic inspiration, and the nature thus endowed is driven into the wilderness by no external daimon, but by an inward spirit. It is the manifestation of this in some of the poems contained in the book before us which gives us high hope that Miss Thomas, whatever mistakes she may make, will not be false to her vocation. Voices of the Way has an echo from the depths. Flotsam and Jetsam has the ring of poetic courage. The Refuge tells of a mind that rests not short of the genuine. Sing-in-the-Winter, an exquisite lyric, has the triumphant note which tells of a secret hidden from the multitude. Dew of Parnassus is strong with the suggestion of a test which the poet fears not to submit to. Occasion hints at the way one may answer one's own restlessness born of ambition, and To Fame is a noble reflection upon the compensation which awaits the faithful poet. So much,

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then, of conscious strength goes with this beginner's volume, so much of fine art, and so much of spontaneous melody that we cannot withhold our generous faith in a continuous gift of song. It may well be that with time will come such further subordination of bookish knowledge as will enrich the humane side of Miss Thomas's verse, and that even the fine penetration of nature will pass into a broader vision and a profounder revelation of beauty.

CARLYLE IN LONDON.

Of the good and evil of modern biography the memorials of Carlyle, which these volumes [1] conclude, will be a severe test. Slowly he won his way merely by literature to a place where he had the respect of the world, the veneration of the most earnest of the younger generation, and power over all the best. He died; and the interest of his work, which had been as real as Alexander's, as laborious as Frederick's, as believing as Cromwell's, has been superseded by the interest of his life. This is temporary, of course, but the intimate knowledge that men possess in regard to his own human nature will profoundly modify the meaning of his books to them, and in the long run this change for better or worse will prove the significant thing. He himself taught that character is the best light by which to get an understanding of a man's work, and his biographer has proved faithful to that theory. He himself authorized the violation of his own thoughts, affections, and wrongdoing, in their secretest privacy. It is true that he did it in that mood of sorrow and repentance which is peculiarly liable to error of judgment, when a wise friend is a friend indeed; but he did it. The seal that protected his married life being once broken, other seals easily gave way. There can be no question that Carlyle's literary influence has seriously suffered in consequence; and, though our annals have been enriched by the story of a life of the highest moral interest, it is quite possible that the sacrifice has been too great. There have been men whose nature so outvalued their work that biography, while revealing their feeblenesses, has honored them; there has been character so fine that its illustration in the acts of daily life is a possession much more precious than any other record of it originally meant for the public: but Carlyle's nature and character, taken in the whole, were not such. His virtues were completely expressed in his works, and for the most part his biography has been a lengthening history of the miserable effects of his faults upon his own and others' lives. Could he have characterized himself with the same narrowness of heart and intellectual contempt that he exhibited toward some men whom he knew, these memorials would have furnished him matter for a more biting and a more unjust description than any he has been guilty of. What the features of it would be there is no need to outline. That he was genuine, sincere, truthful, no one will doubt; but all will remember that the same qualities in that "poor fool" of a Gladstone, in whom Carlyle thought all the cants of the age had become convictions, are as worthy respect. He was strenuously righteous; but so was Mill, in whom that virtue did not count for

[1] *Thomas Carlyle.* A History of his Life in London, 1834–1881. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. Two volumes in one. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

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salvation in his eyes. So one might continue, were it useful to argue to the point that Carlyle did not monopolize the manliness of England. It is not strange that Froude lays stress unduly on his friend's good traits, but it cannot be disguised that there is much need for the exercise of charity by the reader; and the proof of this is that the story touches the heart far more than it illumines, or exalts, or strengthens the spirit.

In this narrative of the years of Carlyle's mature life in London, one point is touched on that has never been comprehensively treated, and that is his relation to the public questions of his own time. Froude tries to make much of it, but he succeeds only in keeping up an obscure feeling that the subject is there. Every one knows what Carlyle thought, and there is a taking plausibility in the analogy Froude finds between him and the Hebrew prophets who rebuked, denounced, and exhorted the tribes that forgot God; but the likeness would hold as well in the case of any vehement reformer who had not the power of the sword. He prophesied destruction; and as the history of civilized man has been a series of catastrophes it is quite possible that his prophecy is true. At each new break in the old order men hope that the kingdom of God is near at hand, and we who are building on liberty, the diffusion of intelligence among all the people, and philanthropy, indulge the old belief, perhaps to no better purpose than did the men who converted the nations, who brought back antiquity, and who freed the conscience of Europe. We are engaged in a great effort of equal dignity, and Carlyle declared against us, set himself in opposition to the irresistible movement of civilization, and denounced upon us "God's Revenge." So once had Savonarola done with equal sincerity, and perhaps the issue will in the end be the same to the moderns as it was to the Florentines. But in this matter Carlyle exceeded the rôle of the prophet; he not only preached that no moral regeneration could come from the new expedients of politics, in a large sense, for the administration of society, but he added that such measures were foolish in their own worldly sphere. In the first part of his message he was right, — he said what every prophet declares is God's word; but in the second it ought now to be the devout hope of all men that he may prove a babbler. Certainly, in this province of his thought, — in his sneers at the humane efforts of his contemporaries to give manhood to all who wear the form of man, to show even in prisons some kindliness on the part of organized society toward the criminal and vicious, to insist in practical affairs that no man can be saved except by the exercise of powers that involve such freedom of thought, motive, and action as may also possibly result in his own damnation, — in all this he ran counter to the spirit of Christianity. His temper did belong in many respects to the Old Dispensation, to the rigor and bigotry of Scotch Presbyterianism, to the countryman of Knox. He was so careful that things should be done decently, that acts should be right, as to make it seem that his corner-stone was a belief in government. He had a higher regard for authority than liberty, for compulsion than persuasion, for the law than the victim; but of the aims and methods, the aspirations and energies, of the Christ's kingdom that cometh not by force he seems to have known little. He never was so profound a spiritualist as to make statecraft, as Plato did, a department of man's education: to him all that was "niggerism." Carlyle's convictions regarding suffrage, emancipation, prison-reform, parliamentary government, and the like topics on which he was accustomed to emit "geyser-spouts," as they are termed, were closely connected with his more general views of the moral order of the universe, the sources of great-

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ness in men and nations, and the lessons of history as he read them; and to follow out these threads of union would be very helpful toward an explanation of his reactionary thought. Froude has not done this; he plainly respects Carlyle as a political seer as well as in his capacity of "Hebrew prophet," but he brings nothing to support his master except a Toryish sentiment. We may fail in our effort for the self-education of the race by devolving upon men opportunities they may abuse and responsibilities they may violate, and there are elements enough of danger in our legacy from old times as well as of our own making; but had Carlyle been our leader in the "Exodus from Houndsditch," he would have taken us back, very surely, to the bondage of an Israelitish code, if not to the shadow of Egypt itself.

The personal element in the various memorials of Carlyle's life has already been fully discussed in these pages. In the last forty years of his London career there is fresh illustration of his character, but no new traits appear. The impression which is most strengthened is that of the strange mingling of the rudeness of his original nature with the fineness of the high-bred civilization into which he grew. The strength of his peasant ancestry was at the core of his virtue; but as he developed, and appropriated from others, many modifications are noticeable: for one thing, he became tender. One believes he was always essentially kind; but, as in uncultivated men, his kindness had to be appealed to in order to become active; it was not the habit of his daily life. It is as if the softening and enriching processes, that usually require the period of two or three generations to import into character the fine results of civilization, had been crowded into a single existence. This is one reason, perhaps, why the last years of his life seem morally more beautiful, as if time had done its perfect work for him. The trait which shows most plainly his peasant extraction and which clung longest to him was his peculiar appreciation of the charm of civility as he saw it in great houses. It is the more significant because he seldom gives it verbal form; he may not have known quite clearly his own feeling. It may seem a strange, an inconsistent matter; but there can be no rational doubt that Carlyle liked to be lionized, and was willing to pay the price of physical misery for a dinner with great people. It was not the worst of faults. He would, nevertheless, probably have resented Froude's description of him as one of Lord Ashburton's train; and so far as his consciousness went the remark must be regarded as unjust, though the fact may have been as stated. However that was, he paid dearly for the episode of his friendship with that excellent nobleman. In other matters, too, especially in the ferocity of his judgments, one hears the North Briton accent. But after all, although one cannot help regretting that Froude has made so poor a use of such splendid materials, the story of this life now finished is a very noble one; it attaches men's hearts to a degree that is marvelous when one remembers how much there is in it which repels. Carlyle's life, for better or worse, is now a part of his works.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

MAY one who is a lover of art, although no connoisseur, record here some impressions gathered from a view of Mr. Watts' paintings in the New York Museum, in hopes of drawing forth an expression of opinion as to the same from writers better qualified to judge of things æsthetic? Let me confess at once to a certain degree of disappointment in these remarkable pictures, the result in part, perhaps, of reading the descriptive comment accompanying the catalogue before instead of after looking at the works themselves. In some instances these descriptions suggested to my mind a larger, fuller meaning than I was able to find in the canvas, an experience I have had before when comparing Mr. Ruskin's glowing comment on certain masterpieces of Tintoretto with the original productions; although, on the other hand, without his aid I might have failed to discern much that is to be seen in those works of a mighty genius. But some other reason is necessary to account for my having failed to get from the Watts pictures all the delight I had hoped for. Lack of cultivated taste will, of course, explain the fact easily; yet I should like to state what, so far as I am able to see, appears to be at the bottom of my dissatisfaction. The conception of these paintings is in almost every instance so far removed from the commonplace realism of much of the art of to-day that, regarding the conception alone, we are abundantly impressed by them; yet two only — the Paolo and Francesca and the Love and Death — produced upon me, by actual sight, an effect equal to that which I had gained by simple reading of Mrs. Barrington's catalogue descriptions. I had seen a cut of the Love and Death accompanying Mr. Gosse's paper in the Century, and I do not know that the addition of color made the painting itself more impressive, but the scale of the same of course made all the difference possible. The figure of Death, it seems to me, must strike all who see it as nobly powerful, majestic in attitude, and draped with a severe, statuesque grace. The Time, Death, and Judgment is undeniably striking, and in the grand figure of Time the artist has reached to the height of his conception; yet, taking the picture as a whole, I did not feel that I was looking on a thoroughly successful work. One objection which I mentally made with respect to this and the Love and Death picture may appear very trivial, but I am giving my impressions for only what they are worth. To me, space seems wanting around and between the figures; the canvas is too crowded; we come too near to these symbolic shapes, which ought to be seen through something of the distance and atmosphere that poetry could give to them. In conception these pictures are poetic, and the question rises whether ideas such as Mr. Watts has treated are capable of being successfully dealt with by the painter. Painting, as compared with poetry proper, is a limited art; and to define for himself the limitations of his art ought, one would suppose, to be a first object with the artist; and yet some of the artists whom all agree to call great are those who have apparently striven most to break through those limitations, as with Turner in painting, and, in their different ways, Shelley and Browning in poetry. It is the attempt to transcend their appointed bounds which is one cause of the unreality and abstraction that we find in much of Shelley's verse and Turner's painting, and of the obscurity in Browning's speculative poems. It may be that if Mr. Watts has not altogether suc-

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ceeded in realizing the ideals of his mind the fact is to be explained by certain defects of execution. Of his technical skill I of course may not judge. I can speak only to the fact of a considerable degree of disappointment felt where I was prepared to admire and enjoy. Those pictures whose subjects are taken from the Revelation were to me the least interesting, although I admired the power in the red-clothed figure on the black (?) horse, sweeping his resistless way through space. The figure of the bending goddess in the Endymion struck me, with its airy poise, as resembling the attendant nymph in Tintoretto's Bacchus and Ariadne. That "a man's reach should exceed his grasp," when that reach is toward the loftiest visible to the artist's eye, is surely no fault to be deplored. With whatever qualification, the works mentioned deserve to be seen and enjoyed by all to whom the opportunity is offered, and the comment I have indulged in will not, I trust, be thought presumptuous when the sincere diffidence with which it is made is taken into account.

— Literary fashions are not accidental. They are based upon a sense of propriety; and the heroines of the modern novel have undoubtedly kept pace with all that gives dignity, value, and variety to the world's progress.

The first great change which I shall note is a physical one. As long as men were the principal novel-writers, beauty was an absolute necessity to heroines. Those of the eighteenth century are all perfectly lovely and amiable, but they are also stupid and tiresome. We yawn over their joys and sorrows alike, and are weary to death of their perpetual swooning; "they must hae been gey ill to live wi'."

This union of virtue and insipidity is an old alliance in the male consciousness. It existed in the highest civilization of the ancient world, and it clings to the skirts of a generation still lingering in the high places of the literary and social world. Thackeray's Amelia is Fielding's Amelia in a nineteenth-century costume. Her adoration of that wretched fop, George Osborne, is neither better nor worse than that of Fielding's heroine weeping hysterically over her unworthy, utterly faithless Booth. Neither Fielding nor Thackeray painted these silly, flawless, insipid beauties because he was incapable of anything better. In Fielding's Amelia, Miss Matthews has wit, courage, and high spirit, and Mrs. Bennet a large heart, culture, and intelligence; but both these interesting women are made immoral. No one needs to be reminded of Thackeray's clever contrast to his Amelia, — the inimitable Becky Sharp. We almost resent the marriage of Dobbin to Amelia, and are sure that he must have been ready to hang himself a month afterwards. We would rather he had married Becky in her early life. She would have given him at least an interest in existence, and in all probability have made him a much happier man than the vapid, good-looking Amelia.

The estimate of women in the burlesque letters of Mr. Brown to a Young Man About Town was, in the main, Thackeray's genuine estimate: "A set has been made against clever women from all time. Take all Shakespeare's heroines: they all seem to me pretty much the same, — affectionate, motherly, tender, — that sort of thing. Take Scott's ladies, and those of other writers: each man seems to draw from one model. An exquisite slave is what we want, — an humble, flattering, smiling, child-loving, tea-making, pianoforte-playing being." This statement, as regards Shakespeare, is grossly untrue. Put Thackeray's Amelia for Portia, and where would the play be? Throughout Shakespeare's dramas there is not one woman capable of winning our sympathy without the charm of intellect. Thackeray's good heroines have these flattering, tea-making, piano-

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forte-playing accomplishments, but they are generally so uninteresting that we do not blame their lovers for lighting their cigars with their love-letters.

There are women of another sort in Scott, such as Diana Vernon, Rebecca, and Jeanie Deans; but the great novelist seldom allowed himself to do justice to the love heroines of his tales. The women who marry his heroes are often not the women who win the reader's affection.

Dickens's good women are immensely stupid; they are also all good from constitution and temperament, not from moral or religious motives. Like the old heroines, they are made perfect at the beginning, so that no improvement is possible. The power and beauty of spiritual growth through trial was little understood by Dickens; he could not draw a woman with a suffering intellectual organism constantly growing clearer, and nobler, and purer.

But when women began to write novels the standard was changed. Women are not to be deceived by mere physical beauty in their own sex; and they naturally despise the masculine weakness which is led captive by a pretty face, even though it be but on paper. They soon gave us heroines whose features were not "chiseled as finely as a Greek statue," and whose forms were not as those of Juno or the nymphs. On the contrary, they were often pale and small, had irregular features, or red hair, or a slightly turned-up nose. But with fine eyes and a good heart and plenty of genius, they easily left the mere beauties behind, in the matrimonial race. Jane Eyre was the first triumphant success of this school, and she opened the door to a long train of imitators. She was small and pale, and dressed with Quaker-like severity, and yet Jane Eyre never wearies us.

There had, however, been a gradual preparation of the public mind for this change. During the first portion of this century the romantic novel had taken the place of Fielding's vigorous but rude tales. Though it called a glass of water "a draught from the Falernian spring," and a lady's parlor "the sacred asylum of innocence," it had a long run of public favor. Our mothers found their favorite heroines in such books as The Children of the Abbey and The Scottish Chiefs.

Miss Austen's bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, sensible women rid us of the Amanda type; and though Mrs. Gore, the favorite novel-writer of half a century ago, was inclined to unite dullness with "good sort of women," and to associate domestic duties with much that is unamiable and ridiculous, still her heroines were in the main a faithful transcript of a slowly advancing social life.

The first great departure was the introduction of the plain, clever girl as the model heroine. Miss Yonge followed Miss Brontë's example; all her heroines of this class get, as a rule, the nicest husbands. The Hetty of Adam Bede revealed to thoughtful women that the author of that book was a woman. No man could have painted Hetty with such cold scrutiny and total want of enthusiasm. Yet George Eliot does ample justice to the power of female beauty. Hetty is the only pretty fool in that wonderful gallery of portraits which includes Romola, Dorothea, Gwendoline, Dinah, etc. Beauty they all have, but they all have brains, also, and they use them like reasoning and reasonable beings. If anything were needed to show how great a change in the real position of woman has taken place, it is supplied by the contrast of the heroines in Fielding's Amelia and George Eliot's Middlemarch.

So, also, it has come to pass that we refuse an untried inherent moral perfection as decidedly as we refuse a brainless physical one. The woman

> "too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food"

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is not the woman we admire. One with the common faults of her race, even somewhat willful and wayward, plays the part of the sensitive, amiable, swooning angel of the old novelists; such, for instance, as the charming Kitty of Mr. Black's Shandon Bells, or the Elfrida of Mr. Hardy's masterpiece, A Pair of Blue Eyes. Kitty is one of the most faithful, relentless, artistic pictures of the coquette ever given to the world; and she illustrates in a powerful manner another distinct departure in the modern novel, — the transfer of fidelity and unselfishness from the heroine to the hero. In the old novel, it was the heroine who broke her heart over her lover's infidelity, and who performed prodigies of self-denial in his behalf. Nowadays it is the woman who is represented as egotistical and fickle, and the more noble and enduring passion is on the side of the man. George Eliot is a noble teacher in this respect; for the underlying text in all her novels is that much of the unhappiness of this world comes from egotism. She shows Hetty and Gwendoline that the world was not made for them specially; by hard, often cruel, processes she teaches them their own unimportance, knocks the selfishness out of them, or else punishes them for retaining it. Has there then been a new and closer study of the sexes? Have modern novelists discovered that fickleness and selfishness are distinctively feminine characteristics? Or have women really changed in the wider and deeper life and liberty they have gained?

The old heroines were absurdly submissive to their husbands, obeying the doctrine of conjugal authority both in season and out of season. Later novelists have ceased to bind their heroines by this theory. In fact, the wife is now, usually, the husband's mentor and saviour. If he has been wandering among false philosophies, it is her mission to cure his spiritual malady, and bring him to a sense of those religious truths which only women naturally discern. In business matters she is often the guardian of a husband who is inclined to court commercial ruin; and either by her tact or her financial capacity, displayed at some critical moment, she saves him from the proper punishment of his follies. Such characters as these never entered a man's brain a century ago.

George Eliot's best heroines are a kind of protest against this specimen; all her finest women need a master and a rule of life. Dorothea, so sweet and clear and charitable, blunders along under the guidance of Casaubon or Ladislaw; Romola needs Savonarola; Gwendoline, Deronda; Esther, Felix; Janet, the strength of the clergyman who had spiritually saved her.

No writer has given us a gallery of more sensible, charming, every-day women than Trollope. The delicacy of his work is nowhere so masterly as in his descriptions of their love affairs and their small social diplomacies. George Eliot has sounded far greater depths than his calm respectabilities, yet Trollope's heroines are our familiar friends; we know them quite as well as we know the people who visit us. Trollope understood the English girl of this epoch.

I might mention other distinct types, such as Kingsley's healthy, good-natured girls, fond of out-door sports, and specially touched by the religious element, or Hawthorne's sad New England women, with their wonderful antithesis, represented by such creations as Daisy Miller, but it would only be an extended speculation on a condition evident to all, — that the change of character in the heroines of fiction reflects the changing position of woman in social life. The many-sided heroine of to-day is an evidence that woman has ceased to be a toy, or a drudge, or an angel endowed with impossible perfections. She has taken her place as the companion and equal of man, — the sharer of his foibles,

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his hopes, and his occupations. Yet it is very likely that fifty years hence our grandchildren may refuse to believe that such women as represent our ideals to-day were ever charming or lovable; our Dorotheas and Kittys and Lily Dales will be voted tiresome, also. What will the heroine of that day be like? If some poet or novelist would reveal the wonderful being to us, we should be able to predicate from her something of the condition of the world fifty years hence.

— Humanity outside of France — one might almost say outside of Paris — is a sealed book to the generality of Frenchmen. It is only a brief sail from Calais to Dover, but so far as French comprehension of England is concerned John Bull's little island might as well be in the middle of the Baltic Sea. The "milord" of the Boulevard theatres is not thought to be a caricature of the typical English gentleman, though there is nothing on earth nor in the waters under the earth that bears the slightest resemblance to a French playwright's idea of a Briton. While claiming to be a citizen of the capital of the world, the Parisian is essentially provincial, not to say parochial. He is seldom a traveler, and more rarely a linguist. His understanding is bounded at the four points of the compass by the fortifications of Paris. Knowing little of his immediate neighbors, he does not surprise us by knowing comparatively nothing of his remoter fellow-creatures. It is therefore amusing rather than incredible that even so intelligent a person as M. Arvède Barine should write of Nathaniel Hawthorne in the following fashion. (I quote from a paper by M. Barine in a late number of the Revue Politique et Littéraire): —

"Nous avons déjà eu l'occasion de parler ici du romancier américain Nathaniel Hawthorne. C'était à propos de sa biographie, et nous avions exposé aux yeux du lecteur le spectacle singulier, presque incroyable, d'un écrivain entreprenant de tirer des romans uniquement de lui-même, sans s'aider de l'étude de la nature et en inventant les états du cœur et de l'esprit qu'il prêtait à ses personnages. Nous avions montré Hawthorne passant douze ans enfermé à clef dans une chambre à la porte de laquelle on déposait sa nourriture, sortant de cette retraite la tête saine, l'humeur égale, le cœur frais, et se mettant à analyser la nature humaine, à décrire le monde et la vie dans des récits d'une justesse de vues admirable, mais où les idées vraies et profondes s'incarnent dans des êtres fantastiques, créés de toutes pièces par une imagination dont les rêves n'avaient pas été contrôlés au contact de la réalité."

This picture of Hawthorne passing twelve years locked up in his chamber shows how easy it is for an imaginative Frenchman to build a romantic castle out of a single brick. All he had to work with was the simple fact that when Hawthorne was engrossed in some literary task he used frequently to have his dinner sent to his room!

— Will you permit a dweller "In the Haunts of the Mocking-Bird" to bear witness to the wonderful life-likeness of Maurice Thompson's charming paper in a recent number of The Atlantic?

I have known the mocking-bird in Gadsden County, Florida, and in and around Tallahassee. Many and many a nest have I peeped into; for there they always choose low bushes, often not higher than a man's head, and I have even known them to build in rose-bushes. I have heard the "strange din" of their voices in the hedges of Cherokee roses, and I have two or three times witnessed the heart-breaking performance of the "dropping song," as Mr. Thompson names what my old "mammy" used to call the mating song.

It is true that the mocking-bird's song in captivity is not comparable to its song in the freedom of a Southern grove;

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but though I would not dispute Mr. Thompson's statement that "the best voiced mocking-birds, without doubt, are those bred in Middle Florida and Southern Alabama," I must confess that in Sumter County and in Lee County, Alabama, I have heard this bird surpass any of its fellows along the coast in tireless, ecstatic, passionately plaintive song. Though they nest low, they often choose high places to pour forth their rapturous strain, returning day after day to the same lofty perch.

There are two facts concerning this bird which Mr. Thompson does not mention: (1) its *dancing*, which is a common enough performance, often irresistibly comic, and quite as ecstatic as the singing, which always accompanies the "jig;" (2) its *maliciousness*. I have been told by persons who have taken the young broods to rear that if the cage containing them is left where the parent birds can have access to it they will feed their offspring regularly for two or three days, and then, as if in despair, will *poison them*, giving them the berry of the black ash.

While writing the above paragraph, I received a copy of The Critic containing a note from Mr. J. A. Harrison, in which the poisoning of the caged young by the parent bird is stated as a "well-authenticated fact."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. A Matter of Taste, by George H. Picard (White, Stokes & Allen): a story which we should guess might never have been written, if Mr. James's Portrait of a Lady had not hung over the author's desk. It shows good taste and refinement of feeling, but lacks the firmness of touch which alone reconciles one to books of its class. — Noble Blood, by Julian Hawthorne (Appleton): a rapid story; the scene laid in Ireland, and the chief characters an American artist and Irish lady. The situations are developed as quickly as possible, and as many improbabilities as the space will permit hurried into the story. — Peril, by Jessie Fothergill (Holt): an English story of the thoroughly well-built sort. — The Black Poodle, and other Tales, by F. Anstey. (Appleton.) The Black Poodle has already a fixed reputation, and nothing is likely to shake it. The other stories and extravagances show Mr. Anstey's somewhat *bizarre* humor, but by themselves would not be likely to do more than sustain a reputation already made. — The Making of a Man (Roberts) is a posthumous novel by Mr. Baker, the author of His Majesty Myself, and other novels. The man, who had already been of repute in the ministry, but was now crumbling as a farmer, was remade by the trial of war, which burnt away his dross and left the refined gold. Mr. Baker has always been in earnest; too much so sometimes for the perfect clearness of his style, for it suffers from a too abundant development of incidental thought. His books, however, have a singular internal vitality. — Deldee, or The Iron Hand, by F. Warden, author of that clammy novel The House on the Marsh. (Appleton.) This story runs the gamut of crime and improbability, and carries bravely to the end the love of two people aged five and three at the beginning of the book. — Bound Together is the business-like title of a dozen stories in one volume, by Hugh Conway, the author of Called Back. The qualities which made the now famous story popular reappear in these shorter tales. They move quickly, they deal with powerful emotions, and they will be forgotten, for they have no real excuse for being, and they are as idle as nightmares. — A Penniless Girl, from the German of W. Heimburg translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister. (Lippincott.) We do not think Mrs. Wister has been as fortunate as usual in selecting the basis for one of her ingenious fabrics. The plot is rather commonplace, and the story in general somewhat tedious. — Dr. Grattan, by William A. Hammond (Appleton): a novel in which a noisy style, cheap learning, and physiological jugglery combine to swamp the story and leave the reader in doubt whether he has brought enough away to warrant the trouble he was forced to take to get the treasure. — Christmas in Narragansett, by Edward Everett Hale. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Would it be asking too much of Mr. Hale if he would kindly give us his best, which is very good, once in a while, and not make us impatient over such an entertaining and dissipated *mélange* as this book? It reads as if the carriage were waiting for the author, and yet there is enough incident and ingenuity in it to set up a dozen authors. — True, and other Stories, by George P. Lathrop. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The longest story, True, is a story of North Carolina to-day, in which the author has

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attempted to inweave the story of Raleigh's lost colony. The conceit is so attenuated that it even weakens the force of the current story; for the reader has not only to believe in the transmission of personal characteristics through three hundred years of altered conditions, but to believe that the persons of the story were also cognizant of them. — Tompkins and other Folks, by P. Deming (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.): a collection of short tales, so ingenuous as narrowly to escape barrenness, and yet always retaining a delicate *soupçon* of humor which makes the reader curious to follow the simple turn of the narrative. We suspect that the stories have the stuff out of which reprints are made when a hundred years of neglect have intervened. — Prince Saroni's Wife and the Pearl-Shell Necklace, by Julian Hawthorne. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Mr. Hawthorne is so careless as to mix the narrative by a third and by a first person in telling the story of Prince Saroni's wife. The tale itself is sufficiently repulsive. There is a brutal cleverness about it which may easily make it stick in one's memory in place of more agreeable and more desirable stories. — Admiral Porter's romance, Allan Dare and Robert Le Diable (Appleton), which has been publishing in parts, is now complete; but as the last sentence hints at a possible sequel, the Admiral may yet turn out to be the American Dumas, which he has begun to be. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library, recent numbers are The Talk of the Town, by James Payn; From Post to Finish, a Racing Romance, by Hawley Smart; A Good Hater, by Frederick Boyle; Within the Clasp, a story of the Yorkshire jet-hunters, by J. Berwick Harwood; and Philistia, by Cecil Power.

Travel and Nature. Fresh Fields, by John Burroughs (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a collection of a dozen notable essays, in which Mr. Burroughs gives his impressions of England. He carried to the old country an eye and an ear which were quick to take in the England of our dreams and of England's own poetry. His fine sympathy with nature and the best of humanity makes him an excellent reporter of that which is enduring in a nation's life and home. — Bermuda, an Idyl of the Summer Islands, by Julia C. R. Dorr. (Scribners.) Mrs. Dorr writes with a pleasant enthusiasm of the Bermudas, and tells gracefully what every one would wish to know concerning them. The islands, fortunately, do not make heavy demands upon the guide-book function, but what little is to be said on this side is said with judgment. The maps are good and convenient. — The Cruise of the Montauk to Bermuda, the West Indies, and Florida, by James McQuade. (Thomas R. Knox & Co., New York.) The book is in the form of familiar letters, and while some information is given it is imbedded in such a mass of good-natured but rather tiresome fooling as to make the reader think a cruise with the author something to reflect upon twice before accepting. — Mr. Frederick A. Ober has published, as a supplemental volume to his Travels in Mexico, a pamphlet, Mexican Resources, a Guide to and through Mexico. (Estes & Lauriat.) It is intended less for travelers in search of the picturesque than for those in the way of business and investment. — In the Lena Delta, a narrative of the search for Lieutenant-Commander De Long and his companions, followed by an account of the Greely Relief Expedition and a proposed method of reaching the North Pole, by George W. Melville, edited by Melville Philips. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) This volume, while not in the form, is really in the spirit, of a complement to The Voyage of the Jeannette. Mr. Melville passes rapidly over the experience of the expedition up to the fatal hour when the boats separated; the same time forms the bulk of Mrs. De Long's narrative. He then gives in full the adventures of the men after that point, condensed in Mrs De Long's book into two or three chapters. The earlier book, indeed, is not necessary to this. Mr. Melville is a born explorer, and, what is rare, tells his story with the energy which he shows in his business. It would be hard to find a more spirited narrative of adventure than this book presents. The reader will lay the book down with a hearty wish that Mr. Melville may persuade some man of money to send him again in search of the North Pole. — The Cruise of the Alice May in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Adjacent Waters, by S. G. W. Benjamin. (Appleton.) Mr. Benjamin is a fluent writer, but his style is not as picturesque as are the charming illustrations which accompany his agreeable sketch. Why cross the Atlantic when one can see in America such quaint forms and find one's self in so primitive a society as are here hinted at? — The Land of Rip Van Winkle, a tour through the romantic parts of the Catskills, its legends and traditions, by A. E. P. Searing. (Putnams.) A good deal of pains has been taken with this book, and it has the appearance of sumptuousness. Yet a closer examination shows little real beauty in the pictures, — or shall we say in the engraving? — for a hard, metallic style has given all the cuts a dead, flat look. The text is good-natured, but the humor is somewhat forced and the chronicle rather faithful to unimportant details than alive with the animation of a graceful story-teller. — In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties, by Lady Brassey. (Holt.) The plain English of this title might be A Cruise in the Yacht Sunbeam from the Mediterranean to England by Way of Madeira, the Caribbean Sea, Jamaica, the Bahamas, Bermuda, and the Azores. Lady Brassey's previous books prepare one to enjoy this, which is a bright, readable record of travel, in which domestic English life forms an agreeable atmosphere, through which one sees the world. The illustrations are abundant and generally fair, while good maps help to furnish the volume. The old-fashioned traveling tutor and his young friends are here modernized and refined into a family excursion under the most satisfactory conditions.

Folk-Lore and Humor. The Algonquin Legends of New England, or Myths and Folk-Lore of the Micmac, Passamaquoddy, and Penobscot Tribes, by Charles G. Leland. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Leland has made a find, and while some dreadful cold-blooded critic will probably come along and say that the 'Quoddies have stuffed him after being stuffed themselves, it is difficult

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to believe that the varied sources of the stories could all be in collusion. We prefer to think that Mr. Leland has made a real contribution to folk-lore : whatever becomes of his theory regarding the Scandinavian origin of some of the stories, the parallelism is very striking. The illustrations by Indians are very interesting and sometimes intentionally humorous. — Half a Century of English History, pictorially presented in a series of cartoons from the collection of Mr. Punch (Putnams) : a hundred and fifty caricatures from Punch, illustrative especially of political history. The reproductions have the effect of vulgarizing the merry jester. — Pictures of Life and Character, by John Leech : from the collection of Mr. Punch. (Appleton.) The minifying process by which these designs have been reproduced saves them from the fault of the last-named book : still the charming refinement of execution is lost ; the fun, however, remains. — Broken English, a Frenchman's Struggle with the English Language, by E. C. Dubois (Putnams) : an attempt to make English idioms into French equivalent, and to illustrate the despair of a Frenchman who would master the doublings of the English speech. One may extract a good deal of fun from the book, and some instruction while looking out for the fun. — The Enchiridion of Wit: the best specimens of English conversational wit. (Lippincott.) The readable preface inspires one with confidence in the compiler's judgment, which is confirmed by a reading of this bright collection. — The Bunting Ball, a Græco-American play, being a poetical satire on New York society (Funk & Wagnalls): in form a travesty of Swinburne and imitation of Gilbert. The satire is not particularly delicate, nor is it crushing. There are clever lines, but the whole joke is rather thin.

Hygiene and Medicine. Maxims of Public Health, by O. W. Wight. (Appleton.) Dr. Wight, who is health officer of Detroit, has tried in this small volume to set plainly and directly before people certain fundamental doctrines regarding sanitary matters as they affect towns and cities. He is pungent and forcible in his way of putting things. He divides his book into ninety sections, and supplies an index, but it would have been well to furnish his separate sections with headings to catch the eye. — Women, Plumbers, and Doctors, or Household Sanitation, by Mrs. H. M. Plunkett. (Appleton.) This is the book which the modern Dora must substitute for her cook-book, and on which we fear many will balance Jip. If any woman can read it and then go to housekeeping she is a brave woman. If she heeds it there are even chances that she will meet her end by accident. No woman who has mastered the squirming diagrams of this volume, and governed herself accordingly, will ever have typhoid fever. She may have the nightmare. — Notes on the Opium Habit, by Asa P. Meylert, M. D. (Putnams), has passed to a third edition. — What is to be Done ? by R. B. Dixon, is a handbook for the nursery, with useful hints for children and adults. (Lee & Shepard.) The suggestions are sensible, homely, and given in a straightforward manner. If handbooks would make us a nation of rational livers we should soon be on the way to sound health.

Biography and Memoirs. The Croker Papers, edited by L. J. Jennings (Scribners), are contained in two stout octavo volumes, and include the correspondence and diary of J. W. Croker from 1811 to 1857. Mr. Croker was one of those industrious Englishmen who are ready to undertake any public work in politics or literature, who write quarterly articles, carry on a prodigious correspondence, are under-secretaries, and know about everybody and everything. Mr. Jennings has compiled an entertaining book, if one is ready to be entertained by political personalities and a half-interior view of English society. Mr. Croker himself does not accumulate a very important character in the course of the two volumes, and the chief interest which he has to literary students is somewhat slighted; for although Mr. Jennings gives in some detail the circumstances of Croker's editing Boswell, and refers to Macaulay's attack, he does not trouble himself to defend Croker, but merely abuses Macaulay. Macaulay no doubt was moved by personal dislike, but then he was thoroughly at home in the subject of Boswell, and his criticisms did damage Croker's reputation for good scholarship. — Episodes of my Second Life, by Antonio Gallenga. (Lippincott.) Gallenga's career as correspondent of the London Times, in which he traduced Mazzini, is fresher in people's mind than his earlier career as Italian refugee in America and England. The present volume, if it throws no special light on his character, does not lead one greatly to admire him; there is a constant suspicion engendered in the reader's mind that the man was a fraud. Nevertheless, his recollection of Cambridge and Boston life is curious. Either from design or from fault of memory he disguises a few names, but the picture is apparently intended for a faithful one, and it is dryly truthful in many respects. The oddity is partly in the apparent failure of the writer ever to have corrected or compared his first impressions, so that what one reads might have been written forty or fifty years ago. It must make some of the families who received Gallenga feel a little crawly to read his recollections of them. — John Howard Payne, Dramatist, Poet, Actor, and Author of Home, Sweet Home, his Life and Writings, by Gabriel Harrison. (Lippincott.) Mr. Harrison reprints, with additions, his earlier life of Payne. The book, despite its somewhat disorderly form, is an interesting one, and will give a more substantial character to Payne's literary life than is carried in most people's minds. The prose essay on Our Neglected Poets will serve Payne's reputation more than his poems, which are for the most part thin Moore and water. — Two biographies of Abraham Lincoln have recently appeared. The first has for its sub-title The True Story of a Great Life, showing the inner growth, special training, and peculiar fitness of the man for his work, by William O. Stoddard. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) We distrust such an announcement on the title-page. It becomes one to be modest in his statement of what he has done for Lincoln. Mr. Stoddard has the

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advantage of having been one of Lincoln's private secretaries, and he writes intelligibly and earnestly. The book is too much of an essay about Lincoln to take rank as a satisfactory biography, but it contains much that is discriminating and penetrating in its portraiture, not only of Mr. Lincoln, but of the men who were about him. The other life is by the late Isaac N. Arnold (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), and lacks something of the personal element of Mr. Stoddard's narrative. Although Mr. Arnold knew Lincoln intimately, he writes more as a student of history, and when he does employ personal description it is apt to be of a rhetorical sort. Both writers bring the tribute of personal admiration, and however imperfectly the two volumes answer the requirements of biography, they serve to keep alive that treatment of Lincoln which is charged with respect and love, and is not coldly scientific. — The Countess of Albany, by Vernon Lee, and Mary Wollstonecraft, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, are the two latest additions to the Famous Women series. (Roberts Bros.)

History. Kentucky, a Pioneer Commonwealth, by N. S. Shaler (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.): a volume in the American Commonwealths series. Professor Shaler tells the story of Kentucky not as a digester of annals, but as one who apprehends a personality in the State. He writes, moreover, often at first hand. That is, he interjects interpretations of historical facts from a large and familiar acquaintance with the State, and he tells at some length the story of Kentucky's curious status during the war for the Union, as one who not only had a share in the State's experience, but had a clear perception of the meaning involved in that status. Better concise histories of Kentucky may be written, but the personal element in this book will keep it always valuable to the student and to the general reader. Thus far no State has been reported with such keen appreciation of the underlying life of the Commonwealth. — A History of the Illinois National Guard, from the Organization of the First Regiment in September, 1874, to the Enactment of the Military Code in May, 1879, has been written by Holdridge O. Collins. (Black & Beach, Chicago.) The regiment seems to have seen service chiefly in quelling riots in Chicago. — The Historical Reference Book, comprising a Chronological Table of Universal History, a Chronological Dictionary of Universal History, and a Biographical Dictionary, with Geographical Notes, by Louis Heilprin. (Appleton.) The distinction between the first two sections of the book is that the Chronological Dictionary is arranged in alphabetical order. The type is larger than is generally employed in such works, and the author declares that he has taken special pains with his dates. — The admirable new edition of Bancroft's History of the United States (Appleton) has reached its sixth volume.

Literature and Criticism. Custom and Myth, by Andrew Lang (Harpers), is a collection of essays devoted to a study of old stories and superstitions. Mr. Lang represents the modern variety of the gentleman and scholar. He brings with him the old classic culture, and adds to it the out-of-the-way knowledge which dips into African folk-lore and Scandinavian mythology. Writers of this school are apt to tire one with their comprehensiveness, but Mr. Lang is an agreeable writer, and it is only necessary for the reader to believe in his learning when he can enjoy his theories. — A new edition has been issued of the interesting little essay, by Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, on Edgar Poe and his Critics. (Tibbitts & Preston.) It is in effect a reply to Griswold's reflections, and the relation which Mrs. Whitman held to Poe, as his betrothed, gives the book a peculiarly tender character. — The Book-Lover, a Guide to the Best Reading, by James Baldwin (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), is a very inadequate and inaccurate affair. The little book, however, is full of delightful surprises, among which is the attributing of works to the wrong authors. — Dr. A. P. Peabody presents us with admirable translations of the De Amicitia and Scipio's Dream. (Little, Brown & Co.) The translator's introduction and notes give a high value to the volume.

Books for Young People. Boys Coastwise, or All Along the Shore, by William H. Rideing (Appleton): a capital book, in which a very slight framework of fiction contrives to hold a good deal of interesting description of coast life. Here one may learn of wreckers, divers, ocean steamers, life-saving stations, and the like, all told in a clear, straightforward fashion and sufficiently well illustrated. — The Lost City, or The Boy Explorers in Central Asia, by David Ker (Harpers): a lively story of adventure in Afghanistan, written by an English traveler who knows his ground. There is plenty of excitement in the book, but the spirit is healthy, and one may even pick up a morsel of Russian. — Little Arthur's History of France (Crowell) is an admirable book for children, and not to be classed with the showy and worthless volumes usually placed in the market at holiday times. — Indian History for Young Folks, by Francis S. Drake. (Harpers.) Mr. Drake comes legitimately by his subject, and he writes as one who does not need to examine authorities, but speaks from a full mind. Of course he could not treat of Indian warfare without including the relations of French and English, and it is a pity that he could not more distinctly have shown how much of Indian fighting was the result of the conflict between the two nations. The book is, indeed, too exclusively a history of fighting; for although that was the prominent fact in Indian history so far as the whites are concerned, there was still room to have said more regarding that part of Indian history which has to do with the efforts made within and without the tribes to achieve civilization. The important subject of the Iroquois league is scarcely touched upon.

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